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THE LEATHERNECK

July, 1929

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THE BANKING OF HAWKEYE SAM



AM CUMMINGS—"Hawkeye"

Sam they called him, after he had won the shooting championship at the last rodeo—came loping down from the range on his big hammer-headed roan, the stubborn brute that few could ride and fewer could beat, but who loved Sam like a pup does its first master.

The thirty miles was nothing to the roan, nor would fifty have been. Like Sam, he was fed up with the range; he wanted a change of scene and a change of food. For four months he had been short on exercise, more often trailing Sam than being ridden, while Sam watched his woollies.

Sam was not particularly in love with sheep, and the roan hated them; hated their slow grazing; like a bunch of caterpillars; hated their smell, hated the way they cropped everything green, plumb down to the roots. They didn't leave enough in their wake for a grasshopper's breakfast. Stupid, greedy, greasy things, said the roan to himself as he lengthened his stride, and the long grass began to tickle his belly.

They had come down from the Government grazing land amid the pines and the cedars, close up to timberline; they had passed through the scrub oak and cherry, by aspen and willow, down to the rolling level that reached as far as the eye could see, washing like a sea against the distant buttes of Amargosa. Sage right beneath them, sage and bunch grass, with some prickly pear and, here and there, mesquite; the cattle country—though there were not many steers in sight. The sun was up and they were in the washes and by the waterholes.

Twenty miles of straightaway, loping across country, cutting the stage road, fording the Amargosa, go-ahead and go-as-you-please to Amargosa. Man and horse of a mood, released for a holiday, intent upon sheer animal enjoyment, carefree and moving with the blood of youth in their veins; flowing red and strong, for Sam was twenty-three and the roan was six.

When Sam went in for sheep, mainly because he wanted to be on his own and there was no cattle land available that he considered right, partly because his available capital would run to ewes and not to steers, he took with him the roan because he was preeminently a horseman. A saddle and a broncho under it was as much a necessity to him as a ship is to a sailor. His herdsman, Jefe, the half-breed, had a dog that did all the work.

The woollies prospered and multiplied and Sam had a check for five hundred dollars in his pocket for his first sale—all profit—less than the actual increase, the sale made on the spot, the buyer driving off his purchase. The check was on the Amargosa bank and Sam ached to cash it, not that he doubted it was good—the buyer was worth a hundred times that check, fifty times it, anyway—but—

He had lived on beans and camp bread, with an occasional rabbit or grouse until he was sick of the mention of them. As for mutton—ugh! He was not a good cook, and Jefe was a worse one. The coffee was always bitter. He had run out of condensed milk and sugar, and he was almost out of tobacco.

He wanted ham and eggs; he wanted the good coffee handed

By J. Allan Dunn

Illustrated by J. J. Hamblin

out by by the blonde waitress at the Cactus Restaurant. He wanted green-gages out of the can, lemon meringue pie, a thick steak with brown, curly onions. He wanted to smoke in the company of his fellows, to play a game of poker, to get a real drink in the

room back of the Happy Rancher cafe—once saloon. He wanted music and he wanted to dance with the dance-hall girls. Life!

The smell of the sage was in his eager nostrils, he shouted at the sight of a bunch of steers, who looked up half startled as he loped past. The roan was going faster now, and he let him run.

"Whoopie! Yi-yi-yippee! Git erlong there, stock!" he yelled at the wheeling cattle, lumbering off. "Steers are good, but woollies suit us better right now, eh, you hammer-headed ol' sod-pounder? Yippee, yah!"

Sam sat erect, welded to the saddle. He took off his Stetson and fanned the roan, fairly racing now. The wind blew and the soft dust rose, and they went on in a cloud of alkali that streamed behind.

"Oats an' apple pie fo' you ternight, ol' timer," he promised the horse. "Hay for you an' feathers fo' me. I'll git me a room whether I use it or not. Ease up a bit, you son of light-nin', we've fifteen miles ahead of us yet an' I want to roll me a quiry."

He made the cigarette out of his last sack of tobacco, lit it as the roan slowed down, and smoked it slowly, thinking of delights to come.

A box of candy an' a bottle of perfume,
My gal she is the prettiest an' wittiest in the room.
Sweet as sugar an' smellin' like a rose,
Dancin' like a fairy in her silken gown an' hose.

A-twirlin' an' a-whirlin' an' a-lookin' mighty neat.
I'm bettin' all my wages that she can't—be—beat.

Sam was not thinking of any girl in particular when he started the song, but he was before he finished the verse. They were getting close to the road, for one thing, and, three miles to his right, and south, Bessy McCreagh lived on her father's ranch—the M-in-a-Box. Yellow hair and blue eyes and a slender figure had Bessy. She rode almost as well as Sam, she could and did break colts, and it was said that she had broken hearts, though her smile would have mended them.

She might indeed have been the heroine of the ditty that Sam warbled so light-heartedly, save for the silken gown and hose—McCreagh was scotch, and a careful man with his money. His Scotch foreman, a redhead, somewhat disliked by Sam because of his opportunities, said that Bessy danced like thistle-down—thistledown, he called it. And she danced oftenest with Sam when he came down in the fall, and the ranch fiestas started.

A peach of a girl—to thunder with your prickly thistles! She could sing and sew and play the piano and cook, or she could ride the range and help with the round-up. No slouch of a fishergirl either; held a gun steady and squeezed the trigger properly without squinching.



The roan halted, the reins tossed over his head, and sniffed curiously at his fallen master, ground anchored by the lines.

But—

It was the elder women who put the fly in Sam's ointment. Folks had begun to sort of pair him off with Bessy, expect him to be her partner; and the married women would look after them with a smile that annoyed Sam—sometimes. The smiles seemed to say, "He's hooked, he's lined up for matrimony."

Sam wasn't conceited, and he thought Bessy liked him. Other girls did. Said so. Bessy wasn't that kind. And old Angus McCreagh had said he had the right stuff in him when he bought the ewes, still—

He had thought it all over on the range, four months, and he believed that he had convinced himself he was not ready to get married, to settle down. He'd have to give up his fun at Amargosa, he wouldn't be able to pick out a girl to dance with as he wanted. Bessy was sweet, but Bessy had a temper, and she had shown signs of jealousy. Sam didn't mind the temper; he had one himself and he wouldn't give a cent for a girl without spunk.

There were times, up there on the range, with the peaks all silver in the moonlight and the pines standing thick about the upland meadow, the bright stars above them and the air all spice, that the vision of Bessy set his pulses beating fast and his arms longing for her.

"But I ain't never had a rope on me yet," he told himself. "Reckon I ain't quite halter broke, let alone double harness."

He had his ambitions. He did not love sheep. Some day, when he had money enough—say three thousand dollars in cash—he'd take up some land and build him a house, buy some stock and a brand and start real ranching. A Hereford sire bull and alfalfa fields. And Bessy. He couldn't take her up on the range. Not even a shack or a tent, just a slicker and blankets. It would be wonderful for a honeymoon—with Jefe on vacation; but a girl wanted a home. So did he—some day.

He did not turn off on the road but loped on—to Amargosa and the Happy Rancher cafe.

Four miles out of town there was a stretch of bad lands where

the alkali got the best of it and limestone rocks of red and white jutted out of the ground in weird shapes. The land shaped to a sink, a sort of great funnel with a bitter, shallow pond in the bottom of it.

It was three miles across and Sam put the roan to a walk. He pulled up his neckerchief over his mouth, for the stinging, floury soil rose easily, and there was always wind in the draw, making little spouts of dust that worked into eyes and ears and nose. The sun glare was annoying, and he tilted his Stetson down as the roan plugged on.

Something whined past his head, vicious, unmistakable. He could almost guess at the caliber of the spiteful bullet, before the crack, like the flog of a whip on cloth, told him it came from a rifle.

Sam had guns on him—two—mainly because he did not care to leave either of them behind for Jefe to practice with. The man, shooting from his right, might not know that, but revolvers were no use. There was no tell-tale smoke. Sam did not look for any. He knew that whoever was shooting—entirely too close for comfort—was behind one of the big rocks, or on top of one of them, out of range of small arms.

Sam had never liked being shot at. His temper flared out, but he did not lose his head—that way. The next bullet went through the crown of his hat, whipping it from his head.

He had no enemies; he knew of no reason why a man should shoot at him. The check would do him no good, and no one could know about that this soon. There was no time for that sort of thinking, the next bullet might get him—probably would. Even the roan could not sprint in that cloying dust.

"Aimin' high—wants my hawse—damn likely to git it," thought Sam.

A third bullet came and he fell from the roan in a crumpled heap.

As he dropped, clear of the stirrups, twitching once before he lay very still, his bare head plowed into the soil, left arm bent awkwardly beneath it, right arm unfurling, the gun that he had

drawn instinctively lying three feet away, half buried, he gave one muffled cry.

The roan halted, the reins tossed over his head, and sniffed curiously at his fallen master, ground anchored by the lines.

A hornoad looked over a soft crest at the prostrate man. A desert swift flickered off. The bases of the rocks quivered, seemed unstable in the heat haze.

A man raised himself cautiously on the top of a white rock formation a hundred yards away. He was booted and spurred, dressed in dark blue pants, a black shirt with a black neckerchief. One wrist was wrapped in a bloody rag.

The wound had not affected his shooting. There was a nasty sneer on his face as he looked at the man he had made his target—and the anchored roan.

"Plumb as it should be," he muttered. Once he looked anxiously toward Amargosa, smiled and showed his yellow teeth as he watched a dust cloud far off to the west, moving away.

In a wind-and-sand-turned hollow of the rock lay half a dozen linen bags that had clinked softly when he laid them there. A bandanna, knotted to a bundle, showed compact stacks of currency. Back of him, behind the rock, was a dead horse.

Once he lifted the rifle and aimed again at Sam's body, but he did not fire.

"Lucky so fur. Some coot might hear it," he said. "That's a damn likely looking hawss."

He leaned over the edge of the thirty-foot rock and dropped the bags and the heavy bundle to the alkali close beside his dead horse, then climbed down, carrying his rifle.

"No need to hurry, an' no sense in wastin' time," he said aloud. He seemed possessed with the need to talk, and continued as he came close to Sam and leered down at him and the half-buried gun.

"Hell of a lot of use that done you, cowboy!" There was nothing about Sam but the check to suggest sheep. "Ridin' to town? Headed east an' gone west. I'll leave him lie, with the hawss over there. It ain't a reg'lar trail. Got to chance it. Wonder if there's a canteen on that saddle? I'm burnin' up. Ah!"

He had caught sight of the clothed vessel, tied by a whang string.

The roan backed clumsily, bothered by the reins. The man swore and reached for the lines.

"Put 'em up! Hist 'em. I'm left-handed, an' pack two guns!" Sam was sitting up, uninjured, his fall premeditated.

The man whirled, his startled face malignant, his hand clutching for the trigger of his rifle as he swung it towards Sam. Sam's Colt spat and the bullet went through the rim of the man's hat, close to the sweat band, out through the crown.

"Nex'll be lower," said Sam. "Drop that rifle. They gave me a medal once for shootin'," he went on amiably with a flash of

his white teeth. "You wouldn't have been placed in that match. Was you shootin' at me malicious, or did you jest want my hawss?"

He crossed his legs and rose lithely, eyeing the man keenly. "You don't look good to me, *hombre*," he said. "Cat scratch yore wrist? No sense in lookin' like a wildcat in a trap. You lose, an' I'm sittin' pretty. Jest what are you up to out here afoot? Turn 'round an' fold yore arms behind your back. Pronto! I'm smilin', but it's jest on the outside. I don't aim to be potted at like a bogged steer. *Sabe?*"

The man obeyed sullenly. Sam stuck the muzzle of his gun none too gently in his ribs and marched him nearer the roan that stood stock still, with staring eyes at the play, but confident

that his master held the situation. Sam wiggled free the rope he always carried, sheep or no sheep, worked it one-handed, cast the loop over the man's head and bound him securely.

"You'll have to walk to town," he said. "On'y six mile."

"What are you takin' me there for?"

"Think I'm goin' to kiss you an' turn you loose after you tried to shoot my brains out?" asked Sam pleasantly. "I've a notion you come from there. Goin' to find out. Looks like you been in some sort of a shootin' scrape. You might have shot at someone else, an' not missed."

He picked up his other gun, broke it, blew through the muzzle and holstered it. He retrieved the rifle and emptied it of shells.

"You don't look like you was goin' huntin'," he said. "An' a man packin' a rifle and wearin' a black neckerchief—"

With a sudden motion he jerked the cloth loose and examined it, putting his fingers through two clean-

cut holes and holding up the neckerchief. "Pepper holes, eh? Hold-up man! I wonder—? You mosey over to that rock you was shootin' from. I want to take a look-see."

The man went unwillingly, but Sam prodded him with the end of his gun.

"I don't mind tellin' you I'm itchin' to pull trigger," he said. "I don't know if it's posted yet, but I'll bet the rewards reads dead or alive. I s'pose you fooled the posse. After the rest of the gang, mebbe. Mosey."

Sam whistled softly when he saw the dead horse, the coin bags and the currency. He stopped whistling when he read the name of the bank on the bags.

"I've got a check for five hundred bucks on that bank," he said. "An' you cleaned 'em out. It's plumb lucky fo' me I didn't go over to the M-in-a-box."

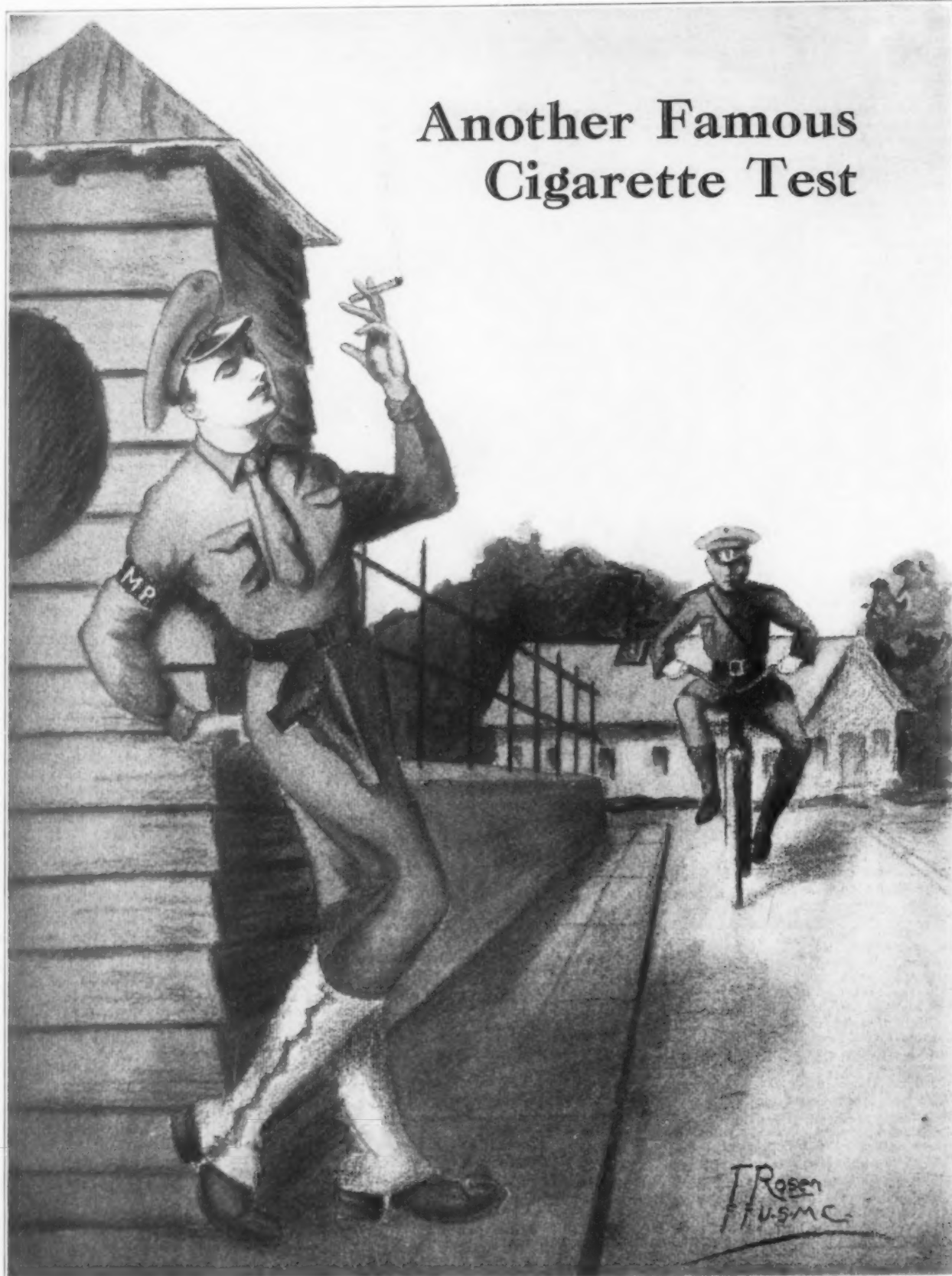
It was a slow six miles with the bandit walking wearily and dejectedly at the end of the lariat, fastened to the horn. Sam had meant to hit town close to noon, but it was after banking hours when he rode over the bridge and began to accumulate

(Continued on page 57)



At the Happy Rancher he was a hero. Girls clamored to dance with him.

Another Famous Cigarette Test



CHEVRONS

By Leonard Nason

THE first sergeant of the battery came stalking his way across the field. A first sergeant's place is not usually with the firing battery, but this one felt—and the officers agreed—that he could do more good where the action was than by seeing that the horses at the echelon were groomed twice a day. He had had an injury to his leg in the old army and this gave him a stalking gait.

"What's going on up there, sergeant?" he called.

"Not much. We ran ourselves out of wind chasing them. The jawbone major sent me back with a message."

"Have much of a fight?" asked the first sergeant.

"No," replied Eadie, "none at all. I don't think I saw more than three casualties."

"You didn't get shell shock this time then? Run along to the captain so he'll know you didn't go over the hill."

"What do you mean, over the hill?" cried Eadie.

"Never mind, never mind," grinned the first sergeant. "I didn't come in the army yesterday, my laddie buck. I know all the tricks. On your way, the skipper's lookin' for you."

"Don't let him kid you, sergeant," said a section chief. The men all grinned at Eadie. Good feeling was rife in that battery, for the worst of the scrap was over and the meanest tempered man feels a kindly feeling toward all when the shadow of death has hovered over him a few hours and then been removed.

At the post of command Eadie was told that the captain had gone to the battalion for officers' call. The order had come by telephone some time before to cease firing, with the exception of one gun that was to shell a patch of woods on the left, where no advance had been made and where the French troops who held that section of the line reported strong machine gun concentrations. The part of the battle order that directed the battery to move forward at eleven o'clock had been countermanded.

"Where's Ham and the machine gunners?" asked Eadie.

"Over in the field, gold-bricking."

Eadie directed his course thither. Mount Sec loomed quiet and peaceful now, its summit bearing no visible scars of the bombardment to which it had been subjected. The sun shone warmly upon it. It did not look half so high, nor half so grim and menacing as it had in the faint light of dawn.

Across the road the machine guns had been set up, their muzzles pointing skyward, ready to cordially receive any prowling German plane that came their way.

"Hey, Ham," called Eadie, "how's the battle?"

The machine gunners received him uproariously. They had broken open a case of emergency rations the garrison of the

trench had left behind and were regaling themselves about a small fire, heating the beans in a mess-kit and eating handfuls of sugar.

"Sit down," said Ham, "look at the sack of sugar we buscared. Man, it tastes like candy. An' Dopey Dave here had brains enough to bring his mess-kit along so we had something to heat the beans in. This is kind of a late breakfast. Tell us, I hear the boche lit out for Berlin. Is that so?"

"I'll say it is," agreed Eadie. He spread his slicker and overcoat in the sun to dry out, untied his gas mask and let it hang in the carrying position and began to unwrap his puttees. He happened to catch Ham's eye and a slight jerk of the head brought the machine gun sergeant to Eadie's side.

"Ham," said Eadie, removing his wet shoes and stockings, "I want the low down, now. Give it to me straight. What does this outfit think I pulled off up on the Marne?"

"Aw, nuthin'," said Ham, "they're just kiddin' yuh. We all know you got hit or shell shocked or something. Only that looney you went out with that afternoon, he come back and said you went over the hill. Well, you didn't show up again and then the next thing we heard was you was in hospital."

"Over the hill! The son of a gun! Why, the Old Man sent me out to find a bridge and the looney was the one that beat it without finding any bridge. He jumped on his horse and went blooey. I was on my back when I got hit. Well, now, I didn't really get struck by a piece of shell, but that shell knocked me cold and I got a damned good dose of gas and I was a sick son of a gun for a month or more. I suffered, Ham, no kiddin'. And now every one makes a wise crack about a jawbone wound stripe. And this nit-wit officer we got with the echelon told me to take it off."

"Aw, don't mind him," said Ham. "Why, he don't rate spit high in this outfit. No one pays him any more attention than they would the barkin' of a dog. He went monkeying round the picket line and Daddy Cullen that's stable sergeant now told him to get the hell away from the horses or he'd kick his backbone right up through his skull. And Daddy never got a thing out of it. The Old Man told Connor not to sling no swill to the stable sergeant."

"All the same," said Eadie, "after all I went through and being sick and everything, it's a little rough to go back to the outfit and get razzed for wearing a wound stripe."

"Well, as long as you're the only man in the outfit that's got one, you got to expect they'll be jealous and put you on the pan now an' then. Me, I'd tell 'em all to take a flyin' fling at the moon. Come on, give us your cup, we got some coffee here. It'll make a new man out of you."

Eadie ate the rest of his dinner, warming his naked feet by the fire. He could see the entrance to the trench where the



The machine gunners received him uproariously.

SYNOPSIS:—Sergeant Eadie's job with the 79th Field Artillery had been a combination of liaison sergeant and observer before he was wounded. This was the job he still had when he rejoined the outfit at Tours, wearing a "phoney" wound stripe, after being discharged from the hospital. Eadie was dead tired from the long trip, made mostly on foot, and was ready for nearly anything but that which the outfit had orders to do; and that was to move forward. Their objective is gained with but few casualties, and Eadie returns to his own company.

Post of Command was, so he would know the minute the captain came back. Meanwhile he had nothing to do but enjoy himself and wait for his clothes to dry. The sun was warm on his back, the fire warm on his feet, and the beans and coffee warmed his interior. Sherman put it a little too strong after all, thought Eadie.

Prisoners had been coming along the road from the front in ever increasing numbers and when the head of a column of about five hundred appeared down the road, the machine gun crew and Eadie adjourned to the edge of the road to watch them pass. They were a husky enough looking lot, many of them smooth-shaven, others with long moustaches, and as Ham pointed out, not a gray beard in the lot. They advanced a good lively pace, led by a solitary M. P.

"Aren't you afraid they'll bite you?" asked Eadie as the M. P. went by him.

The M. P. looked darkly up at the sergeant on the bank above him. "Boy," said he, "if I was to yell right loud at them they'd ruin their clothes."

"All the same," said Ham to the sergeant, "it's kinda dangerous to have one guy guardin' all that bunch."

"I ain't guardin' 'em," called back the M. P., who had heard, "I'm showin' 'em the road!"

Rank after rank of Germans passed, overcoats and blankets over their arms, many of them with their personal effects done up in neat bundles, a sign that they had foreseen their capture some time before it happened, and had made provision for their future comfort while in the hands of the enemy. A heavy machine gun crew passed, their weapon carried by different members of the crew, one with the tripod, three others with the gun on their shoulders. These men were guarded by two French soldiers with bayoneted rifles. Another long column went by and as Eadie watched it out of sight, he saw the captain approaching down the road.

"Ah," said Eadie, "farewell leisure. Here comes the Old Man." He hobbled back to the fire and put on his shoes and stockings. They were still damp, but he was used to drying wet shoes on his feet.

"Hang your eye on my slicker and overcoat awhile, will you, Ham?" asked Eadie, wrapping his puttees about his legs. "I'll go report and then I'll come back."

The captain's eagle eye had lighted on Eadie, however, and he beckoned to the sergeant, instead of going into the trench.

"How did it go?" asked the captain, when Eadie stood before him. "Good? I hope it keeps on this way. The indications are that it will. Well, now, I'm going to give you a job. The battery is to move forward within an hour. Our transport, kitchen and all that, won't leave camp until tonight. And we'll be gone when they get here. So then, you come up with us and when we find out where the battery will take up position, you come back and guide our transport to the new position. It will be a nice job," concluded the captain, "because you'll be out of range most of the night. Of course, if a counter attack starts, you'll hold the transport here."

"Does the captain know where young Darcy is?" asked Eadie. "Why, yes. He stays with the echelon. I don't think he's quite strong enough yet for front line service."

Eadie saluted and went back across the road where he reported to Ham. "Ah, hell," commented Ham, "an' the minute we get into the new position, machine gunners up to dig an officers' dugout!"

"You've got no growl," said Eadie. "Look at me. 'Darcy,' says the Old Man, 'isn't strong enough yet for front line service.' Whereas me, also just out of hospital, having spent one night waiting for the attack, I can spend another night without sleep waiting for the kitchen and fourgons to come up and then guide 'em to the new position. Where the hell does the captain think I was the last six weeks? Well, I wasn't taking a rest cure, I'll tell him that."

"Don't get riled," said Ham. "Darcy, yuh see, they had to whittle on him because he had that piece of iron in his back an' he lost blood an' all that. An' then, like I said, good instrument sergeants are hard to find."

"Ham," said Eadie, "for those kind words I get you drunk next pay-day."

A few minutes later the machine gunners could see a runner arrive at the battery, the lone piece ceased firing, and preparations were at once made for an advance. The limbers came up from some place in rear where they had been in shelter and the guns were wheeled out of their positions. The machine gunners began to dismount their guns.

Eadie again surveyed the sector from the little knoll. Where that morning had been a rolling plain, lonely and deserted, the countryside teemed with life like an anthill. The fields were dotted with deserted tanks, disabled or abandoned during the morning's advance, and the roads that had seen no wheel for four years, crawled with trucks. Many of the trucks in sight did not crawl, but rested sadly at the sharp angle, mired to the hubs. To the east a field hospital was being set up, its tents being laboriously raised one by one. Pioneer infantry and engineers tramped by, going up to repair roads and bridge trenches, and the steady flow of German prisoners to the rear grew thicker and thicker.

"What a fool I was," muttered Eadie. "Well, I'm never going to be scared again. This may be the last drive of the war. For all I know the German army has collapsed. I'll say the German army has deteriorated since Chateau Thierry. Well, whether it has or not, I'll never be scared of it again." He could feel his cheeks get hot as he thought of the stark terror that had come over him in the few minutes just before the attack that morning. "Nope," he said aloud, "never again."

Eadie rolled himself a cigarette with damp tobacco and, lighting it from a briquet after some difficulty, followed the machine gunners downhill to the battery. His gas mask, that had caused him so much worry, he had not drawn from its carrier once, he had had no use for his pistol, and he had not once been asked to locate so much as a single road, so that his ignorance of the sector had not bothered him the slightest. Victory, complete and absolute, that was what it was, and the war might be over tomorrow.

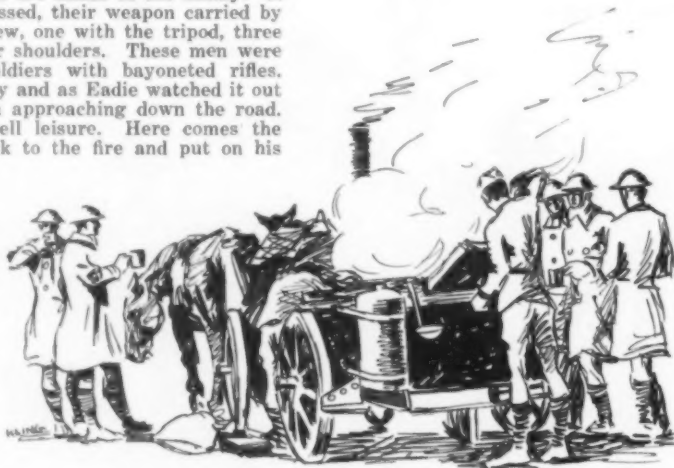
CHAPTER XI

The Sergeant Turns Up
But the Transport's
Missing.

A WHITE road, its surface untouched by shells, went slowly uphill from Nonsard to Pannes. This road had once been well within the German lines, but it was now just as far behind the American positions. The attack, three days, had flattened the salient completely. Along this road an occasional motorcyclist raised a long cloud of dust and parties of engineers went by, pick and shovel on shoulder. Other traffic there was none; the countryside lay quiet and peaceful under the hot sun of mid-afternoon. It was a day that made a man think of a swimming hole, of bees murmuring, and listen for the rattle of a mowing machine in the next field. There was no suggestion of recent conflict except the new shell holes a yard or so wide and almost as deep all along the upper edge of the road, where the American artillery, two nights before, had closed the road to traffic without injuring its surface.

At the western end of the road, where it emerged from the orchard on the edge of the village of Nonsard, a vehicle appeared. It was of a type that fitted exactly with the rest of the scene, a four-wheeled carriage drawn by two horses, which moved slowly along, waving their tails and tossing their heads from time to time to drive away the flies. The horses were not driven from the seat of this vehicle, but by a man who rode the nigh horse. This man's feet hung from the stirrups, his helmet was on the back of his head, a faint thread of smoke came from a drooping cigarette, and from time to time he cried, "Gup!" and struck the off horse with a whip. The off horse paid no attention.

This vehicle was an American caisson with its limber. It was really American and not French. The American army, eighteen months after the declaration of war, was beginning to equip its batteries with caissons. As for guns, it must still depend for



"I found the rolling kitchen putting out coffee."

those upon the French. There were seats for three men on both the caisson and limber, but only those of the caisson were occupied. Upon these seats sat Sergeant Eadie and two spare gunners, men who had but recently joined the battery.

"Have we got far to go now, sergeant?" asked one of the men.

"I don't know," answered Eadie. "All I've got for direction are the names of the towns we pass through. I don't know how far they are apart."

"Man, I'll be glad to get back to the battery," remarked the third man.

"Tuh!" grunted Eadie, "I never had less inclination to see that battery. I know what hell they must have been through the last day or two and they aren't through with it yet."

"How come?" cried the other two men. "Why, you just told us a little while ago that they'd been took out the line and was in reserve somewhere."

"There are lots of different kinds of hell in this man's army," said Eadie. "I'm in for a taste of it myself. I was detailed to guide the transport the night after the drive and now I'm showing up two days afterwards with the rolling kitchen and a caisson."

"It ain't your fault," comforted one of the men.

"Ah," replied Eadie, "when you've been in the army as long as I have, you'll know that that's no alibi. The Old Man will want some one's blood and the chances are that it will be mine. Oh, man! And I went absent from hospital for this!"

The sergeant brought forth the materials for a cigarette and tried to manufacture one, but the caisson bumped so and so much tobacco was lost that he crumpled the paper savagely and threw it to the road with a curse. The caisson bumped along, dust rose heavily, and the driver apathetically beat the horses.

The caisson took an hour to go the three miles from Nonsard to Pannes. In Pannes things were livelier—infantry were billeted in the town, all kinds of headquarters were springing up, infantry, engineers, salvage organizations, signal corps, heavy artillery, military police. The streets were jammed with side cars and limousines belonging to the higher staff officers, and long lines of artillery horses were watering in the little river that runs through the town. The congestion was the same at Essey, the next town to the south, and Eadie began to realize that he was on a main artery of traffic. He consulted his itinerary. The battery was in a wood three kilometers north of Flirey, still further down the road. A German sign at the exit of Essey bore the inscription "Gefährlich. Verkehr bei tage im graben gehen," which means, in essentials, that the road is under observation by the enemy. Eadie had kept his eye on the sun, as every man in strange country should, and seeing that the road they were on led south, he decided that they must just be nearing the old front line again. The battery would hardly have been withdrawn so far unless they were going to be relieved and taken out to rest billets. If this was so, life might still be worth the living. The caisson continued to crawl up the hill and as the sun began to disappear behind the heights of the Meuse, the carriage and its riders approached a large wood.

"Hey, Eadie!" cried someone suddenly, "here he is, here's Eadie! Good kid!" A crowd of ten or twelve men flowed from the ditch to the road, clamoring about the caisson.

"Where's the outfit?" asked Eadie. "Shut up trying to all talk at once. Where's the outfit?"

"In here," cried the men, "see the smoke from the kitchen? Chow, sergeant! Oh, man, hot grub. There's the road, beyond that next tree."

More men began to run from the woods, calling the glad news back to others that Eadie had returned. The sergeant, however, leaped down from the caisson and demanded the whereabouts of the battery commander. No one answered him; the men continued to pour from the woods, leaping and shouting. An explorer returning to his home town from the discovery of

the north pole would not have had a more enthusiastic welcome than had Eadie. The sergeant paid no heed, but walked grimly along looking for signs of the Post of Command.

The road rounded a corner of the wood and Eadie passed the kitchen, where smoke poured from the chimney and steam from the marmites. The K. P.'s were stoking enthusiastically and the cook was standing on the wheel, tasting something with a long spoon. Eadie, acting in his capacity as guide to the battery baggage train, had found that kitchen on the road to Mount Sec the day before and had led it personally four kilometers across country to the right road. The cook waved him a cheery welcome. At that moment appeared also the captain and first sergeant, and the men that followed Eadie halted and stood at a little distance, to hear if possible the sergeant's report and to question him when he had done with the captain.

Eadie came to a stop before the captain and saluted. There was a deep silence, during which the mess sergeant could be heard freely cursing a K. P. "Sir," said Eadie, "I received the order to return to the battery this morning." He paused, as if to find words.

"Yes?" said the captain.

"Well, where is my wheeled transport?"

Eadie made no reply, but waved his hand toward the right. The captain and the first sergeant looked in that direction. There was an American caisson and its limber there, its new camouflage glaring even under the dust that covered it. The two high-withered, ewe-necked, bean-faced nags that were harnessed to it had already dropped their ugly heads and seemed ready to fall to the ground. The driver, shoving his helmet into a more military position on his head, was regarding Eadie and the captain anxiously, not knowing whether he should go to the picket line or wait for the captain's permission.

"Is that all?" asked the captain.

"That's all, sir."

"Good God!" ejaculated the captain. His mouth tightened and his cold blue eye swept about the men who had clustered around. These last at once fell back beyond earshot. The

Old Man had an eloquent eye. "Now, then, sergeant," invited the captain. His mouth was set in a thin line like a gash, his eyes were cold and hard, and the muscles of his jaws so tense that his face seemed carved from wood.

"Sir," began Eadie, "after I left the battery I went right back to Xivray. I sat by the road all night long and not a thing went by but trucks and ambulances. About daybreak ammunition and ration carts from the First Division began to pass. I asked then if they'd seen anything of an artillery echelon on the march. Well, with the whole American army on the march they had seen considerable artillery. Finally one driver told me he had seen the echelon of the Third Brigade, and that it was going east on the Rambucourt-Flirey road. About that time I had sense enough to hunt up a French officer and borrow his map and it was easy to see that the echelon could have gone up the road, turned off and gone to Richécourt through Seicheprey and across country to Nonsard from there. So I hiked over to Seicheprey. I went up and down those roads, and clear out to the German support trenches, and sure enough I struck B battery's slat wagon." Eadie paused and seemed to be at a loss how to continue.

"Well, what did they say?" inquired the captain coldly.

"The first sergeant of B battery was with them," said Eadie, "and he told me that A battery's transport wasn't ready at the hour set and the column had moved out without them."

"Ah," said the captain, "and what then?"

"Well, I knew what had happened," said Eadie. "The echelon

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The Mess Sergeant stood up.

SLIM OVERCOMES SEX APPEAL



O, SIR," Slim Baker said to Rube Glenn as he returned to his saddle after closing the gate. "I jus' naturally can't help it cuz I got a sort of fascination for women, can I?"

Rube bit off a huge chunk from a greasy plug of tobacco and picked up the reins. "You make me tired," he said disgustedly.

"But—, Rube," expostulated Slim as they again took up the long trail to the P R ranch in search of another job. "You ain't still blamin' me cuz we got fired back at Verdás, are ya?"

"Yes, I do." Rube sprayed tobacco juice with unerring accuracy from his seat on the trotting horse to the base of a cactus plant. "And not only for that, but for gettin' us canned at Big Horse, Miller's, Dahl's—and all the rest of 'em."

Slim digested this in silence while they trotted through the narrow neck of the canyon. The floor of this was but a hundred feet or so wide. The walls of the canyon stretched upward steeply, turning outward to form a vast V. Vivid colors of every hue with a profusion of purples, reds, and browns, shimmied up and down giving the impression of a disintegrated rainbow. High above, a lone buzzard circled, following the two riders whom his keen eye detected.

It was a lonely road. Faint ruts in the hard alkali-whitened trail gave evidence that though the P R ranch might have an auto it was seldom used. The canyon steadily widened.

"I tell you," said Slim stubbornly after the long silence, "The only way I could keep those women away from me was to insult them."

"Yeh?" Rube returned sarcastically, "and then, due to your 'fascination' they got you fired."

"Well," said Slim, defensively, "you didn't have to quit."

Rube looked apologetic. "Ferget it," he said, "ain't I yor pard?" He again pulled the tobacco plug from his pocket and took a fresh bite. "Here, Slim—" he coaxed, "have a chaw."

"Nix," Slim retorted, "I don't like the stuff."

From the narrow pass at the gate, the canyon had now widened rapidly, and the two riders ascended a gentle rise. At the top of this they paused. A broad and easily rolling valley with rich, thick grass growing everywhere, lay before them. It could be seen from their point of vantage that two ranches held away, the closer, so informed at Nashtown, being the P R ranch

By Lloyd S. Allen

Illustrated by Gaylord Streeter

which needed help, and the farther, the Broad Y ranch. It was a small world in itself, encompassed by the steep rocky walls of the canyon whose only entrance was the bottle-neck pass through which the riders had just driven.

Rube broke the gloating silence that had fallen between them as they surveyed this cattleman's paradise. "Jus' like a gravy bowl," he said reflectively stroking the week-old stubble of his chin, "—with all the meat on the bottom."

"For cripes sake!" snapped Slim, "you would talk that-a-way when our stomachs are languishing for exercise! Let's get going!"

Another hour's steady jogging brought them before the ranch house, and slowly, painfully, the pleasant thoughts aroused by the certainty of a free meal, if not a job, gave way to shadows of apprehension. There were curtains in the windows!

Slim searched through the yards with worried eyes. It could not be. With no jobs in any direction for fifty miles, surely luck would deal them this hand with no queens. But there—the hideous omen of womankind everywhere, a garden with flower-bordered edges. His heart, with a clump, settled in his boots and stayed there.

Rube also noticed. "No eyes at the skirts now," he warned, "or I'll scalp ya." Then raising his voice into a lusty whoop which penetrated everything at less than a mile, he hailed. The outlying buildings, stables, saddle house, and bunk house seemed to be deserted. Not a sign of human life was visible.

But with the startling suddenness of Rube's howl in the silence, a door opened.

With a single gesture, both men lifted

their broad hats and gravely regarded. "IT" was a woman. And so was she. Not the knickered, shirted, tanned and calloused girl of the wide open spaces that they had expected to see, but a woman right off the fashion pages of the latest magazine.

Her hair—plus, her eyes—plus—plus, and her lips—plus bust—no wonder Rube's grave frown gave way to the angelic smile of a cherub.

She, too, was gravely regarding the men. One was a stubby, sandy haired, long armed cow-puncher with a simian appearance, Rube. The other was tall and supple, handsome, with evenly, tan-coated face, youthful; had soulful brown eyes and light curly hair—and that was Slim.



"You ain't still blamin' me cuz we got fired back at Verdás, are ya?"

Slim felt a surge of alarm. Not for nothing had he lost a half dozen good jobs. He recognized from sad experience the speculative light in the heavily lashed eyes that lingered on his features.

"Hello there," she said. Her voice was even and rich in tone as the A string of a violin.

"Hye," mumbled Slim.

"Is Mr. Rooney aroun'?" squeaked Rube.

"No. I'm sorry but he went over to the Broad Y to borrow some stuff."

Her eyes broke away from the hypnotized pursuit of the evasive glance of Slim, and traveled over the tired horses. Behind each saddle was tied all the paraphernalia of the cow artist. Alkali dust clung heavy to even the bright metal disks which ornamented the saddles, gray and gritty, causing white streaks through the dried sweat marks on the horses.

"Are you men looking for a job?" she stated, as much as asked the question.

Rube fidgeted. His first incredulous stares had by now subsided to quizzical glances at his partner. He had noted the impression that Slim had made upon the girl, but now he came clear to earth.

"Well, — I reckon so," he finally allowed himself to say, with another sidelong look at Slim.

She made another effort to capture Slim's eyes and failed.

"You might as well put your horses in the stable, then," she said, "Uncle ought to be back anytime now. Hungry? Tell the chink to fix you up a mess as soon as you're ready for it, — no, I'll do it myself while you're tending the brones."

In silence the men climbed from the saddles and stiffly led the horses to the stable. They watered and fed them. They gravely uncinched the saddles and tossed them onto the wooden pegs that protruded from the walls. Then by common consent they both leaned against the manger of one of the unoccupied stalls. Rube produced his plug of tobacco and bit off a small chunk reflectively. He sprayed three stable flies successively with tobacco juice before any word was spoken.

Then: "She fell at first sight," he announced laconically.

Slim said nothing, so Rube strolled to the door and sized up the yards.

It was a most pleasant scene. The whole main yard was surrounded by a waist high hedge of bushes. The numerous yard buildings, while painted and in good condition, were small enough to indicate that the acres of the P R ranch were not as extensive as most of the ranches that Rube had hitherto worked for. An open double-door in a small shed indicated a garage, and that an auto had recently been driven out. Over all hung an atmosphere of easy-going comfort.

Rube turned to Slim. "See here," he said, "I like this place,

and if we do get a job, you be danged careful that you don't insult this skirt in the house."

"It seems that she's only the boss's niece," argued Slim.

"That don't make any difference," said Rube, "She could get us fired, and by George I'm gettin' tired of lookin' for a new place to eat every month. You be blamed nice to her!"

"But," protested Slim with alarm, "suppose she wants to marry—"

"— You be nice to her," repeated Rube. "Come on, let's go in, I'm starving."

With dragging steps Slim followed Rube back to the house in spite of his own hunger. At the porch they halted indecisively, but before they had decided what to do, the door opened

and the young woman appeared again, this time looking more the ranch woman with a white, dainty apron fastened over her small shoulders.

"Come right in," she said cheerfully, "I warmed some spuds up, and got some coffee ready." It was very obvious that her speech was directed to Slim. Nevertheless, it was Rube who led the way into the kitchen.

The room was filled with the inspiring aroma of boiling coffee and the crackling sounds of burning wood. Several skillets on the bright stove were heaped high with beautifully browned spuds. The girl poured water into a basin that rested along with soap, hair-brushes, and towels on a stand before a large and shining mirror. She kept up a stream of bright chatter spaced with questions as the men applied the soap and water to their dusty skins. Where had they come from? Did they want a permanent job? The queries were directed, as were her looks, to the silent and flushing Slim, and it was left to Rube to answer from soapy lips.

She at length led them to the dining room and there left them to their own devices. They ate, and how!

"You couldn't do better," murmured

Rube to Slim as he swallowed the scalding coffee with relish.

"Oh, can that stuff," growled Slim sullenly.

A half hour passed and presently she came into the room and sank into a chair close to Slim. He immediately gurgled his coffee and ate with his knife. Rube, in spite of his sympathy for the hard case, almost chuckled to see him edge to the farther side of his chair.

The period that followed was strange. The girl tried to pump information from Slim, and he either answered in monosyllables or Rube answered. She stared with dreamy eyes at the handsome youth and he stared out the open window. She crossed her silk-stockinged legs, a rare sight in the desert land, and only Rube saw. It was at length too much for his sense

(Continued on page 52)



She stared with dreamy eyes at the handsome youth, and he stared out the open window.

Leatherneck Tales—"Kito of Ping Yang"

THE LITTLE white gunboat glistened in the noonday sun, eight bells rang from the bridge and the red pennant fluttered from the starboard yard arm as the Bo'sun piped the crew to dinner.

Chee-Foo lay scorching on the barren hillside and paid but little attention to the black guns that stuck their grim muzzles out from the foreign devil. Chee-Foo had seen many such, come and go, and the money they spent ashore was the only thing that interested the Chino.

The dancing ripples of Chee-Foo Bay had splashed the bows of mighty armadas that had steamed in and dropped anchor with pomp and pride; come to warn and intimidate the Celestial Empire. They had held sway for a time, and then departed, and each time the smelly, mud-walled town had settled down in its peaceful quest for chow.

Aboard the little boat, Kito, the brown Korean bear, licked his tin pan clean of condensed milk and bread. At peace with the world, he climbed out on the port cat-head for a snooze and a sun bath.

Kito, the mascot, bore his honors lightly. Being a royal gift from a Korean nobleman to a Yankee skipper meant nothing to him. In his baby way he often whimpered for his great shaggy mother, that still searched the Ping Yang hills for her lost cub.

Cavanaugh and Scully of the black gang, climbed up on the foc'sle for a breath of fresh air and a far view of Chee-Foo. They saw the great fleet of sampans and junks that lined the shore, and they wondered if it were possible to jump ship and reach the beach alive. The beach, where flesh pots waited for thirsty sailors.

Cavanaugh saw Kito, and the thought flashed through his mind, rescue Kito and go ashore! Cavanaugh and Scully were suffering the pangs of the chronic liberty breaker, and the black list would carry their names for two months more.

Kito slept on, unmindful of danger and dreamed of a great hairy mother that always had plenty of nice warm milk for a tired little bear, that hugged him close when the nights were cold. In his dreams Kito dug his claws in the hard iron, he was tearing rotten logs apart, searching for mice and big fat grubs that tasted so good.

The Marine tramped up and down his post, round and round the bow gun and the foremast, watching the hovering sampans, and gave no thought of the sleeping bear. Cavanaugh loitered near the port anchor, and Scully gazed absently out of the six-inch gunport.

Kito squealed, and clung desperately to the iron davit, but a big hairy hand dragged him loose. Kito felt himself hurled through the air. Then the waters of the Yellow Sea closed over his head.

The Marine turned quickly, he saw the little bear hit the water, then saw Cavanaugh take two running steps and dive head first, under the frightened animal.

"MAN OVERBOARD!" yelled the Marine.

The deck sprang to life, crowded with running men as the dread alarm rang out. The Marine guard raced up the berth deck ladders, guns in hand, the officers poured up from the ward room, and the skipper, sword in hand, rushed out from

By Clint E. Crabb

the cabin and took command. A grim-faced Leatherneck was stationed at every life buoy, while at the falls of each boat a Marine stood, bayonet at the charge. The crew of the life-boat stood on tip-toe, waiting for the command, "life-boat, away!"

Kito was swimming for his life, nature had planted that knowledge in his cunning brain. Then Cavanaugh grabbed him, and Kito turned at bay, a small fury, but just as fierce as his mother of the Ping Yang hills.

Kito applied his teeth and claws to every part of Cavanaugh's body that he could reach, and the distressed sailor had to dive to escape the gentle pet that had become a monster.

Kito looked around, his enemy had disappeared, and he swam for the port gangway, where the noble Scully waited to do the life-saving act.

Scully reached down and grabbed Kito by the scruff of the neck and lifted him up on the grating. Then Scully started to lift Kito to his shoulder, preparatory to making his report to the admiring Captain, who would be very grateful for the saving of his pet.

But Kito thought otherwise. Here was another enemy trying to throw him back in the sea. He proceeded to walk up the frame of the surprised sailor, applying his claws with deftness and dispatch, until he reached the top of Scully's head.

Kito had done all the damage he could to his would-be life savers, then he sprang from the shoulder of the messed-up Scully to the hammock netting. From there he ran to his place on the cat-head, then as far as Kito was concerned, the incident was closed.

A sailor threw a line to Cavanaugh and dragged him from the grip of the Yellow Sea, then, at the command of the captain, the two men were ordered "to the mast."

The two life savers stood in rags and bloody confusion at the judgment seat, between the Corporal of the Guard and Jimmy Legs. They heard a wrathful skipper say: "What does this mean?"

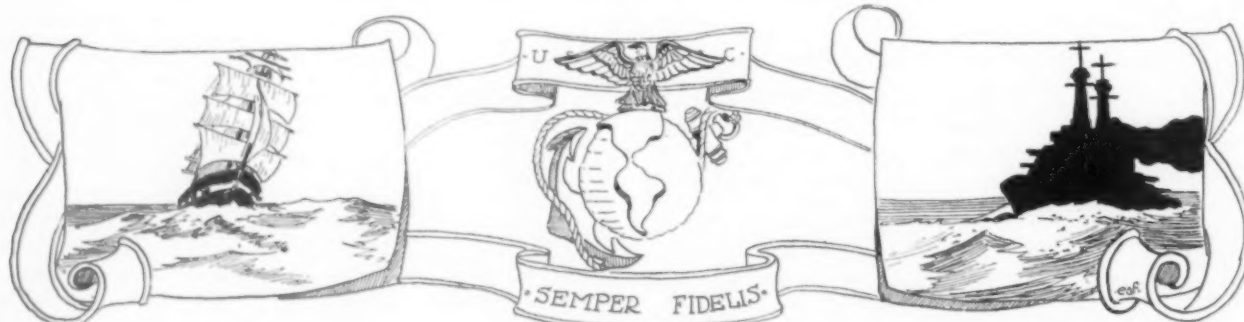
Cavanaugh had been licked by a bear, but he did not acknowledge defeat. With the blarney of his race he requested permission to, "speak to the Captain?" "Sir, we did our duty as we saw fit, the little cub fell overboard and we rescued it, for we knew that it would grieve the Captain very much to lose his pet." He paused to see what effect his words might have, then he continued, "we are both badly hurt and we need medical attention."

Then Cavanaugh saw the hard face of the Captain relax, as a twinkle chased the frown away, "you know, Sir, it is the custom in the Navy to give men shore leave when they have done brave deeds, and we would thank the Captain for permission to go ashore."

The skipper saw the humorous side of the appeal. He felt that the scratched and bloody sailors had, indeed, upheld the traditions of the Navy.

The bear-scarred sailors rushed down to the sick bay where they were patched up, and the names of Cavanaugh and Scully went up on the liberty list.

As the steam launch pushed off and headed for Chee-Foo, with the liberty party board, the old ship, from ward room to berth deck, roared with laughter.





GENERAL RICHARDS ADDRESSES GRADUATES OF BASIC SCHOOL

Fifteen graduates of the Marine Corps Basic School completed their course at Marine Barracks, League Island, Pa., May 29, and listened to an interesting address by Brigadier General George Richards, who had come to Philadelphia for the ceremony. Later General Richards congratulated each of the successful students in the presence of the detachment commander, Major A. D. Rorex.

Several friends and relatives gathered in the barracks to witness the final ceremony. General Richards was introduced and immediately began his address. For about half an hour he talked to the students about the new duties they were about to assume, and illustrated his discourse with many anecdotes of his early days in the service.

The General told the students to remember that the Marine Corps was primarily an adjunct to the Navy, and that the students should bear that in mind. He pointed out different situations that would probably arise during their service, and advised them as to how each of these situations could be met.

Among other things he mentioned that the sword of the Corps, originally brought back to this country by Lieut. Presley N. O'Bannon, following the War with Tripoli, had been adopted by the Guardia Nacional of Santo Domingo. He said this was a subtle tribute to the high regard the Dominicans had for the Marine Corps, which had enabled them to establish their military force.

Finally he admonished them not to be selfish—to yield all personal considerations for the good of their department, or the Corps as a whole. A burst of applause followed his address.

While the General addressed the students, seated on the platform beside him were: Captain A. C. Townsend, captain of the yard; Major H. M. Smith, commanding Marine Barracks; Major A. D. Rorex, in charge of Basic School, and

Major Anthony A. J. Drexel Biddle, of the Marine Corps Reserve.

Full military honors were rendered to General Richards upon his arrival at the barracks and later when he visited Admiral J. L. Latimer, Commandant of the 4th Naval District. Upon his departure

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICE, AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING, CHINA

The battery banks mentioned in our notes for last month have now been moved and are installed in their new location. All cables have been run from them to the power panels. With this work completed we have the former battery room vacated and all ready to accommodate the new transmitters as soon as they arrive. These transmitters are expected to arrive at any moment.

General Cole has completed his inspection of the post and has sailed for the United States. Radio came in for its share of the inspection, the General giving the transmitter room, battery room, receiver building, workshop and men's quarters a thorough inspection. He showed great interest in the radio work of the Guard and we believe he was pleased with what he saw.

The Asiatic Division Rifle and Pistol Competition has just been completed at the International Rifle Range at Peking. Contestants included officers and men from the Guard at Peking and from the Fourth Regiment at Shanghai. The radio detachment had two men entered in the competition, Private First Class Jasper J. Gillette with the pistol and Private William L. Kiser with both rifle and pistol. Private Kiser won the second gold medal with the rifle. Gillette had just returned from Radio School at Cavite and therefore had very little opportunity to train for the event, while Kiser had an off day on the day of the matches. We therefore failed to get a

radio man in the money with pistols. Range work has now commenced for the season. The radio detachment fires the regular course for qualification with the rest of the command. At the present time we have Corporal Kugler, Privates Hickman, McIntosh, Flowers and Gray on the range. We are waiting for record day before announcing any of the alibis. In addition to the range practice and firing for record these men operate the



A septet of Marines on duty in the Philippines 25 years ago. In the group are R. W. Jeter, now Q.M. Clerk; Jimmy Anglin; and G. C. Hardesty, now with the Federal Reserve Bank, Cleveland. Perhaps some old timer can tell us the names of the others.

he received the customary 11-gun salute.

The officers who received diplomas are: 2nd Lieutenants Robert C. Ballance, Boeker Batterton, Arthur F. Binney, Clovis C. Coffman, Frank C. Croft, Wilson T. Dodge, Thomas G. Ennis, John J. Heil, Charles B. Mitchell, Perry O. Parmelee, Louis C. Plain, Charles C. Popp, Ernest E. Pollock, Max Schaeffer, Kenneth H. Weir. (Photo on page twenty-nine.)

SCR-130 field set which is installed at the range during the summer months. This keeps the range in radio communication with the main station in Peking.

One of the difficulties encountered in radio work in Peking is the proximity of the stations of the several legations and guards which are located within a very short distance of each other. We all manage, however, to keep from interfering as much as possible and cooperation on the part of all has been excellent. A short time back NPP was experiencing a great amount of difficulty in copying Cavite due to interference caused by "key-clicks." Eventually it was discovered that these "key-clicks" were emanating from the station located in the Japanese compound which is not far removed from our receiver building. Some of their control lines ran very close to our receivers. A conference was arranged with their radio officer, Lieutenant of Engineers Nakata, and the actual source of the trouble was located and removed. Cooperation in this particular case was most excellent, leaving nothing to be desired.

In our notes of last month we gave the names of those men who were the first operators and stood watch on the Cavite-Peking long distance point-to-point circuit. The second operators at present are Corporal Clinton O. Neely, Privates Kermit W. Feist, Ralph E. Sutton and Harold C. Appley. These men handle high-frequency ship traffic and Baker and Press Schedules.

Three operators, graduates of Cavite Radio School, have arrived during the month. They are Corporal Frank S. Merrill, Private First Class Gillette and Private Harold C. Appley. Merrill was a short timer and left for the States on the USAT "Grant." Private Clark P. Lonie also sailed on the "Grant." Lonie was a graduate of the school at Cavite and one of our best operators.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. CALIFORNIA

Officially detailed as an observer on Starboard 5" 51 calibre gun on board the U. S. S. "California" during the firing of long range battle practice off the coast of California recently, Sgt. George Egbert Homel, USMC., Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "California," won the praise of his commanding officer and shipmates for his prompt execution in handling a casualty on starboard 5" 51 calibre gun No. 9.

The signal for commence firing was given, and the gun was in action, when a large locker box, located in the gun casemate, carried away, striking the plugman on the head, causing him to be thrown against the gun breech. The plugman, temporarily unconscious, fell to the deck. Homel, seeing the gun's plugman a casualty, stepped over the form of the unconscious man and fired the gun's remaining shots without missing a salvo, another member of the crew handing the firing primers to Homel.

In spite of a heavy sea that threatened to obscure the guns' telescopes and which completely drenched the forward guns' crews, the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "California" hung up one of the best long range scores in recent years on the Port Marine Battery. The practice was one of the most successful for the entire ship in recent years, and while the offi-

cial scores are not obtainable, semi-official scores point to a very excellent practice. Capt. Alfred H. Noble, our skipper, controlled the Marine groups from the fighting tops and put the crews on after the fourth salvo; it was the Port Battery testimonial to Capt. Noble who is due for transfer ashore his tour of sea duty completed, and who has been the battery's "best friend and severest critic" for the past two years.

With long range over and our attention centered on the final shoot of the year, the crews are in excellent shape and promise some fancy shooting in force battle practice, which is down on the schedule for May 13. When this practice is completed, the detachment loses some of its very best gunners through expiration of sea duty. While the detachment is about to lose some of the older heads, we have some fine material recently arrived on board from the recruit depot at San Diego.

Pvt. Bill Flynn will soon make his debut over the radio from Station KFOX,



Anti-Aircraft Practice aboard the U. S. S. "California," fired at a sleeve towed by a plane. Marines man Lewis guns carried on the main and fore-top. Considerable success was recently achieved in practice.

Long Beach, Calif., and southern California listeners-in are to be treated to some fine music from our own Billy's banjo and his parodies on the popular songs. Pvt. Flynn recently stopped the show in a little impromptu entertainment at a popular Los Angeles cabaret, and his fame is fast spreading to the movie colony at Hollywood where Pvt. Billy is well known to film workers.

Recent promotions brought forth some fine candidates, and the survivors promise great things on the drill field at Bremerton this season; Cpl. Lawrence Robbins winning his three stripes, while Pfc. Charles James drew his corporals chevrons. Two very fine men—good luck, Bobbie and James.

Something new and novel in the way of competition and which held the spectators spellbound was the snoring championship between Cpl. Victor "Broadside" Brown and Cpl. Norman "Liver-Knose" Mazurek. The match, a purely championship affair under the rules for heavy sleepers, was declared a draw by the police sergeant who acted in the capacity of arbiter. The men, both in fine condition after a husky workout on the loading machine on the port foc's'l, entered the forward Marine compartment

with their seconds promptly after the noon meal. Cpl. Brown was made the choice and displayed something brand new in corking mats when he appeared with the loading mat trimmed in war color. Cpl. Mazurek brought up the rear with a ladder screen, which brought a protest from Cpl. Brown, who declared it was taken from the Admiral's passageway. The claim was disallowed, and both men took positions on their respective mats while the police sergeant set the watch. The contest waged fast and furious until the appearance of 2nd Lt. Chapel, who announced that all corporals would report for non-coms' school.

Cpl. "Sad Sam" Clayton of Marine laundry fame recently brought forth some new ideas in the treatment of sick, lame, and lazy when he announced that "Bones Wonder Polish" used for shining brass work was also good for the treatment of sea sickness. Pvt. Ford, after volunteering for one treatment, took up position in the division gear locker, which brought down the wrath of the police sergeant and a new coat of paint for the gear locker; all accomplished by Pvt. Ford, who declares that the remedy is far better for bright work polish.

NEWS FROM THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

By Sergeant Harold H. Langsdorf

Yo ho, and a bottle of root beer! Our little masterpiece is late this time, but we had to wait and get the "dope" on our rifle and pistol competitions with the 56th Company, at St. Croix. The matches are over now, and results are as follows (St. Thomas won both matches):

Pistol Competition

Team totals: St. Thomas 85.9%
St. Croix 84.2%

1st high individual—Tpr. Arnold Arzuaga (St. Thomas), 92.7%.

2nd high individual—Pfc. John E. Wadick (St. Croix), 92%.

Rifle Competition

Winning team—St. Thomas; score, 1237; average, 309.

1st high individual—Pvt. Roby W. Reeves (St. Thomas), 324.

2nd high individual—PM. Sgt. Ray R. Maynard (St. Thomas), 312.

On Sunday, May 5th, the enlisted personnel of the 56th Company, St. Croix, gave a picnic and barbecue at Buck Island—a stag affair. Good lunch was furnished and prizes were given for various competitions and races. Everyone enjoyed himself to the limit, and it is the intention of the Commanding Officer to have other affairs of this kind at least once a month.

Recent promotions at St. Thomas are as follows: Arthur J. Richardson, Ernest R. Williams, George A. Goulette, James J. Meany, Lewis Jolly, Henry Rudzin, Wilbur E. Anderson, Joseph A. Walsh, and Voyel Bates were promoted to Privates First Class. John H. Griffin, Cecil Copus, Lloyd M. Rapp and Arthur B. Morgan, promoted to corporals. Harold H. Langsdorf and Aretmas S. Little promoted to sergeants. Up until the day of the examinations, studious Marines could have been seen at all hours of the day or night rushing madly around the reservation with TR's tucked under their arms. It was a lively time and seemed almost like school days again.

On Saturday, April 20, the Enlisted Men's Club gave a dance at the Ameri-

can Roof Garden and over fifty American school teachers from San Juan accepted invitations and were present. The Navy Band and a native orchestra took turns in furnishing excellent music. Did we strut our stuff? Well, we hope! Incidentally, some of our most modest Marines developed into regular sheiks with a speed that was amazing. "Paleface" (?) Rudzin, "Bashful" (?) Copus, "Silent" (?) Foster—and many others of a retiring nature awoke and made merry. We had a wonderful time and are pulling hard for another dance soon. C. W. Harvey, of the Navy, worked harder than anyone else to make the dance the success it was, and his efforts are highly appreciated by us all.

There have been several changes in personnel at St. Thomas: Lieutenant Raymond A. Anderson has been detached to NPD, MB, Parris Island, S. C. We certainly hated to see him go. Best of luck, "Andy." Captain Glenn D. Miller is our new commanding officer. Headquarters Detachment, and Lieutenant St. Julian R. Marshall is post adjutant and also has charge of MCI courses here. Captain Walter Sweet is post exchange officer—and how!

Our star pitcher, Joe Vitek, was ordered to the States, and baseball is at present somewhat disorganized. However, with the help of Corporal Harrington and a few others, we managed to get up some games between the non-coms and privates and Pfc's, the last one of which was won by the non-coms, 8 to 4. By the way, Harrington got a haircut, and what I MEAN, my DEAR, if you know WHAT I mean, he looks ten years YOUNGER!

Chaplain Rafferty gave us a very interesting talk the other day. He is already very popular among us. He's Irish, and we wonder what he says when he gets mad! It must have taken nerve and courage for him to become a chaplain.

We don't know how true this is, but there is a rumor afloat that our company clerk, Pvt. 1cl Elbert L. Laughlin, is in love. Elbert, watch your step or one of these balmy spring days you'll be absent-mindedly concluding an official letter to the MGC with: "Love and kisses, and darling, DO write soon." That's all right, Laughlin, we know how it is. Our laundry queen, Pvt. Hubert K. Finn, says he has a sweet little mama back in Monticello and he's all prepared to give free advice to the lovelorn. Step up, gents!

Sergeant Little is our new mess steward. Contrary to what his name might imply, he is a husky brute, and when he condescends to eat with us and yells: "Down on the beans!"—we don't hesitate to pass them his way MUY PRONTO. Our first cook, Pvt. Earl Gary, is doing his stuff in the galley, and boy, how he is doing it! "Slum, slum, yum, yum—not as bad, as some we've had." And Pfc. Wilbur E. Anderson, post tennis fiend, post pool shark, post—oh, yeh, post baker, is hereby threatened with a present of a lovely carved wooden kimona if he doesn't get busy and make some more cinnamon rolls soon. C'mon, "Andy," we've waited long enough.

We are having some military competitions next month, drill, wig-wag, map-making, relay races, etc., and results of the first series of these will probably appear in our next article. Until then, "khaki blanco!"

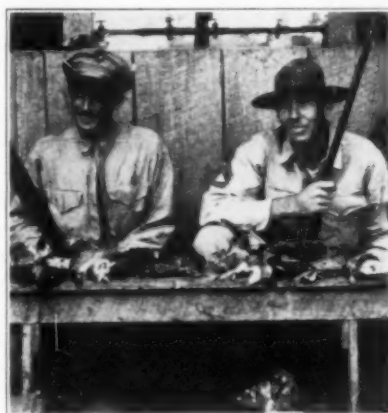
HEADQUARTERS 1ST BATTALION, ELEVENTH REGIMENT, SAN ALBINO, NICARAGUA

By R. W. Gladden

San Albino reporting in! This is one of the many jumping off places of Nicaragua, but we can get in touch with the States via "The Leatherneck," so here's a few lines from Bino.

San Albino is not a city, nor even a town. It is a mining settlement, or we should say, was, for now the mine is dormant. The population is transient, the natives are the ones who have been driven in from the hills by bandits, and the total number right now is about seventy-five. Twenty-five of them are women and they are getting rich washing clothes for Marines at three dollars a month. The remaining fifty are men, employed by the Q.M. department as muleros for seventy-five cents a day. The women get the gravy in this place.

The gold mine that was is now used by us as a movie theatre. We have not



Gy. Sgts. Ewalt and Groves of the Flying Sandino Chasers after an hour's gunning for Nicaraguan quail. They bagged 45.

yet installed the all-talkie system, but I intend to see the chaplain about it as soon as I can get near enough to him. There is a mill in connection with the mine and it is used to pump water to a reservoir on top of the hill. The water is filtered and sent out in pipes all over the camp. This is a great help to us, as is the electric lights of which we boast.

Our chow, canteen supplies and mail are delivered to us via the tractor train which comes in from Apali about twice a week. Apali is about fifteen miles, or as the distance here is measured in hours rather than miles, we will say about five hours from here. The iron horse is a great improvement over the bull carts, making almost twice the speed. The tractors have a fairly good trail to come over, but it is rough in spots and a few narrow escapes have occurred in the past few weeks. Two tractors and trailers have turned over, but in both cases the drivers and the men riding escaped injury. With the coming of the rainy season the trail has constantly been under repair.

From Bino we pass some of the chow along to Jicaro and Qualali. These towns are off the main trail and the chow has to be transported by mule trains. Each

outfit sends in about once a week for its mail and beans.

At present this post is a sort of mixed up affair. We have parts of the 61st, 46th, 47th, 59th and 14th Companies here as well as the Headquarters and Headquarters Company, which has eleven men in it.

Major H. W. Weitzel is the Jefe. He has just joined from the States, as has also the post adjutant, Lieutenant C. B. Graham, and Lieutenant Jordan, the quartermaster, mess, and what have you officer. Sgt. Major Welsh is the boss and his aide-de-camp is Corporal Gladden, who also has the post exchange. Sergeant Young is in charge of the corral and all the native muleros. We have none other than Old Man Becker as police sergeant. Last, but not least, there is the Navy, Lieutenant Cochran is in command and his Jefe is Chief Stuart Wilkins. Other non-coms here are: Corporals Cole (now down with the fever), Vallandingham, Antinovitz, Webber, and Wells. Sergeant Gregg is a recent addition, joining us from the Eastern Area. Private Leiger is acting mess sergeant, and Smith, Guy, and Hagerman are the cooks. Brooks, Smock, and Elliott are the messmen. The two orderlies are Johnson and Taylor. Taylor is also known as Harold Teen; but he never brings Lillums around. He is also the post barber. He has to be, there is no more.

Now that I have given you some of the dope I will sign off, as I may, for all I know, be on one of those cleared channels they are talking about. If, by the way, anyone should happen to ask you if the fellows here care about returning to the States, you can say "Yes," with no exception.

MOUNTAIN BATTERY MUMBLINGS

By John W.

Since the arrival of replacements from the States, an alarming epidemic of "gold bricking" has broken out amongst the few remaining old timers. They show a remarkable tendency to allow the former to do most of the volunteering for patrols, police details, etc. Now, we wonder what causes that.

Private Alderman, our Beau Brummell and sheik extraordinary, is still bewailing the fact that the recruiting sergeant didn't do right by him. Aldy claims that said sergeant told him personally and in all good faith, that after four or five months in the Marines he could put on a nice blue suit, walk nonchalantly into the home town, ogle his eyes this way and that, and before he knew what it was all about, all the girls for blocks around would come flocking to him, fall on his swan-like neck and beg him to go places with them. Aldy is somewhat disappointed, he is also somewhat angry. Why is he angry? Because he hasn't even been able to enclose his manly (?) physique in a nice blue suit, not to mention not having had the extreme pleasure of pulling any number of the cream of the female population of the old home burg off his swan-like neck. Better luck next cruise, Aldy.

Privates "Wop" Mucciaccio and the author of this article are in a heated race for "gold bricking" honors. The former went a point in the lead by turning in the sick bay with an "infected" (???) foot; but the latter, being too lazy to move off his bunk, hopes to develop



Group of N. C. O.'s aboard the U. S. S. "Vega" on her recent trip to San Diego. Back row, left to right: McCune, Stroud, Booker, Hauptman, Horn, Joy, Dickerson. Front row, left to right: Cox, Furey, Beck, Rogers, Siegrist.

something to incapacitate him, thereby assuring at least a tie.

Pfc. Orcutt, the elongated cowboy from Walla Walla, will scare us stiff yet. An hour ago he had just finished chasing a particularly vicious grizzly bear down into the Grand Canyon and proceeded to get lost in a snowstorm. After the storm he found that he had lost all but one cartridge. He was miles from home, in a strange country, and a grizzly bear was hanging around somewhere, probably just waiting for the psychological time to grab himself a nice meal of Walla Walla meat. Bravely our hero started homeward, but on rounding a curve he came face to face with Mr. Grizzly, who, being hungry, naturally craved food. Not a bit unnerved by the charging bear, Orcutt raised his rifle and prepared to squeeze off his last cartridge. If he missed—too bad! Just as the hurling form was a scant five yards away—chow bumps sounded and Orcutt shoved off, leaving us gasping for breath for fear he might have missed that grizzly. Boy, we sure hope he didn't. We'd hate like the mischief to find it's his ghost we've been listening to all this time.

Private Scott, the South Carolina Scotchman (can you imagine a "closer" combination than that?), is the proud driver of Matagalpa's one and only garbage hearse. To see Scotty and a wagon and a team of mules together is to be reminded of South Carolina. Why? Because Scotty is so typical of S. C. And the mules? Well, never mind them.

The latest promotions in the battery are as follows: Privates Duncavage, Buckles, Porter, and Pearson to corporal. Pfc. Courtright to Corporal and Private Orcutt to Pfc.

Our mess sergeant hasn't a peer in this land of dusky females and man-eating fleas. The chow he puts out is the standard of comparison among chows down here. Everybody is urging him to extend for Matagalpa, so no further word is necessary.

Our executive officer, First Lieutenant Galt, is not with us at present, being in San Rafael. We all hope he gets to come "home" poco tiempo.

Private "Gadget" Warrington of the

baby-doll expression, thought to dispute the right of way with an unseen "missile" a night or two ago, but says he won't any more. He says when said missile's intentions are of the evil type it is best to avoid both the missile and the intentions.

I guess I had better quit before someone discovers that I am writing this.

Adios.

MARINES ON THE U. S. S. "VEGA" ENROUTE TO SAN DIEGO

By "Injection"

Hark ye, mates, and hear a tale of the briny deep; of the Marines and their fight to master the wastes of the Atlantic and Pacific on board the U. S. S. "Air Bedding."

All Hands Air Bedding

It was on May 9th that this gallant group of one hundred Marines set sail from Norfolk on the U. S. S. "Vega," which was soon monickered the U. S. S. "Air Bedding" on account of the many times that the word was passed to do so, for San Diego and points west. The more familiar names of the men of this detail are Sgts. Majors "Foggy" Horn, "Light Diet" Hauptman, QM. Sgt. "Furious" Furey, PM. Sgt. Siefert, who was put ashore at Corinto for a return engagement with Sandino, and an array of Top Kick Growlers, Beck, lately of Boston; Booker of the MT company at Quantico; Cox from Dover, N. J.; Dickerson from Norfolk, Va.; Joy from New Orleans and intermediate points; McCune from Philadelphia; Rogers from Parris Island; Siegrist from Newport, and "Wandering" Stroud from furlough to where he knows not.

Pipe Down Aired Bedding

An incessant warfare was waged for many days on the common enemy of all hands, the bedbug, and with the help of God and twenty Marines he was soon conquered and sentenced to die in boiling lye water and the good ship "Air Bedding" increased her speed to 11 knots when relieved of the extra weight.

All Hands Air Bedding

A stop of two days was made in Panama where all hands turned to and wet down. The sea got so rough in spots

that one of our gallant dipsomaniacs fell from grace in his top bunk and wrecked a couple of benches and handed himself a beautiful shiner.

Pipe Down Aired Bedding

Beck has been hugging the rail looking for the Mermaids.

Booker has been looking for any kind of fish, black-jack preferred.

Dickerson has been looking for a massage since we left Panama.

Joy has been looking for a cure for his morning after headache.

McCune has been looking for another playmate. Furey got too rough for him.

Rogers has been looking for a beauty contest. How vain that man is!

Siegrist has been looking for the guy that gave him that black eye. Here's a tip: He went back in the bottle and his first name is John.

Stroud has been dubbed "Wandering" because he does not seem to know just where he is going or why.

Horn has been looking around with Cox and Joy. Nuf sed.

Hauptman hired a hall but it got too small for him so he moved out into the street.

Furey has been looking for Molz, the boatswain's mate, ever since the last four practice runs of air bedding and has issued a standing challenge to him for 20 rounds of air bedding at bedside weights.

All Hands Air Bedding

Every sailor on this barge has one or more flashlights and after taps they start a game of firefly tag which lasts until reveille. The quartermaster's first call of the next relief is, "Sleep fast, boy, you only got thirty minutes more before going on watch" and his second call is, "shake it up, only fifteen minutes to go," all this accompanied by much flourishing of his flashlights.

Pipe Down Aired Bedding

A smoker was held enroute which furnished an evening of five fairly good bouts. Three K. O.'s and two decisions were the results. Only two Marines competed and one lost his bout when K. O'd in the second round. "Battling" Butler, lately of Quantico, handed Seaman Cobb an awful pasting for a minute and a half of the first round then put him to sleep for keeps with a short, powerful uppercut. The bell saved him from a K. O., but the referee awarded the fight to Butler on a technical K. O. when Cobb was unable to answer the bell for the second round.

All Hands Air Bedding

"George Young" was pushed overboard two days out of Corinto and after surpassing his previous world's record of 37½ hours by 6¼ hours he overtook the whaleboat which had put off to rescue him and towed it back to the ship where all were hoisted aboard by three Marines.

Pipe Down Aired Bedding

Another evening's entertainment was furnished by a number of the Marines on board and one or two of the ship's crew. "Abie" Cayer organized a small orchestra composed of Cook, Baker, Garris, Tounsel and himself which furnished a number of selections which were well received by all hands. Anchors Away and the Marines Hymn opened the songfest in which all hands took part. Cook threw his head back, closed his eyes like a Arkansas bloodhound and obliged

with a couple of popular songs. Iacovelli won the buck dancing contest from his only opponent, Norwe, of the crew. The evening was brought to a fitting close by the exhibition of the picture "What Price Glory."

All Hands Air Bedding

The members of the Marine detachment on board wish me to express to the captain, officers, and crew of the U. S. S. "Vega" a sincere thanks for all that has been done for us and what we have been done for (no regrets) while on board, including the 22 practice runs of air bedding, at which we now consider ourselves entirely proficient, and to wish for all hands continued good luck for all time.

More will be heard from this detachment as we mount the "Chaumont" to proceed on our way to the Fourth Regiment at Shanghai.

Pipe Down Aired Bedding

NAVY CROSSES AWARDED MARINES

The President of the United States recently awarded Navy Crosses to Capt. Maurice G. Holmes, USMC, and Gy.-Sgt. Charles Williams (posthumous).

Both were medals conferred for bravery during the contact with bandits on December 6, 1928, in the vicinity of Cujelita, Nicaragua. Captain Holmes, by his leadership, courage and skill, so conducted the engagement and so inspired the men of his command that the bandits were dispersed after a stubborn and well-planned resistance.

Gunnery Sergeant Williams, second in command, moved constantly from point to point in the face of severe fire from rifle and machine gun. When an attack from the rear suddenly developed he was ordered to take a small party and combat it to protect the main body. Sergeant Williams successfully accomplished his mission through his own bravery and resourcefulness, and while doing so was fatally wounded by rifle fire.

The Major General Commandant addressed a letter of commendation to Sergeant Dennie Floyd and to Private Henry O. Nation for meritorious conduct during an engagement with armed bandits at Santa Rosa, Nicaragua, on January 20, 1929.

Sergeant Floyd, from an exposed position, directed the fire of the automatic weapons and gained fire superiority for the Marines.

Private Nation, as a rifle grenadier, held an advance position and delivered grenades on the enemy machine gun nests. Wounded and weak from the loss of blood, he continued firing until the enemy was in retreat and then pursued him with rifle fire. Private Nation refused to be carried to San Albino and walked over four miles before he could be placed upon a mule for the hospital.

Private Stephan B. Pollack, better known in the Marine Corps boxing circles as "China Boy," has been awarded a silver Life-Saving Medal of Honor in recognition of his bravery. On May 3, 1927, he jumped overboard from a tug boat into the swift current of the Whangpoo River near Shanghai, China, and rescued a sailor who could not swim.

Gunnery Sergeant Millard T. Shepard has been commended by the Major General Commandant and the Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics for a most creditable and gratifying record during his

tour of duty in Nicaragua. He was in the air 971 hours and 10 minutes and carried more than 1000 passengers without a forced landing, flying the same Fokker transport plane which he, as assistant pilot, helped to ferry from Anastasia, D. C., to Managua, Nicaragua.

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

By Bacardi

Dear Folks at Home:

The tennis courts are finished and all but the back stops are ready for play. Our next issue should see some news on hot, sizzling games. The old stand-bys are tuning up their rackets for the contemplated tournament.

Bonny Chisholm, our erstwhile counter jumper for Adams' Big Store, graduated into the amusement room and is now keeping the poolroom sharks and bowlers in order. Bauserman, late of Virginia, went to the hospital but has since returned, only to find his job skidoo.

"Caleb" the book worm has been promoted to Pfc. and the library looks much better.

Geisier—in French "Gee-seer," is now pinch-hitting as police sergeant, that much hated and talked about personage.

On the "Oglala," a name hard to pronounce (for those without molars), left with some of our friends aboard. Good luck Burns, Humphrey, Mowell, Dumsha and Midgeley, and we hope you win the Elliott Trophy in Quantico, Va.

The returns on the smoker May 30th can be seen in another part of this illustrious paper.

Second Lieut. Stuart leaves on this "Kittery" to be instructor de officio at the Marine Corps Institute, and we hope he will be instrumental in having a course instituted "How to lay a concrete tennis court—or what size mixer does it take." He and his two bonny children and wife will be missed. 2nd Lieut. Chappell arrived on May "Kittery" to relieve Stuart. It was necessary for him to arrive ahead of time to assume the multifarious duties of his predecessor? We were glad to see him and hope that

he will have an enjoyable full two years. His family did not come with him owing to it being a gas and oil trip.

Yes, it was an oil trip. But why should they call it a gas and oil trip. All trips of the "Kittery" are gas trips. Listen to "Blackie" Tenny and several other numerous gassers that travel on it.

The pinochle games have become an obsession with us now. "Mah jong" has turned to pinochle, and where you used to hear "Pung" East Wind, you now hear "I melt," which, being in Cuba, is something we all do.

The QM. has a new clerk—Kid Jay is doing the catching for "Hack," and now everything goes smoothly. Page "Wingie Beavers."

The handball court is nearly ?? finished. Every year Baker puts another board on it.

The station trophy will be played for by the Marines and sailors of the station, beginning June 11, 1929. There will be a series of seven games. QM. Sgt. Haakenstad will manage the team. The material so far shown is not so good, but we hope to see them whipped into shape to beat the "Gobs." The team will be built around the station players of this year who had such an enviable record and lost the Train Trophy by a scant margin. Disco will do the catching while Haakenstad and Van Horn will twirl. McGrory will handle either second or first, with many applicants for the rest of the positions. This will be our paymaster sergeant's last season of baseball and he is now practicing golf. One afternoon, one broken club and three lost balls, and besides had to walk home from the rifle range. A profitable afternoon.

The mess is now feeding very good. It must be because our mess corporal is now a mess sergeant. Oh! Hum. Or it may be because it wins now and then at "peenuckle."

The Izaak Waltons of the post have not been having such good luck—but, regardless, it is left to a music to beat them. On a rod and reel made for a 40-pound pull he pulled in a 19-pound red



Major General Ueda of the Japanese Army inspecting guard of honor (39th Co.) of the American Legation Guard at Peking in command of Lieut. Edwin C. Ferguson.



Coronation of the Queen in the May Festival at Quantico, Va.

snapper. The catcher weighed about 98 pounds. Musics get that way—ask Powell.

We, no doubt, will lose our "Vulgar Boatman," Dutch Anten, skipper of No. 8 in the sailboat races and winner of practically three-fourths of them. Wilbanks is expected to take up where he leaves off, especially in the boat sailings.

TRAGIC DEATH OF MARINE OFFICER'S SON

Many Marines will remember little Jack Parker, son of Captain John H. Parker, recently returned to the States from Nicaragua and the news of his untimely death will come as a distinct shock to those who knew this bright and charming little fellow.

On May tenth, while on a visit to his grandmother at Richmond, Va., he was suddenly attacked with some unknown malady of the respiratory organs and medical skill was powerless to save him. He died within a few hours after the first symptoms of the disease became apparent.

The entire Marine Corps extends its sympathy to Captain and Mrs. Parker.

GENERAL BUTLER OFFICIATES AT MAY FESTIVAL IN QUANTICO

On the 24th of May, under the auspices of the enlisted men's dance committee, the personnel of Quantico were treated to quite an elaborate May party. Lady guests from near and far, as near as the Hostess House and as far as the big city of Washington, came; they saw, they conquered. Honorary guests were Brig. Gen. Smedley D. Butler and Brig. Gen. Harry Lee.

The Post Gym, resplendent in every hue of the rainbow, lent an attractive setting to this saga of the dances. The orchestra (*honi soit qui mal y pense*) from their bower of gayly colored serpentine, offered snappy music for dancing feet. The throne occupied the place of prominence at the front and center of the Gym. Wild honeysuckle vines entwined in a lattice work offered a pretty background and their fragrance scented an arbor fit for a queen. A novel feature of the decorative scheme was an honest-to-goodness fountain merrily gushing water in the center of a "box flower garden" in front of the throne.

Promptly at nine o'clock the call of a bugle attracted everyone's attention to the rear of the gym and announced that the feature of the dance was about to take place—the crowning ceremony. To the strains of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" Miss Ann Nettekoven, Queen of the May Dance, slowly proceeded to the throne. Led by a little flower girl and crown bearer, and closely followed by her two ladies in waiting, the regal procession was a feast for all eyes. At the throne the Queen was met by Brig. Gen. Smedley D. Butler who, with a few words of congratulation, placed a crown of roses on her head and escorted her to the throne. There the Queen held her court, and the dancers paid their homage by dancing by the throne to the accompaniment of the May Queen Waltz. Gen. Butler finished the dance with the Queen.

Dave Slayton, entrenched behind huge boilers of lemonade and buckets of ice cream, was by far the busiest man of the evening, taking care of the wants of the dancers at refreshment time.

MARINE BARRACKS, HINGHAM, MASS.

By Earl Russell

Men of the Marine Corps, I want to ask you a question. Can you imagine a big first class private running around the barracks with his morning grape fruit in his hand, looking for the police sergeant? Well, it pays sometimes, because the sergeant, Pop Combs, likes that particular brand of fruit along with onions, and the Pfc. is now the TRUCK DRIVER F. C. For a while it looked as if he would be the post painter, but, really, the job he did of painting qualified him as a truck driver; and how, I mean Hood! I would like to quote one of Arthur Brisbane's sayings. It is good and should be in the place of our "Home, Sweet Home" sign: "Hand-shaking should be abolished, since it means nothing and spreads germs." Of course, this was written in hopes that the receptions of the President could be made less hard on him, and then he could sign the bill increasing the pay of the United States, no, not Marines, but Congressmen.

There's a pretty spot in West Barrington. No, I'm not going to sing, I'm just telling about a story I heard. Now this Barrington is no relation to Barrington the Great. It was first settled by the

Wamponoages and then by the Quohogs. Immigrants from Massachusetts, New York, and other Irish countries soon followed. They became clam diggers, etc., and its waters abounded with fish until the last two administrations. Once the whole town was wiped out, and out of the ruins came a man, brother to one who was killed, and his progeny became policemen and so on until now we have the chief himself, in person, the only living one of his kind. I'll prove it. He had the gall to lock up Private Wright for parking, nothing else, no, no, and he also insulted this station to the extent of making Wright spend the night in that two-by-four jail with two sailors, a soldier and a wet civilian. The Horse Marines have been insulted; they are in a rage and they will be avenged, Oh, yes!

A great discovery has been made. We have a fish at the dock, and I don't mean the Marines doing duty there either, even though they are. I mean a real fish. It gives us a great chance to get in good with the administration. We held a mass meeting and decided to invite the President to make his summer white house here with us. We won't have to paint the guard house because it is white already. There is only one thing holding us up—the cost of lights. It costs the company \$11.80 a year to burn that light, men, and they have to cut the power off so that the expense of running this place will be lower. Now, who will ask that they be turned on so our visitor will be able to find his collar button, presuming that he has one, when it falls under the stove? They have also shut off the water, but, of course, when one is roughing it he shouldn't mind that, and besides it rains here, and one can always be careful and not get too dirty.

Our dear friend, Private "Red" Pierson, liked us so much that he extended his enlistment two years for Haiti. You can imagine the heart-rending scenes when he took off last week. I hope he has to paint all the time he is there. Confidentially, captain or first sergeant at Haiti, "Red" truly is a grand painter and will make your place look great. Be sure to give him overhead work for that's what he likes. He fairly eats it up, not the paint, no, the brush.

Private Ruth returned after being well in the hospital for some time. F. M. A. Snyder and Rauche, recently of Peking, joined, as did Captain Bailey. It is very touching to see old fellows come in from distant places and meet old friends again, "have you a smoke? Got any money? etc." Brother Scott, he is the man who did not walk a mile for a camel, neither did he reach for a sweet, he chases Fat Emmas. Green is the carpenter; he drives better than Hood. Hennes is the gardener. I must say that after we raked, hoed, cut, planted, watered, trimmed and cultivated the grounds ourselves he had worked up quite a rep as a gardener. Barney A. Barnes, ah, there is a man for you, big-hearted, yes, sir! He, right out of his own pocket, buys the food that we eat. In fact, since he went to work in the mess hall last month one would think he had to pay the help too. Wright is also there, washing dishes a little, waiting on tables a little (just as little as he can), and in that way learning to cook so that he can take the place of Harrigan, the cook, who will leave us soon; Floyd, the mess sergeant

and other cook we have agreed on. He should be rewarded for his "pain steaking" efforts. He will soon be turned over to the Ku Klux Klan or the Knights of the Dirty Garter. It is a shame that there isn't some way of making people understand that a mule skinner can't cook. Hubbard had another conference with his banker and returned with part of a new suit. We wonder where he lost his watch-wrist-2.98. Boyle has his Flint working on five now. As yet we haven't heard from 1, 2, 3, 4, or 6. In fact, we wonder if it isn't a one-lunger.

Griffin's Pierce Arrow is still going to pieces. If Sergeant Johnson has the good fortune to stay here twenty-seven months he may be able to play a game of straight pool. Sergeant DeKay is with us and we halt to say that both he and Johnson are nice people. We expect Prunty back from leave, but we all hope that he will not stay long, knowing that he is in a hurry to get aboard ship.

I also wish to announce the marriage and near death of Private Eugene Wright. He married Miss Hope Paine of Providence, R. I., on June 5, 1929, and while returning from Providence June 7 wrecked his Maxwell so completely that the junkman backed up and removed the pieces. The connection between the marriage and the accident is something I can't go into. At any rate, we wish him luck and extend our sympathy to the bride.

Well, men, when you read this, I will be reading the "Help Wanted" columns and the "Beware of Dog" signs. I leave you in body only. My spirit will cry out for you, but I shall keep it with me as long as I can, for you see I really must go to work. It would be great if "The Leatherneck" would start a U. S. S. "Outside" section and then all of us exes could write and tell you how it is and where the free lunch counters can be found and where—Oh, well; why go on? As I say, I will be paid off the fourteenth, and I wish you all the best of luck. If I could, I'd wish you all to be corporals, but if I did who would uphold the old tradition of the Corps?

The buddies of Earl Russel are bid a fond adieu.

NAVAL AIR STATION, LAKEHURST, NEW JERSEY

By E. F. S.

Hello, everybody! This is station "Bla-ah. Bla-ah," and no one has ever heard of it before, but there has to be a first time. We have a few good jokes for the boys. Our beloved Private Prushinski walked from Lakehurst to Trenton, N. J. It was about a twenty-mile hike. He and Mitchell both came home with sore feet. Our brute, Private G. K. Riley, ex-heavyweight, got lost in the Lakehurst swamps about 2:30 a. m. on the 19th day of May. Members of the guard, in groups of two and three, went through the barracks and aroused all Marines. Assisted by six J-type ships, they undertook to discover the source of the faint calls for help. At 4:30 he was found up to his neck in mud and blue in the face, feebly calling: "Help! Help! Bla-ah!" He was fortunately found by Prushinski, famed war-time hero, who disregarded all thought of danger to life and limb. His finding of Riley was attributed to his uncanny sense of smell.

Our favorite gunnery sergeant, Maur, after wandering around in circles in the

swamps for nearly three hours looking for a flashlight he had lost, and after using up three or four boxes of matches in the search, was heard to say: "Ta-ta, there you are!" He had discovered the flashlight in his right boot. Due to the great size of the boot, and to his having such dainty feet, it had lodged there without his knowledge. It was only when he had struck the last match of the four boxes that he found it.

Why did Prunhinski put finely sliced garlic in our Lady Killer's shoes? Private Slusher was going to see his fair lady of Lakehurst, the town of the Irish, and then suddenly stopped. For five days after he was taking throat treatment, thinking he had halitosis. He was just about to have his tonsils removed when someone told him of the trick that had been played on him. Now Prunhinski can always be seen in the company of two or more stalwart N. C. O.'s.

Doc Clifford paid us a flying good will visit. We could hear his cheery, booming salutations an hour before he hit camp. He gave us an interesting talk, but at no time during his twenty-four-hour stay did he let himself get any great distance from the mess sergeant.

We had twenty-five men up from the Philadelphia Navy Yard to help us handle the Graf Zeppelin, but orders came to send them back some eight days later. Hardly had they set their heavy, warlike feet upon our camping ground when our mess sergeant gave one look at their hungry, lean, wolfish faces. He threw up his hands, dropped his mess pans and, wrapping his greasy apron around his neck, fled to the swamps and remained out of sight during the whole stay of our visitors. His place was ably filled by the famous Austrian, "Hot Dog Cook" Private Schenck.

Well, that's about all for this time.

HEADQUARTERS DOPE

By TaBar

As we go to press we announce with regret the dissolution of the news-name TaBob and introduce ourselves as TaBar; Bob O'Toole, who has shared in this column for so these many years is now on his way for duty in Haiti with the Brigade Inspector, First Brigade. QM-Clerk Elmer E. Barde has kindly agreed to assume the burden thus occasioned. In extending to Mr. O'Toole best wishes for a pleasant tour of duty, we thank

him for the pleasure of having shared with him the joint authorship of this column.

Wee Winnie Winsome Winkle Brannon should, if her boat has run true to form, now be in Europe on a two month's vacation and sight-seeing tour. We hope she made the trip safely and comfortably. The entire Headquarters personnel, acting upon a timely suggestion of Mrs. Furniss, who is always thinking of others, gave its collective best in the assembling of a most unique and original "bon voyage" book. Each friend at Headquarters worked up a sheet of sense, nonsense, or whatever came to his or her mind and the collection was exceedingly interesting and we feel sure that if Winnie was able to sit up and read it she knew mighty well her friends wish her a splendid trip.

QM-Clerk Ledoux has been assigned to duty in charge of the Post Exchange Section and with the cooperation of Staff Sergeant McCabe and Earl Gallagher, is endeavoring to uplift the general mental, moral, physical and military tone of the Post Exchanges throughout the world.

Incidentally, by his transfer to the Exchange Section, Gallagher had to give up his job as Commander-in-Chief of what used to be termed Pat Mulhern's Army, i. e., the Reserve.

Colonel Beadle and QM-Clerks O'Toole and Ledoux recently made an inspection trip to New York.

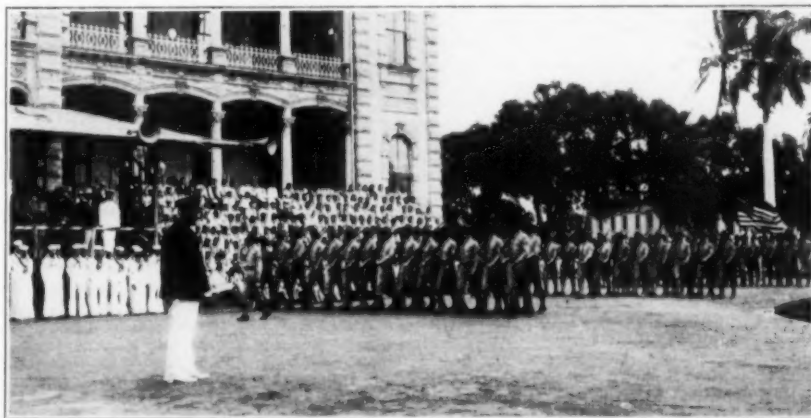
Alexander of the Muster Roll Division has shown ambition during the hot weather by enrolling as a student at G. W. U.; he is hitting for a B. A. Stick to it.

Mrs. Burner, a discharge lady, was recently called to her home in Frankfort, Michigan, on a sad journey, because of the sudden death of her father. All her friends at Headquarters sympathize with her in her sorrow.

Fredericka Nina is now snapping her fingers in efficient style under the supervision of Jane Blakeney. Miss Nina was transferred to the Insignia Section from the Identification Section, vice Marcus Duffy, resigned.

Charles D. Tweedale and Charles W. Burns are new members of the Muster Roll Division; vice Pauley and Donovan, respectively. Tweedale is a new appointee, and Burns was transferred from the Identification Section.

Have you seen Charlie Hunter in his new plus-fours? He looked like Andy Carnegie himself.



Pearl Harbor Marines on parade in Honolulu, Hawaii.



Marine stores being transferred from bull-cart to airplane in Nicaragua. (Photo by C. B. Proctor.)

Sweetie Mix and Margaret Shaughnessy went to the National Theater the other night and the first mentioned lady cried so much she was more in need of a couple of bed sheets than the feminine type of tear eradicator.

Curiosity is rampant (wonder what in H—that means) as to where Shaughnessy gets all that salt-water taffy; we know it comes from somewhere in New York, but—?????

Mark Abribat recently got a nice rating in Civil Service in the Division of Operations and Trainings. We congratulate him.

Congratulations also go to Hodges in the Personnel Section who received a promotion to sergeant left vacant by Abribat's change of status.

Charles A. Ketchum and "TA" Nubson go to Quantico for their usual reserve training next month, and they are expecting the usual amount of warm weather and genuine perspiration during their two weeks of duty.

McCabe and Gallagher have both been on automobile trips recently. Mac made a trip to visit his folks in New York State and Gallagher bulldozed his "Leaping Lena" all the way to Danbury, Conn., where he visited his parents.

Bell of the Casualty Section is getting a \$100.00 worth of satisfaction out of a \$10.00 bet he won recently from Edwards of the Pay Department. Edwards bet he could drive a Chevrolet to Eastport, Maine, fully 750 miles, and carrying three lady passengers, none of whom were to help drive, in 24 consecutive hours. Edwards was to check in at Eastport by wire. After a respectable lapse of several days, Bell received a post card stating the trip was completed in 40 hours. Pretty soft.

"Bud" Fisher recently brought some much needed athletic publicity to the A&I Department, for his prowess as a pinch hitter in a recent game between the Navy and G. P. O. Fortunately the opposing pitcher threw no low strikes as Bud could not have seen them. Anyhow said pitcher could not throw a strike ball without puncturing Bud's "beer garden" so Bud drew a walk.

Sharpnack now reports "a.m.i." in his house; he doesn't have to wait for rain

any longer, but can enforce a regular Saturday night schedule now.

"Modesty Mackey" donned the plus fours the other day but couldn't take Myers' razzing, so he put in a leave slip to go home and shed the embarrassing garments. Unlike our harder golf buds, he didn't have the courage of his convictions.

Speaking of golf, Doc Miller has fallen hard, to the extent of a \$75.00 diamond studded set of clubs, and Leonard Brown is now teaching him how to count "up to eighteen holes."

Al Hastings recently returned with his family from a 15-day automobile trip to North Carolina, and looks like it agreed with him.

Faye Morgenstein has been buying a Chevrolet for a couple of months, and expects to really buy it almost any year now.

George Benson got persnickety lately and not satisfied with a Chevrolet as befitting his station in life, he now sports a Chrysler.

Arlene Mix came out in a dress illuminating or illustrating "The Desert Song" to a fare-you-well. All that was needed to complete the picture was Ledoux in his "sheik" masquerade outfit.

Mill McKelden recently motored to New London, Conn., to attend the wedding of a niece, and also to see the boat races. A two-in-one trip.

Edith Brown is acquiring her usual coat of tan, but we can't say conscientiously that she seems to have lost any weight.

Wayne Leavitt is a busy boy these days, having assumed part of Gallagher's old job of trying to keep up the resservists.

Emerson Giles, senior private first class, just shipped over for another cruise to preserve his seniority.

Jack Sinopoli recently signed on the dotted line once more and, as they say, he is "getting old and gray in the service."

Giles and his trained bees have had some exciting times lately. He says they're worse than a bunch of Gyrenes, who haven't seen land for three months, trying to get shore leave.

Jane Blakeney is back to duty after a brief sojourn in Walter Reed Hospital,

from which she emerged minus her tonsils, and we know she is thankful "that that's over."

Margaret McGoldrick breezed in the other morning sporting a wind-blown bob which certainly is becoming to her.

Virgil Howard has now learned quite completely that the speed limit on upper 13th Street is not 35 m.p.h. We thought that he would have absorbed this knowledge when riding with Mark Duffy a couple of months ago, when the latter was yanked to the curb for the same offense. Live and learn.

SPARKS FROM THE NAVAL RADIO STATION, PARRIS ISLAND, S. C.

By J. B.

Introducing the United States Naval Radio Station at Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C., which is manned by the following personnel: Chief QM. Clerk E. C. Smith, communication officer; Gunnery Sergeant James Bondi, non-commissioned officer in charge; Sergeant Reedal Ogilvie, Corporals Marshal R. Lockard, Phillip N. Partridge, William L. Thomason, and Leslie B. Smith, radio operators. This station trains its own operators. At present we have only two students but they are sufficiently advanced to be able to stand regular watches in a week or two. These men are Private John T. Brainard and Private Wandell A. Walker. Brainard came back to the good old Corps after staying out a number of years, spending the better part of his last cruise on Asiatic Shores.

Corporal Nelson F. Barritt, also a member of this personnel, is now under instruction at the Camp Monmouth Radio School in New Jersey and, from all reports, is doing well.

The amount of traffic has increased considerably since the arrival of Gunnery Sergeant Bondi. This station handles traffic for almost all the departments of the government. We also handle ship to shore traffic (commercial).

The operators at this station are never dull, nor do they get tired of their work. We stand a continuous twenty-four hour watch, with traffic being handled all through the twenty-four hours. No rest for these wicked operators at NAV; and the best part of it is that they ship over or extend for this station.

Amusements and recreation? Movies every night, dancing, tennis and golfing almost all year around, and at this writing the swimming season opens. For the studious men, books on all subjects may be had at the post library. The Radio station is also equipped with a number of interesting books on radio.

Our transmitting apparatus consists of a two-hundred watt CW-ICW tube transmitter model TY with a two-hundred-twenty volt sixty-cycle three-phase motor generator.

We have a fourteen twenty and an RE receiver and also have expectations of getting an RF receiver within a month or so.

Short wave experimenting is carried on by the men in their spare time, this resulted in the building of three short-wave receivers, now ornamenting our quarters.

The station has been commended by Col. H. C. Snyder, our Post Commander, for the efficient manner in which we handled our work and for rendering assistance to ships in distress at sea. We

have also been commended by Coast Guard officials for assistance rendered the Coast Guard.

Corporal Avrice A. Crowley relieved Corporal James H. Clemmer as Western Union manager some time ago, the latter going to Quantico for other duties. Our Western Union force consists of Corporal Crowley, manager and operator; Private Carl M. Johnson, operator who recently joined us, and Private George D. Tillman, messenger and student in radio and Western Union.

This station is in the Sixth Naval District, with Charleston, S. C., as net control station.

MARINE BARRACKS, SUBMARINE BASE, COCO SOLO

By Carl G. Rander

There isn't a great deal of news from Panama this month, things having been fairly quiet around here lately.

This month brought our dry season to a close and we are about to be listed with a nine-month rain schedule. Can you figure that?

Major General Lejeune honored us with a visit today (May 9th), inspecting our barracks and personnel. The General arrived on board the U. S. A. T. "Somme," enroute to the west coast to take up his duties as Commander, Department of the Pacific.

Practically all our "old timers" left here for the States the 4th, on the Army transport "St. Mihiel." Among them were three sergeants and two corporals, for which we haven't as yet received replacements. The 5th and 11th regiments in Nicaragua keep us pretty well supplied though with non-coms enroute to and from the U. S.

"Dutch Kader," our flying mail orderly, has been trying for six months to land a supposedly pretty "Spanish Queen" here in Colon, but she just won't have him 'cause she says, "Marines mucho grosero." Well, Dutch, we all hope that you can soon prove to her that she's wrong.

Speaking of "Spanish Queens," our very able police sergeant, Corporal John Black, was ashore last week to see his "Mamacita," and, although we don't know what he told her, we do know that John came back with a very "beautiful" Panamanian terrier, so I guess that she's a little better situated than Dutch. Good luck, John, bring us a couple of Great Danes for mascots next time.

Adois.

AT THE LAJOLLA RANGE

By Cpl. Marcus Karlstad

The spirit of progressiveness has had a firm grip upon the range personnel in recent times. Remarkable changes have taken place. New barracks are under construction; a modern incinerator is nearing completion, and a seven-car capacity garage was very recently put in use.

"Canteen" Winders is our top-kicker, and that man knows his pencils. He is now the proud owner of a Ford coupe. It came fully equipped—excepting the blonde which we believe will be duly installed later.

Sgt. Gore, our most versatile athlete, has starred in many of our hard-fought games of volleyball. He is from North Carolina; blonde; diminutive; team shot; coach par-excellence, and he has served eight of his thirty years.

Lt. Deese defeated "Doc" Owens in a two-man rifle match here recently. Climbing sights, Doc said, was the cause of his downfall, which came at the two-hundred yard line where his group at rapid fire was high. It is true that some men are just a couple treys and deuces away from Camp Perry—national matches—and fame.

Fifteen members of the range detachment were transferred to the base for further transfer to China and other stations in the Asiatics.

Corporal Hankanson, a culinary expert, as well as expert rifleman, is our new mess sergeant. If he only were a Houdini!

Sergeant Barnes disposed of his Dodge roadster in favor of a nearly new Buick. Apparently she (we haven't met her) prefers a shift-in gear shifts.

Men, a sad catastrophe took place at our pistol range this week. Sergeant Jake Keller, line sergeant, head coach, a veteran of several skirmishes in Nicaragua, and a noted pistol shot, missed a bobbing target for the first time since 1898. It is just one of those inevitable bad breaks that spare no man.

Sergeant Edwards, Corporal Nelson, and Behymer are short-timers, so they say. By that we mean that they are very rapidly approaching the day when they will have forty-eight short months to do.

The writer will be discharged and will be with "Ma" and "Pa" by the time this issue of THE LEATHERNECK is in the hands of its readers. So, in leaving the service to pursue a livelihood in civilian life, I take this privilege in bidding all of you whose friendship and comradeship I shall never forget a pleasant cruise and much good luck. I thank you.

58TH COMPANY, YALI, NICARAGUA

By Wetzel

"Watch the drop."

Just a few lines from the Yali Marines to say we aren't all dead yet; there are still a few of us left. Captain Lewis recently relieved Lieutenant Hohn as commanding officer. We hope he enjoys his new post and we also wish Lieutenant Hohn a happy voyage to the States.

Lieutenant Troxell, with thirty enlisted men, is relieving Lieutenant Hanneken's roving patrol. So, "Banditos,"

stand from under—the 58th is on the trail.

Guard duty here is quite the thing. It seems to be the same old story, "Day on and stay on."

Here are a few details of the recent battle of Yali. The "Garrapatas" had us two to one in number, but after the smoke cleared away only the Marines were left. The "Zopilotes" relieved the "Garrapatas" too late. We are now known as the undefeated 58th.

Private Corras received his sailing orders, "two and a butt."

Sergeant Noble is our new "Top Kick" and is one fine "hombre." We're with you, Top.

Private Bellah is the officers' new mess cook, relieving McAdams. Morris relieved Wetzel as "bull skinner," Corras took Mogul's place as carpenter, and Ramsur relieved Synar "Jefe de Agua."

There is a sad rumor that we are to be relieved by the Guardia. It looks as if our war days in Yali are just about over.

Our chief "mulero," "Pop Ochs," is going to shave. He was sharpening his razor. Private Baggerly is wondering why he gets so many guards. Private Hoover has been promoted, he is acting corporal. Don't forget, "Herb," you were a private once yourself. Who was the man who said his wife left him because he was a Marine?

The 58th still holds the record from Yali to Esteli. We did it in seven hours.

It rains here every day, so you should be able to imagine what this dump looks like.

We are expecting an attack by the bandits almost any time. If they do come they will get a warm reception from the boys at Yali. Of course, we don't expect to live forever, but the "gooks" won't find us an easy mark. We have only twenty-three Marines in Yali at present, but I am very confident they will be here when the smoke clears away.

We have a real honest-to-goodness skipper, Captain Lewis. He walks post, does corporal of the guard and hates bandits. So, is it any wonder we brag of our captain?

Our new doctor has arrived from the Rio Coco rest camp. He is no other than Ph.M. 3Cl. Banister. What it takes to fix you up, he has.

Lieutenant Levie, with thirteen en-



A group of ex-bandits awaiting amnesty papers at Ocotal, Nicaragua. (Photo by C. B. Proctor.)



View of the back of the Marine Barracks at Peking, China.

listed men, is on the trail of General Diaz, the bandit. We hope he catches him, then we can sleep in peace for a while.

There is a rumor that we are leaving Yali to go where everything is quiet. We hope it is more than a rumor.

Privates Solomon, Van Horn and Grat-tin came back from the hospital at Managua. We are glad to have them with us, again.

Say, fellows, have you ever heard of General Sandino, the chief bandit leader of Nicaragua? We have a Victrola here and a record named after him (General Sandino). It isn't bad enough chasing him. We will have to play it some night for him if we ever get close enough.

Private Marshall is still the "Goat Boy" of Yali. How about a shave, Marsh? "Ma" Puckett is "Up the pole" now. He is bucking for "High Private."

The galley force consists of Kanaches as mess sergeant, Pfc. McKenzie as first slum burner and Filley as second. The office force is Noble, acting first sergeant, and Corporals Dunbar and Prior as company clowns. Moon Burton is still the biscuit king of Yali.

Sergeant Evans is Jefe de patrol de Esteli, and Corporal Witt is "salty" also. We haven't received any mail for twenty-eight days. It looks as if the aeroplane pilots were mad at us.

Well, be sure to "Watch the Drop."

Adios, Amigos.

MARINE BARRACKS, NEW ORLEANS

By Scotty

Well, folks, station NOLA will again take the air and attempt to broadcast some of the "doin's" at the old "Noo Orleans" post.

For the benefit of those who have tuned-in in the last three months, Captain Ladd is our commanding officer, and all the boys agree that he is a mighty good skipper. Lieut. Uhlig is our only other officer, and besides being the post exchange officer, is officer of the day. He also sees that the baseball team has plenty of baseballs to lambaste serving in the capacity of athletic officer.

We now have with us 1st Sgt. Hall V. Cartmell, who relieved 1st Sgt. John Joy. Almost at once he fell in line, as all good Marines have done, in admiring the fair "Cajuns" of Algiers. Qm. Sgt. Manley,

assisted by Sgt. Mitchell, issues clothes, gas, or what have you. Sgt. "Bam" Mambelere is still our mess sergeant; and with him at the helm of the chow department, we have a mess that is like a hard-boiled egg—it is hard to beat. Cpl. Tommy Thompson is the post carpenter, ably assisted by Pvt. Barnes, the sheik of Tulane Ave. The fire department loses its able chief, Pfc. "Felix" McGuffee, who is paid off this month. Pfc. "Scotty" Giesen holds forth at the post exchange, while the old-timer, Cpl. Thomas, sees that the galley is well supplied with hot water at all times. He is also an ardent gardener, and everyone is watching his watermelon crop with much interest as he has promised us we could help demolish them.

Our baseball team continues to pile up victories on local commercial and semi-pro teams. They show a record of nineteen won and but four lost. Among their victims is Tulane University, whom they defeated six to five. Tulane is one of the strongest athletic colleges in the southern conference. The team is managed by Sgt. Bamberle, and he has had the benefit of an exceptionally good hurling corps in "Happy" Hansman and "Lefty" Newman. Brown snags them behind the plate, while Douglas plays first; Giesen, second; Salter, short, and Trotter, third. In the outfield: Dowis, Scheiffer, McClary and Fairweather cavort. The team has the reputation of being a hard-hitting outfit, and opposing pitchers will tell you it is so. Those hitting 300 or better follow: Trotter, 442; McClary, 412; Dowis, 389; Giesen, 362; Brown, 326; Scheiffer, 307, and Salter, 300. Trotter leads in most hits, with 27; Giesen in most runs scored, 21; Dowis in stolen bases, 11, and McClary in home runs, with 4. The team has been hard hit by transfers lately, losing McClary and Newman. Unless more players report in, this loss will materially weaken the team.

SERGEANT KNOX AT DENVER

Qm. Sgt. J. M. Knox has written to THE LEATHERNECK that he is now at Fitzsimmons Hospital, Denver, Colorado, where he is making a winning fight against tuberculosis. He would like to hear from his many friends throughout the Corps. THE LEATHERNECK wishes him a speedy recovery.

HOLABIRD MARINES ON CONVOY CAMP HOLABIRD, MD.

By Robert E. Jones

The Marines under instruction at the Motor Transport School, Camp Holabird, Baltimore, Md., accompanied a convoy of trucks from that place on May 6, 1929, under way for Detroit, Michigan. The convoy proceeded by way of Akron and Cleveland, and arrived at Fort Wayne on the 14th of May. Eight days were spent at this place, visiting the different automobile factories.

Leaving Detroit, our first stop was Ann Arbor, site of the University of Michigan. We then proceeded to Lima, Ohio, at which place thirty more trucks were added to the convoy.

The return to Baltimore, Md., was made via Saint Clairsville, Ohio; Uniontown, Pa., and Cumberland and Hagerstown, Md.

While in Akron, Ohio, we visited the Goodrich Rubber plant, where, after inspecting the plant, we enjoyed a luncheon furnished by the company. The following Sunday and Monday were spent in Cleveland, where we were furnished with sight-seeing buses by the White Truck Company. Baseball tickets were also furnished to all men, but owing to rain no game was played. On Monday we spent the entire day at the plant, returning to the armory by busses.

Eight days were spent in Detroit and many pleasant days, indeed. Each day we visited a different factory. The first one was the Cadillac. The next day we went to the Packard plant, spending the morning there. In the afternoon we went to the Packard proving grounds, where all the new models were tried out. A demonstration of speed was given by one of the company's drivers. He hit 112 miles an hour. Several of the men were given rides, but the writer was not among them.

We next visited the Chrysler Company where we were given a real treat. This company is consolidated with the Dodge people and their possessions cover a large territory. The morning was spent in visiting the plant of the original Chrysler Company, after which we had luncheon. The company's cafe would be a Marine's paradise, as several of the men who purchased cigarettes and candy there were not allowed to pay for them. It was a place where money was no good. At night we were given tickets to see the "Royal Family," a popular musical comedy being shown there.

The remaining days were spent in visiting other places, among them, the Timken Axle Company. We also visited the General Motors proving grounds, where we were shown around in Yellow Coaches, a product of General Motors.

An automobile show was held a few days after the convoy returned. It demonstrated the different forms of transportation used from the first ox cart to the most modern army vehicles.

The procession started with a tribe of Indians, followed by Spanish and French explorers, all in gayly colored costumes. Then came the forces from the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. An old coach, once used by Lafayette was in the parade. It was driven by four horses, and the driver was in the costume of the period.

The most comical feature of the show was an old Hupmobile made in 1908. The driver and passenger (Corporal Nori

and Private Jones, Marines) were dressed in leather caps, goggles and dusters and wore long, flourishing moustaches. The official car used by General Pershing followed this, and then came the type of truck used in the late war.

A troop of the famous Third Cavalry gave an exhibition that was worth journeying many miles to see. After this came the old type engines used on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, followed by the newer types, among which was the Capitol Limited, the latest and most modern of engines.

The last vehicles passing in review were the new experimental Army trucks, including four, six, and eight-wheel drives, tank carriers, horse vans, passenger trucks, and a new rolling kitchen, using gasoline for fuel instead of wood. The writer drove this truck all during the convoy, and it is a big improvement over the old type field range.

On the last day of the show, graduation exercises were held in the post gymnasium. Diplomas were awarded by Brigadier General Pope, USA., and Major Lawes, the school commander, wished the students fare-thee-well, officially closing the school for the season.

TALL TIMBERS OF THE RAPIDAN

By T. G. Monroe

As it is often known, the U. S. Marines are called upon to do odd jobs throughout the entire world, but this happens to be one in the mountains of Virginia, constructing the summer white house for President Hoover.

Captain C. A. Phillips, the engineering officer, and about forty-five enlisted men left Quantico, Virginia, on the morning of April 22. We proceeded to Fredericksburg, and on out the Culpepper Pike to the Wilderness Highway, made a left turn and traveled about seventeen miles to the camp site for the night. Next morning all hands were up bright and early, had a good shot of "jo" and a pan of Sergeant Walters' hash, then the journey continued. We traveled through Orange, and on to O'Neil's Crossing, a distance of about eighteen miles, and turned to the left on the Wolfstown Pike. About noon Wolfstown was sighted, with the mountain towering above and we crossed the Rapidan River leading towards them. Oh, boy! Sergeant Joe Walters played trumps again with a mess gear of beans, coffee, bread, butter and jam. There is an old saying in the Corps, "Feed a Marine and he will do anything." The next stop was Graves Mills, we received all the dope there and traveled on to our next camp site two miles above.

There a temporary camp was established for about four days; later the camp moved up toward the summit of the mountains. Another camp was established about midway up, a day or two was had there and then the road work started. We had to do this work in order to hasten the construction of the white house. At last the site was located and the task began. The heads of our department are: M. T. Sergeant Sava Kool as the boss carpenter, M. T. Sergeant Bob McCook played a great part in conveying the trucks throughout this mountainous region. Ph.M. 2Cl. Lam-born is our iodine artist, and he sure can spread the old stuff. Aviator Monroe and Plow Boy Hank Goudy did some tail spins that would make Lindy look sick.

They happen to be artists on tractors. Chocolate Drop Windy, the barber, is here with us. When he isn't performing the duties of barber he is throwing that old bologna about snakes. That black baby sure is the joy of the construction camp.

Will stop broadcasting until next month.

LEECH TENNIS TROPHY MATCHES

The sixth competition for the Leech Trophy will be held in Washington, D. C., on July 20, 1929. The match will consist of four singles and three double matches between teams of the Army and the Navy. Officers and enlisted men of the Navy and Marine Corps on active duty are eligible for the competition. The Navy team will consist of ten members. Due to the Comptroller's decision, no candidates can be reimbursed for money spent for travel, etc., in connection with the Leech Cup Match, and all orders will be issued candidates to proceed at their own expense. The Army team will be, and always has been, assembled under these conditions.

The results for the past six years have been: 1924, Army 7, Navy 0; 1925, Army 4, Navy 3; 1926, Navy 5, Army 2; 1927, Navy 7, Army 0; 1928, Navy 4, Army 3.

"ROCHESTER" RAMBLINGS

By Pat

After enjoying a very delightful stay in New York, during which time the majority of our noble gang took furloughs, we are once more following the Swallow to its winter home and our old roosting place at the cross-roads of the world.

Most of the fellows felt a crying urge to abandon the ship before she left the States, but like the stout-hearted crew that they are, they bravely faced the ordeal and we set sail without a single desertion.

At present we are in the vicinity of the West Indies and the weather so far has been of the best. The new men of the detachment are anxiously awaiting the time when we will reach the land of "swinging doors" and dusky maidens, where thirst is quenched with "suds" and the natives do not know the meaning of snow. I guess that most of them are also wondering if every day is "field day" on the "Rocky." Cheer up, boys,

it will soon be the Glorious Fourth and then we can lay aside paint scrapers, brushes, swabs, etc., and fall out for parade in Panama City.

We have some good material for baseball, basketball and whaleboat crews—just watch our smoke when we break into the sporting limelight. Quite a few of the boys are taking up the manly art of self-defense, notably among them is "Young Yewdall," otherwise known as "Uke." He is in the "Flea Weight" class and because of the lack of opponents in this division he will undoubtedly become the champ.

Among those newly promoted are Sergeant Barnes, Corporals Jones and Yel-anich. We extend to each our heartiest congratulations. Owing to the fact that we must return to the menial labor of scrubbing paint work, we will now sign off, extending our best regards to those former comrades who were with us in Nicaragua and are now enjoying themselves in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THIRTY YEARS

Two more Marines have reached the thirty-year milestone and have been retired from the active service. On June 3, 1929, Staff Sergeant Charles H. Michael, Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Fort Mifflin, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was retired with thirty years and fifteen days service in the Marine Corps.

On June 12, 1929, Quartermaster Sergeant William B. Eulass, Depot of Supplies, Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Va., retired after serving thirty years and thirteen days.

JERICHO POINT, SOUTH

CAROLINA

By S. S. O.

After last month's brief outburst of information, we have lots of news for the gang. Our mechanic has been going on liberty lately, and we have fears for the "woist" as that dangerous sea of matrimony is terrible, but Pvt. J. J. Dunn says he thinks he will take a chance. We wish him success.

Corporal Lunger is still running the steam shovel and dreaming of the outside; but we are sorry, as a year and a butt is a lot of time to dream and then



On the beach at Waikiki, Hawaii's famous bathing resort.



The old Marine Barracks at Sitka, Alaska. Photo taken in 1908, during which year the post was discontinued for duty.

ship over. But you know how a thirty-year Marine is.

We have played the host to several of our most distinguished, chow-hound, truck drivers, Corporal Craft, Private Wilson, and Private N. Willson. We would be more than glad to have the boys if they would just ease up on the cook. The best hash-slinger of the U. S. M. C. is still with us and getting fat. But we should worry, Fulmer, more power.

Pfc. McNally is still walking around with that funny look in his eyes. We have begun to wonder what these "Carolina Moons" do to some folks. We hope he snaps out of it before he gets serious. Corporal Beck is still looking for that trip to aviation, and since the tractor is gone we think there shall be no high flying around here. Tough luck, Beck.

Our most welcome visitors to Jericho Point are M. T. Sergeant O'Brien and Private Stamper of the Main Station.

That seems to be about all the dirt, so will sign off for this time. More next month.

FOUR MARINES PASS TESTS FOR NAVAL ACADEMY

Four enlisted Marines who have been attending the Naval Academy Preparatory Class at Hampton Roads, Va., have successfully passed the mental examination for entrance to the U. S. Naval Academy. They are Corporal F. E. Stevens, and Privates J. V. Larochele, F. J. Peterson, and G. M. Morrow.

ENLISTED MEN'S DANCES FEATURE AT SAN DIEGO BASE

By Don Haislet

"On with the dance—let joy be unconfined!" Them's the sentiments of the fine crowds attending the regular semi-monthly enlisted men's dances at the San Diego Marine Base this season. Under the direction of a capable committee, the dances have been presented every other Saturday night for the past two months, always with great success. "A good time was had by all," so to speak.

It would be difficult to conceive any more pleasant all-service event than

these affairs. Well conducted and the interest of the young ladies who attend being apparent by their numbers. First Sergeant Ernest Arnold's Marine Base orchestra furnished music which is on a par with any heard in the best of dance halls.

Col. Harry Lay, commanding officer of the San Diego base, has praised the work of the committee in promoting the dances, and has given his hearty endorsement to the affairs. The committee in charge is as follows: Sergt. Maj. Lloyd B. Rice, chairman; Quartermaster Sergeant G. H. Cochrane, Sergt. William McCann, First Sergt. B. C. Atkinson, Gunnery Sergt. Neal G. Moore, Pharmacist's Mate A. E. Ruth, Sergt. C. C. Agee, Sergt. H. L. Ackert, Sergt. C. L. Wetherald and First Sergt. E. Arnold.

N. Y. PATROLMAN, EX-MARINE, WOUNDED IN GUN FIGHT

Sergeant Frank P. Martin, 304th Company, USMCR., formerly of the Fifth Marines in France, now a patrolman attached to the 5th Avenue, Brooklyn police station, was severely wounded in a battle with an alleged slayer late in May. Martin, unarmed and off duty, witnessed the fatal ending of a long feud between Vincent Buono and Anthony Muro, when the latter shot and killed Buono. Martin gave chase and was wounded twice, once in the shoulder and once again when a bullet entered his chest, missing his heart by two inches. He will recover.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Every institution, every organization, has its luminaries. The Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., is no exception. The enlisted, as well as the commissioned, personnel of this station represents a diversity of interests, avocations, or hobbies. Even in the sphere of music are they ably represented. Sergeant David Martin holds the distinction of being the only Marine from the Marine Barracks who is "on the air" without being there in person! He has achieved such success in singing that in Radioland he is known as "Washington's own Barytone."

Sergeant Martin has been on the air

for three years, filling engagements with all Washington stations; and so great is his acclaim that not only do all sections of the U. S. applaud him but also distant Honolulu. The daily mail brings him a profusion of messages ranging from superlative praise of music critics to the effusions of romantic maidens. He is sent floral tokens. Proposals of marriage are frequent. Flaxen-haired Nordics of St. Paul vie with dark-haired señoritas of San Diego in their amorous enthusiasm.

"Dave," as Sergeant Martin is known by his friends, studied voice under Elsie Fisher Kinchelowe, one-time contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company; and he is now studying under another famous ex-contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Besides being a man of attainment, Sergeant Martin is one of superior ideals, who has won the highest regard of all those who know him. We regret that Dave's term of enlistment expires in September of this year, at which time he will have completed seven years of service. Upon discharge Sergeant Martin's avocation becomes his vocation.

THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

By the National Chaplain

Away back in 1922 Major Sidney W. Brewster, retired, had a vision in which appeared thousands of Marines who had seen service with the Corps, and as they marched before him in a monster parade, he conceived the idea of making his vision a reality. "Once a Marine, always!" was embodied in the thought of "Why not?" and from then until February, 1923, the vision became an obsession until others with whom the Major talked and conferred also became impressed and they, too, echoed "Why not?" From 1919 to 1923 veteran organizations sprang up in all parts of the country and in almost every section enthusiasm for such gatherings became a very vital factor in the community's life. Naturally the Marines were not behind in these matters and clubs, associations, and groups were formed in keeping with the prevalent feeling of comradeship, buddyism and good fellowship. They had served and fought together and now they met to recount the days of '17, '18, and '19 spent in Parris Island, Quantico, France, and Germany.

At length a gathering convened by Major Brewster met together at the Hotel McAlpin in New York City to talk over the problem of making contacts and cementing relationships with other Marine Corps veteran organizations which had been formed in various parts of the country. Amongst others, First Lt. Paul Howard, retired; First Lt. James Duffy, retired; Second Lt. Frank D'Ipoli, Albert Lages, Milton Solomon, Roy Hagan, Frank Lambert, Miss Ray Sawyer, Mrs. Mae Garner, Webster de S. Smith, Merle McAlister, Rev. J. H. Clifford, and others were present. After lengthy discussion the Major's vision materialized and at this meeting he was elected temporary chairman and Miss Sawyer temporary secretary, and Raymond Wills, temporary treasurer.

A committee was then appointed to lay plans for a national organization and the name of Marine Corps Veterans Association adopted. The titles of officers were then changed to Commandant, Adjutant, Paymaster, etc.

The first national commandant, Major Brewster, was elected by acclamation, holding that position until the election of Major General John A. Lejeune at the second annual convention.

The work of the association was a terrific task, but the national adjutant, Miss Ray Sawyer, worked almost day and night during those early days to obtain a place for the new organization which, at the First National Convention held at the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York City, received the new name of which it now is proud, "The Marine Corps League." Incidentally, Miss Sawyer, who served with the Marine Publicity Bureau, New York, had achieved an enviable distinction for her war work when she adopted 1,000 military bands in the U. S. Army, Navy and Marine Corps, besides some 400 jazz bands and 300 to 400 singers in service. For this work she was called the A. E. F.'s music girl and the musical godmother of America's fighting men.

Just one week after Miss Sawyer was discharged from the Marine Corps, she was engaged to open up offices for the N. Y. State branch of the American Legion in N. Y. City. She was the first ex-service woman in the U. S. to join the Legion and the first woman to be appointed to an executive position. As executive secretary of the N. Y. State branch of the American Legion, Miss Sawyer held this position for four years. With the organization experience which she possessed, the Marine Corps League made great strides with detachments organized in many of the large cities of the U. S.

She gave her best and all she had, with the result that when at the second annual convention, there were about 1,200 members attached to the various local branches throughout the country. In 1924, on the occasion of the second annual convention, Major General John A. Lejeune was unanimously elected to the position of National Commandant and Major Brewster became the first Past National Commandant. An amendment to the constitution was also passed at this convention, as follows: "All Past National Commandants shall be members of the Staff for life, with vote, and shall also be life delegates to the National Assembly with vote."

The league has now reached its sixth year of operation, and with the retirement of Major General Lejeune, who has been re-elected the National Commandant each successive year, has, at the desire and wishes of the membership, placed Major General Wendell C. Neville as his successor until the next convention to be held in November at Cincinnati. The appointive position of National Adjutant has, owing to the retirement of Major Joseph C. Fegan, been filled by Captain Richard Platt of the National Headquarters of the Marine Corps.

VIRGIN ISLANDS COMMENDED

The Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps, in a recent communication to the Commanding Officer of Marines in the Virgin Islands, Lieutenant-Colonel James J. Meade, expressed his gratification on the favorable report of the Adjutants and Inspectors Department, on a recent inspection of Marines at that place, which report contains the following remarks:

"The personnel presented an excellent appearance both at work and on liberty,

being one of the most soldierly looking detachments that the undersigned has ever seen on tropical duty.

"It is further considered that this post is being administered in a very efficient manner."

Captain Oliver C. Hine, the Post Quartermaster, was commended for the highly satisfactory condition of his department and as well the Post Exchange Officer, Second Lieutenant Raymond A. Anderson, who rendered particularly satisfactory service while on duty as Post Exchange Officer.

GOLD STAR MOTHERS AT SAN DIEGO BASE

By Don Haislet

Seven Gold Star mothers of Golden Poppy chapter of the American Legion Auxiliary, San Diego, gathered at the memorial park at the San Diego Marine Base last month and planted trees in honor of their sons who gave their lives during the world war. The visitors were Mrs. A. H. Rose, Mrs. Anna Brown, Mrs. M. M. Ferguson, Mrs. Anna Sheldon, Mrs. E. M. Wiseby, Mrs. M. La Vigne and Mrs. C. W. Meecham.

The Marine Band was present at the dedicatory services, conducted by Chaplain H. S. Dyer, and furnished appropriate musical selections during the brief ceremonies. Col. Harry Lay, commanding officer, spoke a few well chosen words in commemoration of the heroic dead whose memory was being honored, and several other officers of the base also were present. As a part of the ceremony a drill was given by the ladies prior to the planting of the memorial trees.

RIFLE AND PISTOL TEAM GOES TO WAKEFIELD, MASS.

The Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment, consisting of the following men, proceeded to the Rifle Range, Wakefield, Mass., for special temporary duty, on June 18, 1929:

1st Sgt. Frank Martz, 1st Sgt. Nolan Tillman, Gy. Sgt. Glenn W. Black, Gy. Sgt. Stephen J. Zsiga, Sgt. Charles E. Angus, Sgt. Joseph A. Burch, Sgt. Willard Brown, Sgt. Carl J. Cagle, Sgt. Otis M. Davis, Sgt. Kenneth E. Harker, Sgt. Charles A. James, Sgt. Robert L. Jen-

nings, Sgt. Harvey R. King, Sgt. Lawrence Kennedy, Sgt. Fred Martin, Sgt. Austin J. V. Roberts, Sgt. Sterling P. Roberts, Sgt. Otto F. Robinson, Sgt. Joseph R. Tiete, Sgt. James R. Tucker, Sgt. Harry Weston, Cpl. John C. Cochran, Cpl. James N. Crocker, Cpl. Edward W. Doherty, Cpl. Charles R. Dray, Cpl. Frelan F. Hamrick, Cpl. Andrew J. Humphrey, Cpl. Carl I. Laine, Cpl. William W. Laudan, Cpl. Aldwin D. Lawrence, Cpl. Johnnie G. Lemons, Cpl. Robert A. Markle, Cpl. Britt R. Thomley, Cpl. William A. Young, Cpl. Richard P. Wambo, Cpl. Alva C. Watson, Cpl. Stanley J. Wibelis, Cpl. Lloyd W. Preadel, Cpl. Peter S. Sambroski, Cpl. Paul H. Taft, Pfc. Ollie C. Hanson, Pfc. Corntani Cuzsynski, Pfc. Ross B. Mowell, Pfc. William J. Szymanski, Pfc. Joseph L. Price, Pfc. Frank Templeton, Pfc. David R. Zimmerman, Tpr. Norman W. Bishop, Pvt. Stephen J. Burns, Jr., Pvt. John M. Bush, Pvt. William R. Caine, Pvt. Raymond B. Chaney, Pvt. John Dominic, Pvt. Robert L. Dickey, Pvt. Patrick J. Donnelly, Pvt. Anthony J. Dumsha, Pvt. Audie C. Ellard, Pvt. George Gebhardt, Pvt. Albert Golden, Pvt. Peter L. Jarvis, Pvt. Oscar McDaniel, Pvt. Donald A. McConnell, Pvt. Frederick H. Midgley, Pvt. Donald Miller, Pvt. Stanley O. Reese, Pvt. Barney H. Sadler, Pvt. James O. Screws, Pvt. Willis G. Shaw, Pvt. Miles Mcl. Spare, Pvt. Richard M. Stutte.

GOLF TOURNAMENTS ON AT PARRIS ISLAND BARRACKS

The first of a series of monthly tournaments was played in April on the local course and was won by Quartermaster Sergeant H. C. Snyder, with Chief Quartermaster Clerk E. C. Smith being the runner-up. The match resulted in a tie between Chief Quartermaster Clerk Smith and Quartermaster Sergeant Snyder, and in the play-off Sgt. Snyder won by the margin of one point.

Handsome silver cups were presented to the winner and the runner-up by Lt.-Col. H. N. Manney, Jr., U. S. M. C., the president of the Parris Island Golf Club.

Lieutenant Arthur E. Jacobus, (D.C.), USN., won the first place in the May tournament, First Lieutenant Wm. J. Scheyer, USMC., being the runner-up. Similar prizes are to be awarded them.



The former Marine Barracks at Sitka, Alaska, now turned into the "Pioneers Home" for Alaskans over the age of 60.



RESERVE OFFICERS ORDERED TO ACTIVE DUTY

Orders have been forwarded to all officers assigned to active duty for training during the first camp, July 7 to 20, at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

In accordance with instructions issued by the Officer in Charge, Marine Corps Reserve, each officer will need seven copies of his orders, complete with all endorsements. It is important that orders show receiving and travel endorsements.

Upon arrival at Quantico, officers will report direct to Headquarters Reserve Training Camp, Shipyard Area, Quantico, Va., and will be required to report not later than 2:00 p. m., Sunday, July 7, for the first camp; and not later than 2:00 p. m., Sunday, July 28, for the second camp. Officers will not be detached before noon of the last Saturday of each camp.

It has been suggested that articles be forwarded by parcel post or baggage, as the express office is closed on Sundays, and officers would not be able to obtain needed equipment from the express office until Monday morning. The allowance of baggage for each officer is one steamer trunk or field locker, and one clothing roll or suit case. Training regulations and text books issued by the Marine Corps should be brought to camp. All mail and baggage should be addressed as follows: Lt. John Smith, USMCR, Reserve Training Camp, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

Bedding will be furnished at camp, and officers will be quartered in wall tents; two to each tent. It is intended to provide an Officers' Mess under canvas in camp. The cost will be from 21 to 24 dollars for the period of the camp, as cooks and messmen must be hired for this service.

The uniform during working hours will be khaki. White is worn after working hours by regular officers, but is optional for Reserve officers. The only articles of uniform obtainable at Quantico are shoes, field hats and shirts. Officers should report fully equipped for duty, as the training schedule requires all available time after reporting.

Week-end liberty will be from noon Saturday until Sunday midnight. Officers attending camps of instruction cannot be granted leave. These periods are for training duty.

CLOTHING ALLOWANCE CHANGES

The Major General Commandant's Circular Letter No. 67 dated May 2, 1929, amends the allowance of clothing for enlisted members of Fleet Marine Corps Reserve companies (Article 13-80

(3)(b), Marine Corps Manual), by the addition of:

- 1 shirt, flannel.
- 1 coat, service, summer.
- 2 buttons, gilt, cap.
- 1 belt, russet.

It will be noted that the russet belt is now authorized for issue to enlisted men of the Fleet Reserve companies.

The deletion of the phrase, "may be issued where white cap covers are worn at adjacent Marine barracks," from Article 13-80(3)(b), Marine Corps Manual, now authorizes the issue of cap frames and white cap covers to all Fleet Marine Corps Reserve companies.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CHAPTER, RESERVE OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION

Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler, U. S. M. C., came up from Quantico to Washington as honor guest at the monthly meeting of the District of Columbia Chapter of the Marine Corps Reserve Officers' Association on May 21, 1929, at the Hotel Occidental, Washington, D. C.

General Butler was to have spoken on his experiences in China, and his impressions gathered there; but instead, after dinner the gathering resolved itself into a round-table discussion of Marine Corps Reserve subjects, led by the General, who gave every evidence of his great interest in the Reserve. General Butler assured the gathering of his co-operation, particularly during the training camps this summer at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., where he is in command.

Representative Melvin J. Maas, of Minnesota, who is a captain in the Marine Corps Reserve, did not arrive until after dinner; having been delayed by difficulties encountered in a flight over the mountains from Ohio, where he had been an observer of the Army air maneuvers. Due to perilous weather conditions, the plane in which Captain Maas returned was the only one to cross the mountains during the day. He reported briefly on conferences which a committee of Reserve officers had held with members of the Marine Corps Reserve Policy Board at Headquarters, Marine Corps.

In the absence of the chapter president, Lieutenant Willard Hart, U. S. M. C. R., the duties of toastmaster were handled by Lieutenant Russell I. Whyte, U. S. M. C. R. Other members present included Captains Charles A. Ketchum, Harvey L. Miller, Joseph J. Staley; First Lieutenant Henry S. Wheeler; Second Lieutenants Donald M. Hamilton, Will-

iam Parker, Paul Sullivan, and Pay Clerk John St. Petrie, U. S. M. C. R.

Captain Frank Lockhead of the Training Camp Division of the Militia Bureau, War Department, and Lieutenant Emmett J. Peterson, Army Reserve, of Sacramento, California, were present as guests of the chapter.

CASUAL OFFICERS AT QUANTICO

Instruction for casual officers of the Marine Corps Reserve at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., during the two camps, July 7 to 20, and July 28 to August 10, will occupy eight hours each week day, with four hours instruction on Saturdays.

The instruction day has been divided into eight periods of one hour each, with the first period beginning at 7:30 a. m., and the last period ending at 5:00 p. m. The noon rest, or luncheon period, will be from 11:30 a. m. to 1:00 p. m. The afternoon of the last Saturday will be devoted to clearing camp and departure from Quantico.

ITEMS NEEDED BY STUDENT OFFICERS AT QUANTICO

Student officers will be required to report equipped with the following items in addition to required uniforms and equipment: Note book; supply of black, red, and blue pencils; erasers; thumb tacks; co-ordinate scale of Gettysburg; marching compass, and protractor.

OFFICERS ORDERED TO ACTIVE DUTY—FIRST CAMP

The following-named officers have been ordered to active duty for training at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., during the first training camp period, July 7 to 28, 1929:

Majors—R. W. Duck, J. F. Rorke.

Captains—J. Ayrault, Jr., C. A. Ketcham, E. P. Simmonds, B. T. Fay, A. E. Lyng, F. B. Wilbur, C. E. Fogg, N. Old, Jr., J. Wood.

First Lieutenants—C. R. Berglund, J. M. Dervin, H. S. Evans, J. J. Hurley, T. A. Nubson, W. B. W. Stroup, I. E. Bigler, F. C. Donald, C. A. Fisher, C. A. Janson, C. Penn, H. S. Wheeler, R. W. Conroy, E. F. Doyle, I. Gillikin, J. D. Marine, W. R. Sheets.

Second Lieutenants—T. P. Barton, W. J. Dow, G. W. Eighmy, E. F. Haddad, J. G. Kapowich, J. A. McNamara, D. C. O'Reagan, E. B. Rose, P. Sullivan, H. S. Tull, A. H. Benjamin, G. F. Doyle, M. B. Galbreath, W. L. Hart, W. K. Latons, W. F. Murray, W. M. Parker, A. F. Sisson, W. E. Sweetser, Jr., G. A. Whiteley, J. J.

Christie, G. W. Eakin, C. B. Grace, Jr., E. C. Johnson, G. L. McCormick, W. D. O'Brien, J. H. Pigg, R. W. Sooy, R. Tausig, R. L. Whyte.

On the evening of June 4, 1929, Colonel David D. Porter, A. A. & I., U. S. M. C., commanding officer of the Eastern Reserve Area, inspected the 302nd Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Company, Rochester, New York. Following inspection of the personnel, the company executed a short drill.

The area commander expressed himself as well pleased with the results of his inspection; and particularly mentioned the apparent cordial relations existing between officers and men of the Marine Corps Reserve and State Naval Militia in Rochester.

First Lieutenant Carleton Penn, U. S. M. C. R., of Roanoke, Va., has received a letter of thanks from Headquarters, Marine Corps, for voluntary assistance rendered during the funeral of the late Sergeant Byron O. Piner, U. S. M. C., who was killed in an airplane accident in Nicaragua. At the request of Sergeant Piner's mother, Lieutenant Penn secured the services of his American Legion post to render military honors at the funeral.

On June 1, 1929, Second Lieutenants John T. Salmon and William P. Youngs, U. S. M. C. R., were assigned to active duty at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., for aviation duty and training with Aircraft Squadrons, East Coast Expeditionary Forces.

First Lieutenant Stephen A. McClellan, U. S. M. C. R. (Aviation), of Hartford, Conn., called at Eastern Reserve Area Headquarters on May 21, 1929, to pay his respects to Colonel Porter, the area commander.

Captain Stanley E. Wilson, U. S. M. C. R., of Philadelphia, and Second Lieutenant Malcolm B. Galbreath, U. S. M. C. R., of the 302nd Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Company, have successfully completed the Infantry Basic Course of the Marine Corps Schools Correspondence Courses.

The following-named officers have been excused from annual training: Majors J. D. Nevin and L. F. Timmerman; Captains P. DeRonde and J. H. Layne; First Lieutenants A. V. Cherbonnier, R. B. Fisher and B. H. Pollit; Second Lieutenants J. B. Drengwitz, D. M. Hamilton, S. F. Pryor, C. G. Simpson, and P. G. Strong.

CHRONICLES OF 303RD COMPANY

Aboard the U. S. S. "Illinois," New York City.—The 303rd Company put in one of the most active months in its career during May. The company had been pointing for the Decoration Day parade, boat races, and the annual banquet, which were the features of the last week of the month.

The Memorial Day parade, which began at nine o'clock and continued until eleven-thirty was considered by all observers the best in many years. The opinion was universal and unanimous that the 303rd Company was the snappiest and best drilled of the various Marine units taking part in the parade. The

company certainly made a fine showing, and the officers and non-coms deserve well-earned praise for their efforts towards getting out such a fine looking outfit.

Before lunch, the company's annual photograph was taken on the quarter-deck of the U. S. S. "Illinois," and the men showed up well in spite of their gruelling parade in an almost unbearable heat.

After the Naval Reserve divisions and the 303rd Company had had chow aboard ship, the boat crews were towed to the starting point by the ship's motor sailers, and the races began. The Marines put up a gallant fight, but, although their showing was creditable, were unable to defeat the Naval Reserve divisions.

Incidentally, during the senior cutter race the U. S. S. "Wyoming" steamed majestically down the river through the competing cutters, and, in order to avoid the ship, the marine cutter was compelled to make a wide detour. This is not an alibi. Even a cutter with ten good Marines in the crew felt it the better part of valor to give the "Wyoming" a wide berth, though the deflection from the course contributed largely to their defeat in the races. Many thanks are due to Acting Corporal Noble for the time and patience spent by him in assembling and training the crew units.

After the boat races, the ship's band gave a concert and dance on the deck. With the cool breezes from the Hudson, the catchy music of the band, and the attractive uniforms of the officers and men, a most pleasant picture was presented. At the close of the dance one and all were prepared to say that it was the end of a perfect day.

On Saturday night, May 25th, the 303rd Company held its annual banquet, and it can be truly said that the affair was a howling success. Corporal Wilson and his very efficient committee prepared a banquet which, for eats and drinks, could not have been improved on. The company assembled on the U. S. S. "Illinois" and was transported to the scene of the banquet in busses. Lieutenants Krulwich and Whiteley were the guests of the company and were roundly cheered by the men upon their appearance at the head tables.

The 303rd Company took part in the funeral ceremonies held aboard the U. S. S. "Illinois" for the late Rear Admiral Josephthal. Our company formed part of the escort of honor, and upheld the best traditions of the Marine Corps for precision and military bearing.

On Wednesday, June 5th, the company proceeded to Peekskill to take part in the shooting held under the auspices of the State of New York, and in the next issue we will broadcast results.

309TH COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Members and friends of the 309th Company once again made merry at the company's third annual dance on Monday evening, May 20th, in Barracks No. 2, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa. The crowd of more than two hundred and fifty stepped high, wide and handsome to the snappy music furnished by a seventeen piece dance band from the Navy Yard. The drill rooms, in which the event took place, as well as the locker room, stairways and corridors, were attractively decorated with flags,

pennants and pictures of Marine Corps activities. Ice cream, cakes and punch were served.

The affair proved a decided success and eclipsed by far both the previous occasions. The company is very grateful to the regular officers and men stationed at the Navy Yard for their hearty cooperation and support. The company also greatly appreciates the continued growing interest of its many friends.

301ST COMPANY, BOSTON

On the evening of May 31, 1929, the 301st Company was inspected by Major S. P. Budd, U. S. M. C., and First Lieutenant Harry C. Grafton, Jr., U. S. M. C. R. Following the inspection the company drilled and paraded.

Lieutenant Grafton, who recently relieved Second Lieutenant Donald K. Mackay, U. S. M. C. R., as commanding officer of the company, was commissioned in the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve May 4, 1929. He was formerly a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve Aviation service.

Lieutenant Grafton is well known to the men of the 301st Company, having been a frequent visitor at company quarters during the past year. He has always been highly interested in the Marine Corps Reserve, especially the Fleet companies, and the organization will undoubtedly continue its excellent progress under his command.

Lieutenant Walter R. Flanders (M.C.), U. S. N. R., a former brother officer of Lieutenant Grafton, gave the men a short talk on hygiene and first aid; covering the use of the first aid packet and the prone method of resuscitation. This lecture was greatly appreciated, as there are quite a few new men in the company who were unfamiliar with this branch of training.

Drills at present are crammed to the limit with artillery and rifle company drills, lectures, and preparations for camp. The aim of one and all is to show how good an artillery outfit can be formed from the material the company had when it received orders to organize as artillery.

304TH COMPANY, BROOKLYN

With the advent of summer comes Memorial Day, the day on which the nation as a whole bows its head in respectful reverence to the memory of its honored dead. Time honored custom has dictated that homage be paid in the form of parades and other public demonstrations.

Brooklyn was no exception in this regard, and promptly at 10 o'clock on the morning of May 30th, the sounds of clattering equipment and clicking of heels were heard as the various units of Naval Militia, National Guard, and other organizations swung into line. The 304th Company, under command of First Lieutenant Frank V. McKinless, Jr., formed the leading detachment of the Second Naval Battalion. The line of march was over a course of some four or five miles along one of Brooklyn's main thoroughfares; terminating at the Memorial Arch, Prospect Park.

On the morning of June 3rd, the 304th Company, under command of Second Lieutenant Howard W. Houck, headed the Second Naval Battalion to Camp Smith, Peekskill, New York, to participate in the annual small arms practice for the Naval Militia of New York State.

How About The "Casual" Officer?

Marine Corps Reserve Faces Problem of Maintaining Active Interest—and Getting It

By Milton V. O'Connell, U.S.M.C.R.

DURING the recent World War— it is more than ten years since it closed but it seems recent to many of us—the term "casual" came into the vocabulary of more than a million soldiers. To be a "casual" meant that a soldier was detached from his regular organization, and was temporarily unattached, and awaiting return to his outfit, or the definite assignment to another unit. Undoubtedly this term had been used regularly in the military and naval forces long before the war, but a million men or more learned its meaning in 1917-18. A "casual" usually felt much like an orphan. He was shunted from here to there and back again; he was subjected to the pity and sometimes the sneer of the regular outfit member who met him; he was "just a casual."

His pay wasn't regular while he was a "casual." His uniform and other equipment issue was irregular and often none too beautiful—in other words while he was a "casual" he was generally a lost soul, and often a lost soldier. The true soldier, the fighting man of the regulars, shuns the word "casual" as he would a plague. The instinct of the herd is strong in the military and naval forces, regardless of what country they represent. Comradeship in service and in danger is desired by every soldier. The "buddy" system, of two men soldiering and bunking together, has long been found to be one solution of the natural desire of military men to provide themselves with an intimate human companion, in peace or in war.

Your casual officer is even sorer than the enlisted man. He is an individual, travels as such, is billeted as such, and is even more "lost" than is the private or sergeant who is a casual.

Because of the exigencies of military service, particularly in the Marine Corps, an officer faces the possibility of being a "casual" officer far more than does an enlisted man. The transferring of officers, the matter of the casual officer, either in regular or reserve service, corresponds to what in industrial and commercial life today is known as "turnover." And turnover is expensive to either the manufacturer or the military service. It is expensive from a standpoint of morale, and of interest in a post of command or in a job to be done in civil life.

This problem of the casual officer—this "turnover" in military life is one of the problems which the Marine Corps Reserve faces, and which the reserve officers face as well. Mainly it is a matter of inactivity, and often the loss of interest on the part of the reserve officer; a condition which must be met by the reserve authorities to prevent the loss of valuable officer personnel of the Marine Corps Reserve. Various affecting circumstances, including the ever-present "limitation of budget appropriation" are handicaps which can and must be overcome in some manner, either by reserve authorities or by the individual officers themselves.

Take the typical example. A young man, probably one who served as a non-com or even as a junior officer with the

Marine Corps during or since the World War, is commissioned in the Reserve. If he is the type who should have been commissioned, he is at heart and soul a true Marine. He craves action—just as he craved action when he listened to the siren-call of the "First to fight!" recruiting posters. He stays in the service—in the Reserve—because he is imbued with the true Marine Corps spirit, the "Semper Fidelis" of the world's greatest fight-



LT. M. V. O'CONNELL, U. S. M. C. R.

ing unit. He expects, and must get, action.

He is commissioned. There is a reserve company or possibly two in his city. They are completely officered. There is no chance for him to get the "action" he wants. He must wait for some officer to relinquish a post with the company. And Marines, even reservists, have a peculiar "stick-to-it-iveness" which makes them hold on forever.

The Reserve officer hangs up his commission in the parlor, den or office. He is attached to a "paper regiment," he enrolls for a correspondence course, looks longingly at the calendar and counts the months until ordered to Quantico, and becomes a casual officer of the Reserve. He may attend reserve association meetings, military functions or watch his local companies drill—from the sidelines. He is out of the action—he is a casual officer.

The Standard Dictionary in its definition of the word "casual" states among other things, that it means "accidental"; "coming to pass or happening without design; coming without regularity; occasional; incidental." The dictionary of synonyms gives the words "uncertain," "random" and "aimless" as standing for

the word "casual." And that is very often what becomes of the casual reserve officer. He too often becomes "aimless" or "random" and usually most "uncertain"—particularly of his military future and activities. This is an important problem which reserve authorities are wrestling with—and which many of the casual officers themselves are trying to solve.

The correspondence course was one innovation to offset the aimlessness of the casual officer. But that does not give the military activity or companionship with either troops or fellow officers in service, which every true officer and Marine demands. The short tour of duty at Quantico—unfortunately often considered a "good vacation with pay" by some reserve officers—is the only ray of hope to the officer who wants to serve actively. The New York Chapter of the Marine Corps Reserve Officers Association, of which the writer is secretary, has adopted an innovation recently which it hopes will do something toward eliminating the possible stagnation among Reserve officers due to the casual nature of their assignment and service during the fifty weeks of the year when they are not at Quantico.

Realizing that some active and concerted means must be found to keep up officer interest the New York Chapter has devised a course of weekly "classes"; of instruction, observation, and conference, as well as entertainment, which will begin in the Fall. Officers will discuss correspondence courses or other military problems, will be kept posted on the news of the regular Corps and the Reserve, and will meet with and be addressed by high ranking military and naval men from time to time, on subjects of interest. A definite curriculum is planned, which will parallel but not conflict with the correspondence work, and the company commanders of the fleet companies will play host on one night a month, to the "casual" officers, for the purpose of maintaining some contact between these officers and the active companies. This much the reserve officers, the "casuals," can do by themselves unofficially, for the sake of keeping up their own and their brother-officers' interest in the Reserve.

Most reserve officers of the casual class, either Fleet or Volunteer, are willing to serve with troops or in contact with troops, without any thought of either pay status, or the official assignment from headquarters. This requires but the unofficial consent of company and regimental commanders. Records, unofficial, but nevertheless accurate, are to be kept by the New York Chapter, showing the amount of active interest and participation each reserve casual officer in the district displays during the year.

The Army Reserve, overburdened with thousands of officers, and with no reserve enlisted personnel or companies for training, has met this situation in much the same manner that the Association chapter plans. It should be even more successful in Marine Corps Reserve circles. If its first steps are sure, there is no limit to the benefit of the idea and plan. It is purely voluntary service on

the part of interested "casual" officers, who want to be more than "paper soldiers in a paper regiment," to quote one of the sponsors of the idea. The officers feel they will be better qualified to command troops and fulfill their duties as true Marine officers in the event of any emergency. Their familiarity with the enlisted personnel and activities of the various fleet companies will fit them to assume a post of command with these companies in the event they might be assigned at any time to relieve one of the present officers who might have to relinquish his post.

The ultimate result of the present lack of opportunity for all Fleet or Volunteer Reserve officers for service with troops, or in a group together, is the breaking down of officer interest and participation in reserve affairs. Resignations have followed the thwarted ambitions of reserve officers to do active service of some kind. Then, too, there are the "casual" officers in another sense—those who do not want to do much beside enjoy the prestige which a commission in the Corps brings. They like to wear a uniform occasionally, to trade upon the prestige of the Corps itself, without committing themselves to any of the obligations of such an honor. More of these officers should be either forcibly interested in the Reserve, or encouraged to step out of the picture via the resignation pathway, leaving places for the type of officers who do want to meet their obligations to the Government which has honored them by a commission in the world's premier military organization.

In suggesting closer contact between Reserve and Regular officers and men, several problems arise, always. The attitude of a company commander of a Fleet company who "doesn't want these damn casual officers butting in" on his work, is foremost. Fortunately few commanding officers are of this frame of mind. And there is a grain of truth to such an attitude, for the over-aggressive Reserve casual officer is often very close to being what is commonly known as a "pest." He is sometimes the kind of officer who can always (and usually does) tell a company commander how to run his company. Nice discretion and considerable tact must be employed in dealing with such a situation.

The class and conference system, the grouping together of casual reserve officers, is one step in the right direction, many officers believe. If from this point,

the Reserve can advance to the place where these casual officers are given occasional opportunity for active service during the year, a great deal will have been accomplished and the entire character of the casual officer personnel of the Reserve will be improved and strengthened. Much of this remains within the discretion of Reserve headquarters and with the Major General Commandant. The reserve officers are not intending to intrude their desire for active service, and their ideas, upon those factors and those in command, but they are strongly imbued with a desire to serve their Corps in the proper and active manner. An active regimental adjutant, appointed to Reserve regiments from among this casual personnel, specialized and competent instructors who might spend a night a month with each of the Fleet companies, assignment of casual officers to clerical, athletic, or administrative company or regimental duties requiring a commissioned officer's attention, or the enlisting of casual officers to aid in the recruiting of Fleet companies to full strength, are a few of the suggestions which these officers have put forward. Some merit consideration.

Active reserve officers resent the attitude of other officers who never attempt—in fact flatly refuse—to take any interest in the activity of their fellow officers and companies of the Reserve. A "weeding out process" undoubtedly will be or has been instituted by Reserve authorities to eliminate these officers. The true Reserve officer welcomes such action, and supports the desires of the Commandant, both Regular and Reserve, to the utmost.

From a practical military viewpoint, it should and undoubtedly is, the desire of Regular and Reserve authorities, to establish whatever methods are possible to have every Reserve officer and enlisted man actively participating in Reserve programs. The entire fundamental basis for the Reserve, is to have an active and well-trained and disciplined organization as a reserve for the regular forces in the event of national emergency. We have that organization—why not give it the full opportunity to function? What the authorities of Regular and Reserve activities have done in the short life of the Reserve is nothing short of miraculous, and the officers of the Reserve, Fleet or Volunteer, active or "casual," generally and individually realize and appreciate this fact.

Closer contact between Reserve companies or individuals in various cities, should be encouraged, and if the plan of the New York Chapter of the association is feasible and workable, suggestion is offered that contact be made with other "casual" officers in other cities, and the benefit of the New York experiment be passed along. Thus far there has been nothing "official" about the Association chapter's action—and should there be reasons why such a program would not meet with the hearty, if unofficial approval, of the authorities, Reserve or Regular, the activity would be immediately curtailed. The principal purpose of this article, is to bring the ideas before the general body of Reserve officers, particularly the "casuals"—of both kinds described—and to the unofficial eyes of our commanding officers of regiment, area and Reserve headquarters. There is probably nothing new to many officers in the statements herein, as to the attitude of the "casual" officer. Nor to the authorities in command of Reserve activities.

The purpose of this article also is to solicit for the New York Chapter, any and all suggestions, official or unofficial, which others can make along these lines. The principal desire, both of this writer and of his associate officers, is to increase the opportunity for service, and to maintain to the highest degree the complete significance and principals of the Corps, and of its magnificent slogan, "Semper Fidelis"—"Forever Faithful."

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Staff—Major J. A. Johnson.

Quarters, Messing, Transportation—1st Lt. W. J. Livingston, 1st Lt. J. T. Thornton, Ch. Mar. Gun. J. F. Evans.

First Camp, July 7-20, 1929.

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Advanced Class (7-8 officers)—Major T. A. Secor, Capt. C. W. LeGette, 1st Lt. E. H. Price, 2nd Lt. R. S. Viall.

Company Officers, 2nd year (18 officers)—Capt. W. L. Harding, Jr., 1st Lt. O. A. Inman, 1st Lt. B. W. Atkinson, 2nd Lt. W. D. Saunders.

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It should be unnecessary here to urge the acquisition of a high school education. It is well known that the service man or civilian who has not the equivalent of such an education is at a distinct disadvantage, no matter what his ability may be. The Marine who completes this four-year High School course will be prepared to compete with regular high school graduates, and will make himself a distinct asset to the service.

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J. A. MIXSON, the Director,
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Marksmanship

OVER one hundred years ago, during the war of 1812, the noted British naval historian, James, complained that the Americans were winning sea fights by their practice of stationing Marines in the fighting tops. These early Leathernecks, by a deadly and accurate fire, picked off first the officers and then the gun crews of British vessels. "These Marines," he writes, "are the picked marksmen of America, recruited from the frontiers where the rifle has been their constant companion since childhood."

Today the frontiers are gone, but the prestige of Marine Corps marksmanship persists and has become one of the traditions always associated with the Corps.

Our faith in the rifle is not based on sentiment, but on the belief that Marines will often be forced to fight without the support of heavier weapons. Long experience in the tropics and world war service has shown us that only those weapons that can keep up with the foot troops are of general use. At Belleau Woods, for instance, the opening attack found the Marines with no artillery and little machine gun support, and the issue of the battle was decided by the steady, accurate

rifle fire of the Marines that began to inflict casualties at a range of over a thousand yards.

This summer we are starting on a rifle season that promises to be unusually successful for the Marine Corps. Five out of seven of the shooting members of the U. S. International Rifle Team are Marines, and they will fight hard to bring fresh laurels to the Corps by winning the International matches at Stockholm in August.

At home, Marine teams will participate in matches in all parts of the country and will undoubtedly come through with the "lion's share" of the trophies. In the fall we will be represented at Camp Perry by a Marine Corps team that should repeat last year's succession of victories as there is an abundance of promising material.

There is little reward for the good rifle shot—no applauding galleries, and little notice in the press—merely the satisfaction of rendering a good service to the Corps.

The best index to the professional character of a military organization is its marksmanship, and our marksmanship is judged by the performance of the teams we send into competition with those of other services and other nations. Our uniform successes have given us a considerable prestige and have reflected much credit on the efficiency of the Corps as a whole. We should give all possible credit and support to the hard-working, straight-shooting Marine Corps riflemen who have contributed so much to the enviable reputation of our Corps.

Nicaraguan Canal

THE steps now being taken toward the construction of a Nicaraguan canal are of interest to the thousands in the Corps who have served in this small republic.

Plans for the actual construction of such a canal are merely tentative at present, but there are strong indications that such a project will eventually be undertaken. Congress has appropriated money for the purpose of conducting a survey and a regiment of Army Engineers will soon be sent to Nicaragua to take up the task of determining the exact route to be followed. It is believed that the most practicable route will be along the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua. By following these waterways the amount of excavation necessary will be considerably less than that required in constructing the Panama Canal.

There are several reasons why an additional canal is desirable. The Panama Canal has been prospering greatly since the war and the volume of ocean traffic has increased to such proportions that in a few years it is feared that it will not be able to accommodate the merchant fleets of the world unless tremendously expensive alterations are made in the system of locks. Then, too, by the construction of the proposed canal a saving of time amounting to twenty-four hours will be effected in the coast-to-coast mercantile service of the United States. This may not seem important, but when multiplied by the freight rates on the huge volume of coast-wise traffic it will mean a great saving to the shippers of the nation. The canal will also be of importance from a naval standpoint as it will give the fleet two lines of communication between the oceans and it will become practically impossible for an enemy fleet to destroy or blockade both canals.

We can only conjecture what part the Marine Corps will play in this huge new enterprise, but we hope it will be as interesting and colorful as our participation in the Panama Canal project twenty years ago.

Cooperation

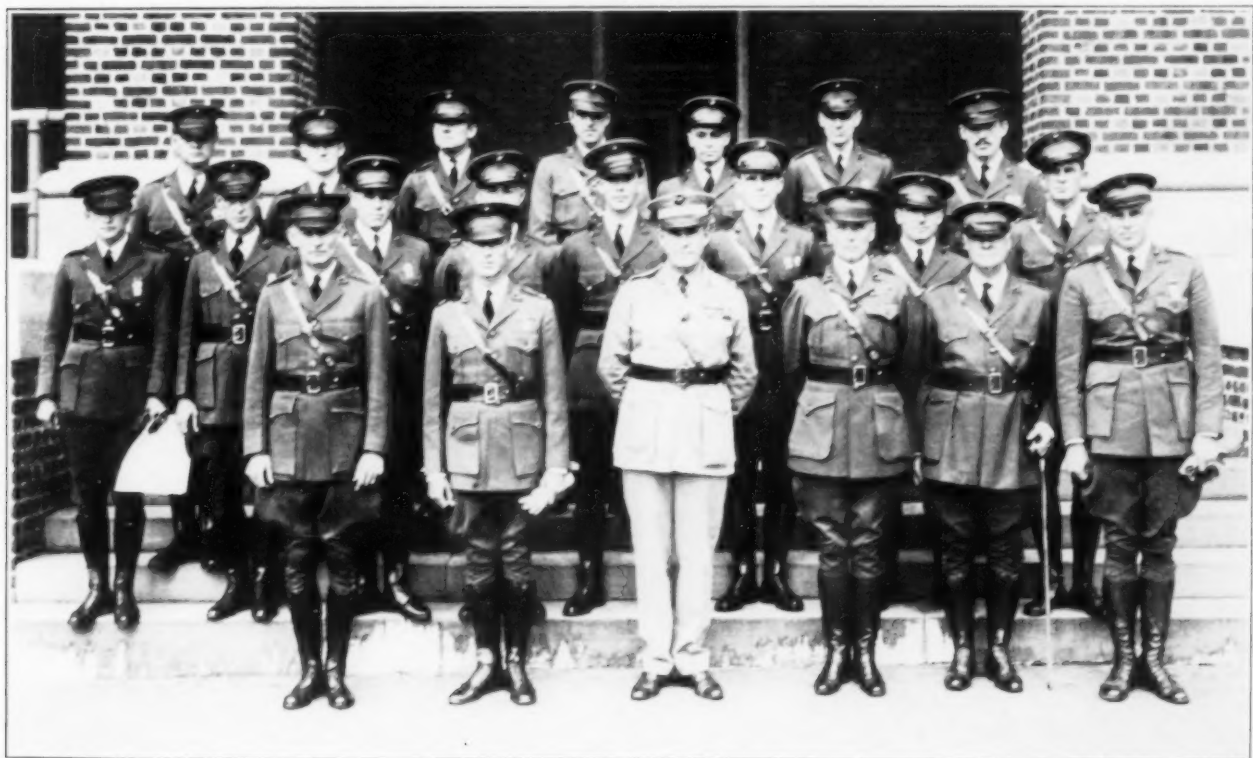
AN incident has come to our attention that is deserving of special notice.

During a recent target practice held on a ship of the battle fleet, a Marine sergeant was detailed as observer on a broadside gun manned by a bluejacket crew. In the course of the firing a heavy steel locker carried away striking the gun captain and rendering him unconscious. The Marine observer, with a fine display of "Carry On" spirit, stepped astride the form of his injured shipmate and operated the plug until "Cease Fire," another member of the crew handing him primers extracted from the belt of the fallen man.

This is the spirit that is characteristic of a good Marine. It shows initiative and the capacity for quick thinking in a time of stress and above all it demonstrates a willingness to co-operate with the larger service of which we are a part. The Leatherneck salutes Sergeant George E. Homel of the U. S. S. "California."



Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "California." Captain A. H. Noble, U. S. M. C., Commanding. 2nd Lieut. Charles E. Chapel, U. S. M. C., Detachment Officer.



GRADUATING CLASS AT MARINE CORPS BASIC SCHOOL. Front row, left to right: Capt. C. C. Snyder, Capt. J. T. Walker, Brig. Gen. George Richards, Major A. D. Rorex, Major A. J. D. Biddle (USMCR), and Capt. J. T. Wright. Second row: 2nd Lts. C. Popp, F. C. Croft, W. T. Dodge, C. C. Coffman, K. H. Weir, R. C. Balance, A. F. Binney and J. J. Heil. Third row: 2nd Lts. L. C. Plain, T. G. Ennis, C. B. Mitchell, P. O. Parmelee, M. Schaeffer, B. Batterton and E. E. Pollock.

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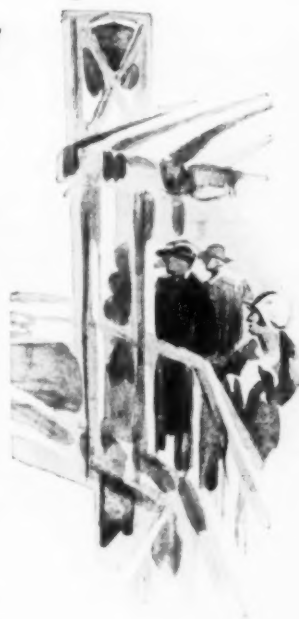
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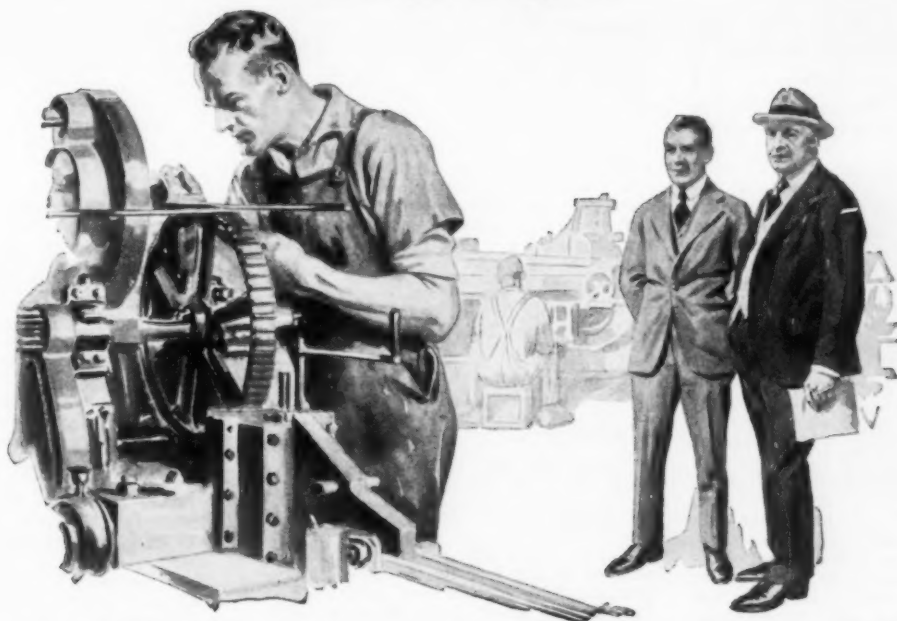




Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Wyoming." Captain Dudley S. Brown, U. S. M. C., Commanding. Photo by M. V. Young.



Members of the American International Free Rifle Team who will represent the United States at Stockholm August 16 when thirteen nations will compete for the championship of the world. Left to right, front row: Chief Marine Gunner Calvin A. Lloyd, coach; Maj. Per Ramee, U. S. A., adjutant and interpreter; Maj. Ralph S. Keyser, Marines, captain; Brig. Gen. M. A. Reckord, executive vice president of the National Rifle Association; William L. Bruce, Cheyenne, Wyo., civilian. Rear row: Sergt. Paul E. Woods, Marines; Sergt. Russell F. Seibinger, Marines; Sergt. Joseph F. Hankins, Marines; Gunnery Sergt. John Blakley, Marines; John B. Sharp, Army; Gunnery Sergt. Morris Fisher, Marines.



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| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Foreign Trade |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (incl. C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Blue Print Reading |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

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AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford

The Marine Corps has always been on the alert to discover and develop the hidden talent of its personnel, and of late quite a large number of officers and men are becoming the most-sought-after of speakers for the Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, and other club groups. Public anniversaries and celebrations of both civic and national character also claim their full quota, while the radio is very anxious to have the clear-spoken message of a representative of the Corps. Sergeant Barnum of Wichita, Kansas, has scored quite a record on KFJ in his weekly broadcast of the Marine Corps history, his series of talks also having been reported in the Wichita press. The staff of Kansas City Recruiters also are developing quite a notoriety in the same direction. Lieutenant J. C. McQueen, recently returned from Nicaragua, was one of the principal speakers at the "Veterans of '98" dinner celebration and Anniversary of Victory in Manila Bay, at the La Salle. Of course, McQueen was never lost for want of a word except the day when he made a famous proposal to a certain lady of his acquaintance and even then report states that "he made up in action." Then Jack Eder, the First Sergeant, has been delivering addresses on Sunday occasions in connection with his official position on the City's Service Pistol Tournament, while Sergeant Chenoweth has also become quite an adept in delivering impromptu the thoughts that for so long have called for expression in public fashion. Go to it, boys! The world today needs speakers who have some real message with power to say it so they may know what the message is.

Lakehurst, N. J., sees a lot of changes, and has now lost Captain Groff, while Lieutenant Norman True was simply waiting final orders for Nicaragua. Captain J. G. Ward has just reported in from the U. S. S. "Lexington," Lieutenant Lyman G. Miller from China, and others of the two hundred were recent arrivals from China, Haiti, or "Parts Unknown" in Nicaragua. There is no need for anyone to complain of lack of opportunity to travel in the Marine Corps. Lieutenant R. J. Mumford, who was with the aviation in France, has also seen extensive duty in China and Guam. Dennis W. Green, the sergeant major, was a first sergeant away early in his twelve years during which he has seen duty on the U. S. S. "Arkansas," the "Galveston," Spec. Ser. S. and has been on two expeditions in and to Nicaragua. Dewey Lydnick, Q.M. Sergeant, has also spent considerable time in Haiti, while First

Sergeant John D. Bellora, Gy.-Sergeant John Mauer and Cook Phillips Schank have each been in China. Lydnick and Schank have seen twelve and eighteen years respectively.

Charleston, Parris Island, Savannah, and Jacksonville at the present time are lovely compared with the heat of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. No wonder that a Boston Marine sends the following clipping when the "Bean" city stands ninety in the shade.

"I would I were beneath a tree;
A-sleeping in the shade,
With all the bills I've got to pay,
PAID!

"I would I were beside the sea,
Or sailing in a boat,
With all the things I've got to write,
WROTE!

"I would I were on yonder hill,
A-baking in the sun;
With all the work I've got to do
DONE!"

No, it wasn't QM. Sergeant J. W. Olson for he has left Boston after thirty-three months in that city, and for the first time in a service of nineteen years he has arrived at the paradise of rest, viz: Parris Island, and is delighted with the prospect of a tour of duty at this famous resort.

Poem of the month:

"Could We Go Back"

Could we go back and start the years
anew,
I wonder what the most of us would do!
I think I'd take the same old path I took
And cling to those old friends I once
forsook.

I think I'd take more time along the way
To smile, and have a cheerful word to
say.

Could we go back and live the years
again,
I'd try to make amends for all the pain
I might have brought to loved ones
through the years;

And gently I would wipe away the tears,
And soothe the little hurts, unknowingly
I might have brought to those who cared
for me.

Could we go back again and choose the
road,
I would not shun the hardships and the
load

Which fell my lot along the path I trod;
The same old trail again I'd gladly plod.
But I would know life's splendors day
by day

And pause to smell the roses by the way.

Could we go back to where the old years
lead,

I'd try to be more kind in word and deed;
To spread a little sunshine as I went
And sow the seeds of peace and sweet
content.

There are so many things I'd like to do,
Could we go back and start the years
anew!

Le Vecque means The Bishop, but when grandfather Le Vecque settled at Sault St. Marie, Michigan, he decided to change his name to Bishop. This makes it much easier, but poor John, the grandson, had so many relatives that when he landed in the same Michigan city, he was labeled

John Hazen Pinagree Phillip Bishop, and although he doesn't appear melancholy with such a heavy burden the sergeant must feel a heavy strain if and when he has to sign his full name to documents. It's almost like being the Prince of Wales, J. H. P. P. B., otherwise Le Vecque out of Sault St. Marie.

Police Sergeant Dominick Peschi, who once upon a time left New York, has, after sixteen years, shipped over for the Island on his return from "Nic." Another veteran of fifteen years, whom I last saw at the Naval Hospital, Chelsea, has arrived at the spot where so many thousands have started. I refer to First Sergeant H. M. Pyne, fresh from Port au Prince. QM. Sergeant Samuel G. Thompson, with twelve years record, was last year in Haiti, and now enjoys the sunshine of P. I. Thompson came to the Marine Corps from Maryland, got a wife from North Carolina, his daughter, Dorothy, hails also from N. C., while Charles saw the light in Key West, and June rejoices in having arrived in Haiti.

It is rumored that QM. Sergeant C. W. Byers, who came from Pittsburgh and is now concerned with Maintenance and Supplies, has, after thirteen years in the Marine Corps, suddenly grown considerably in height. On Sunday, June 2, his wife presented him with a lovely baby girl, the name, I believe, is Dorothy. M. and S. will now certainly require the sergeant's special study, but he has a good coach (his wife) to help him. Figures in full and plenty of fractions are not new in the QM. Corps, and thus I find on the wall of Sergeant Harry Baldwin's office, tables showing the requisite working out of parts from 1/32 and 1/16 to the perfect whole, and thus you can quickly learn over again how to get through from .03125 or .0625 to 1 without making a blunder. No wonder they get so efficient with those things ever before them, and even on the baseball field it is said that Baldwin can gauge almost to a fraction. At any rate no one dares to dispute his decisions.

At the Rifle Range it was a pleasure to again welcome Gy.-Sergeant John A. Gustafson, who for the last two years has been visiting in Nicaragua and Guam. "Gus" looks very little older than when I first met him in Colombey, France. First Sergeant Wm. E. Safely is also back after an absence of 26 months in the mountains out away from Managua. Sergeant Eli Lamusga, who came out from New York State about twelve years ago, is one of the instructors at the C. and B. school. Sergeant Ellis T. Walter, known as "skinny" with a weight of over 230 pounds, is also back from the R. of N. and busy making out menus for the R. R. mess. QM. Sergeant Fury with wife and family are now on their way to Shanghai while Supply Sergeant L. Kohn, "Hoot Gibson," has left the Property for Subsistence.

The whole Commissary Department is still under the direction of Captain Ellsworth. T. S. Mullaney from Florida ought to give good service, for the A and P were his last experience on the outside. Corporal Roger A. Craig also makes a good butcher, although he asserts he'll

(Continued on page 50)

OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows: It is not always that Mahomet goes to the mountain, once in every few thousand years the mountain gets a hump on itself and travels over to Mahomet, and this is presently the case with the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Despite the short summer of three days that we have experienced up here, the Navy Yard presents (at this writing) a scene of real tropic splendor. Some 450 Marines having just been shipped up from Nicaragua complete with parrots, monkeys, tropical sunburns, and "se habla finos vinos de mesa?" or whatever phraseology that is in use down there when one requests a drink of water. The staid old Navy Yard is gone tropical, and how? Of course, there are no senoritas to toss roses from balcony windows to guitarists who strum in the moonlight, but we'll bet the memory of many a black-eyed, olive-skinned little maiden left in Nicaragua walks all unseen past the sentries at the gate. Out of 450 Marines there must have been a—well, quite a number who left their hearts (at least temporarily) in Nicaragua. And, out of that 450 we'll bet an even larger percentage came away with someone else's heart for it is a most difficult thing for any woman between the age of 14 and 75 to be around a Marine very long and not fall in love with him.

At any rate, as we have just said, the Brooklyn Navy Yard has assumed quite a tropical aspect, but the fellows are not being compelled to stick around and enjoy it. Having made Nicaragua safe for the Nicaraguans, Colonel Greene figured these boys needed a little relaxation, so, despite the fact that they are to be here only for a few days, he gave them all liberty to go out and see New York, which they are presently engaged in doing. Here's welcoming you home, fellows. Your record in Nicaragua is something to be proud of. The way you have conducted yourselves, and the manner in which you have performed every task allotted you there has written one more brilliant chapter in the history of the Corps.

There is a sadder though none the less glorious side to the picture though, for the same transport brought back the body of Capt. Robert S. Hunter, USMC., killed in line of duty in Nicaragua. Capt. Jas. W. Webb was designated to accompany the body of Capt. Hunter to Teacott, Kansas, where he will represent the Marine Corps at the funeral.

To the relatives and friends of Capt. Hunter, as well as to others who mourn for men who lost their lives serving in Nicaragua, we can only say that far past any records we have in written pages, far past even the chiseled hieroglyphics upon the cliffs of Egypt, next to the

worship of a Supreme Being there has burned in the breast of every human race a high honor and a sincere reverence for the man who laid down his life in the service of his country. Death is inevitable. The bank clerk slips down off his high stool, the ink still wet upon his ledger, and someone else takes his place and he is soon forgotten. The laborer drops his trowel, the farmer his hoe, and the earth swallows them up. Newspaper headlines scream at us, and some financier has dropped the ticker tape from his lifeless hand and given someone else his seat on 'change. A soldier falls in the service of his country and from the length and the breadth of our land there is a stir. It may be only a three-line notice in a country newspaper but no reader passes over it lightly. Here is sacrifice! Here is patriotism! Here is heroism! Christ on Mount Calvary, the soldier in the trenches, forgetting self that others may be benefited.

Death spares no one, but he comes in his noblest guise to such men as die in the service of our flag.

Sgt. Maj. Joseph J. Franklin, Navy Yard, Brooklyn, will go out of the Corps this month with more than 30 years of service. He is a Congressional Medal of Honor man, having won this decoration for bravery in the field during the Spanish-American War. To the sergeant major we extend congratulations and well wishes. Stretching across these long years of service like the rainbow's bridge of color there is the motto of the Corps—"Semper Fidelis."

We have a postcard request from Richmond, signed "Just a Marine." This request is for a reprint of a poem that appeared in the "Brig Column" two or three years ago, entitled "Who." We are quoting it as we remember it, and extend thanks for the inquiry. We get an almost visible swelling of the head whenever we receive evidence that some of our verse has hit the mark.

WHO

By Lou Wylie

Who quells the Chinks when they express
A tendency toward restlessness

And long to start a scrap?
Who, in some God-forsaken place
Teaches the natives to 'bout face
Down on the Haitian map?

Who's the policeman of our fleet
In uniform both trig and neat,
To keep the gobs in line?
Who strums his ukelele where
The surf booms in the tropic air,
And amorous maidens pine?

Who grips a broad belt round his waist
And uses tons and tons of paste
To keep his buttons bright?
No matter where his watch is laid
Who struts it off as on parade,
Whether it's day or night?

Who four weeks of each month is broke,
Who treats the army as a joke,
And loves a battle scene?
Who's every inch of him a man
And shoots the game fair as he can?
Why, the United States Marine.

The many friends of Capt. and Mrs. J. N. Popham will be very sorry to know that Mrs. Popham has been critically ill, with pneumonia. The crisis is believed to be past, however, and it is hoped that by the time this gets to print Mrs. Popham will be quite well again.

Last month while we were handing out thanks for those who had been kind to us during our illness, we left out (for lack of space) the U. S. M. C. Band. By the use of our radio we sat through some of the best concerts we have ever been privileged to hear. They get a big hand from us any time, but on such occasions as when folks are confined to their rooms with cracked up shoulders their stirring and beautiful music is bound to fill one with gratitude, as well as excite an even greater pride in the grand old Globe, Anchor and Wings Outfit.

SALUTES

One of the oldest customs of the civilized world is expressed in the form of salute by touching the cap. It dates back to the period of knights and jousts. When knight met knight upon the highway, or in tournament, he raised the visor of his helmet to identify himself as an honorable knight. From this gesture of chivalry originated the military salute of today.

The sword salute originated in the time of the crusades when the tilt of the crusader's sword was made in the form of the cross. Every crusader kissed the cross as a seal of his purpose and faith and swore by the hilt of the sword, raising it to his lips for that purpose.

Another custom passed down through the ages from the crusades, and one has been a custom in all Christian navies since then, is that of placing an officer's cap and sword on his coffin during burial services. The crusader's shield and arms covered him in death.

From a religious origin sprang the custom of saluting the quarter-deck. This is said to have first come into practice when a shrine of the Virgin had its place during the Roman Catholic predominance, on the quarter-deck of all fighting craft and the seamen were wont to uncover in passing. The custom has been perpetuated as a part of ship discipline on all naval vessels and some merchant ships.

The salute with guns dates from the earliest appearance. Until the reign of James I when shotted salutes were prohibited, the shot of honor was as deadly as that of hostility except that it was not aimed at the saluted vessel. The first regulations concerning the gun salute in the British Navy were drawn up in 1902.—U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings.



FIVE MARINES MAKE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE TEAM

Will Represent the United States at Stockholm, Sweden, in Shoot on August 16.

The American International Free Rifle Team which will represent the United States at Stockholm, Sweden, where crack shots representing thirteen nations will compete on August 16 for the rifle championship of the world, will be composed of five Marines, one soldier, and one civilian. Chief Marine Gunner Calvin A. Lloyd will go as team coach; Major Per Ramee, U. S. A., will be adjutant and interpreter; Major Ralph S. Keyser, U. S. M. C., will be team captain.

Final scores of the team follow: Sgt. P. E. Woods, U. S. M. C., 2672; Sgt. R. F. Seitzinger, U. S. M. C., 2629; Gy. Sgt. J. Blakley, U. S. M. C., 2606; Sgt. J. B. Sharp, U. S. A., 2591; Mr. W. L. Bruce, civilian, 2568; Sgt. J. F. Hankins, U. S. M. C., 2557; Gy. Sgt. Morris Fisher, U. S. M. C., 2550.

A late bulletin informs us that three others have been added to the above team as extra alternates, namely: Harry N. Renshaw, O. R. C., civilian; J. P. Blount, National Guard Washington, D. C., and Major J. K. Boles, U. S. A.

The selection of the team followed five days of try-outs on the range at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, in which twenty-six of the leading riflemen of the country took part.

The scores have been exceptionally high, and the high man of the Marine Corps was twenty points above last year's high man. The ammunition seems better and more accurate, and the team captain says that never in his experience has the squad been in better shape or has it showed up better in the preliminaries. The standing position has been especially practiced because heretofore this has been the weakest link in the chain.

Conditions are a little different than the men have been accustomed to, the firing being done from an enclosed shed. The rifle used is of the Swiss type, heavier than the Army rifle but of the same caliber. In matches only five men fire. Normally the team consists of five regulars and two alternates. Four of the five Marines stand an excellent chance of being chosen on the squad that will represent United States in the coming meet.

The matches last year were won by Switzerland, with Sweden next and America third.

The team will sail for Europe on or about July 15. (Photo on page 32.)

U. S. MARINE CORPS TEAM CLOSES BASEBALL SEASON

March	Mar's Op.
25 Drexel Institute	13 2
28 New York University	7 16
April	
1 University of Vermont	3 0
2 University of Vermont	15 7
4 Cornell University	6 1
8 Holy Cross College	0 5
10 Harvard University	6 1
13 Juniata College	6 0
17 St. Bonaventure's College	13 6
20 Catholic University	5 0
27 College All-Stars	9 3
29 Wake Forest College	15 7
May	
2 Manhattan College	6 0
3 Manhattan College	15 0
7 Temple University	1 11
8 Temple University	5 4
10 West Virginia University	5 4
11 West Virginia University	12 4
14 Virginia Military Institute	8 12
17 Washington College	5 2
18 Washington College	0 4
22 Newport	8 2
23 Newport	12 3
25 New Hampshire University	8 5
28 Dartmouth College	7 6
June	
5 Bates College	6 3
6 J. A. Roche School	4 0
10 Boston College	5 2
12 Harvard University	7 9

HOW THEY STACK UP!

The following is a list of batting averages for the members of the Marine Corps Baseball Team, 1929. The table was prepared at the Athletic Office, Headquarters U. S. Marine Corps:

Name	Games	A.B.	Hits	Runs	Avg.
Young	26	89	36	30	.404
Kidd	18	46	18	9	.391
Gorman	30	111	42	29	.378
Werner	11	44	15	7	.340
Derr	24	84	28	13	.333
Levey	31	134	44	35	.328
Freeman	20	67	22	19	.328
O'Neill	22	75	22	17	.293
Cather	9	24	7	4	.291
Smith	14	31	9	8	.290
Gatewood	6	22	6	3	.273
Almand	20	71	17	8	.225
Munari	14	52	11	9	.212
Tolan	11	32	6	5	.187
Lusignan	5	12	2	2	.166
Leifer	7	14	2	0	.143
Scarlett	3	7	1	2	.143
Johnson	2	2	0	0	.000
Taliferro	1	1	0	0	.000

Strike Outs	Home Runs
Kidd	92
Smith	47
Scarlett	16
Johnson	9
Young	36
Freeman	29
Gorman	29
Levey	1
O'Neill	1
Lusignan	1
Gatewood	1

QUANTICO TRACK TEAM IS WINNER OF RELAY TROPHY

Take Army-Navy Cup Offered by Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jahncke.

The Quantico Post track team was represented in the Southern Atlantic Championship (senior) Field and Track meet, held in Washington on Saturday, June 15. One of the principal events of the meet was an Army-Navy one-mile relay race for which Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jahncke had donated a silver trophy. This trophy is to be contested for annually between teams from the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps.

The Quantico Marine team representing the Navy, ran a beautiful race against the Fort Meyer team representing the Army. The time, 3.49, was very good inasmuch as the track was slow and none of the Marine team were pushed.

Private Sabatka got off to a good start gaining a twenty-yard lead on his man. This lead was increased by every Marine runner, and the fourth man, Private Coddington, came to the tape well ahead of the Army team. All four men ran a splendid race.

Other members of the team did very well considering the fact that the class of competitors were the very best in the country. George Simpson, Claude Bracey, Pete Bowen, Flash Farmer, and Dick Rockaway ran in this meet. The relay team was composed of the following men: Privates Vermont Sabatka, C. C. Tyson, James Bridges, and Robert E. Coddington. The team was coached by Captain L. C. Shepherd and Lieutenant F. M. June.

Track is just getting under way at Quantico due to the inclement weather during the Spring, and the fact that the track itself was delayed in being built. A big field and track meet is planned for the Fourth of July and some good runners and field men are expected to turn out.

Now that the Marine Corps Baseball Team has left Quantico, the Post Team is being organized under Lieutenant "Zeke" Bailey and Lieutenant Gulick.

The intra-post season is well under way. This league is comprised of the following teams:

Tenth Regiment, Aviation, Signal Battalion, Barracks Detachment, Maintenance Company, Service Company, Headquarters Company, Marine Corps Schools Detachment, Motor Transport Company.

Due to work on the President's camp, the Motor Transport and Maintenance Company teams temporarily disbanded.

MARINE GOLFERS BEAT BEAUFORT

Parris Island, S. C., May 23, 1929.—The Parris Island golf club team won their match this afternoon from the Beaufort golf club, making a clean sweep and scoring fifty-nine points out of a possible 144. The Beaufort club did not score.

The scores by teams were:

Capt. Blanton, USMC., and Lt. Robbins (Ch.C.), USN., 21 points; Lt. Com. Gardner (M.C.), USN., and Capt. James, USMC., 16 points; Maj. Davis, USMC., and Sgt. Bishop, USMC., 14 points; 1st Lt. Moody, USMC., and Pvt. DePishon, USMC., 8 points.

Senator W. Brantley Harvey captained the Beaufort team and Lt. J. L. Moody, USMC., captained the Parris Island team. The closest and best match of the afternoon was the one between Lt. Moody and Pvt. DePishon and Messrs. Harvey and McDowell.

The Island team played a steadier game of golf and while all the scores were good, they would have been much lower had the competition been keener. The score cards show that birdies abounded during the play and there were many beautiful shots. This is the first of a series of matches which the Parris Island team has planned, and, judging from today's performance, it should have an excellent season.

RIFLE AND PISTOL MATCHES

FIRED AT QUANTICO JUNE 10-14

The following is a list of matches and medal winners in the annual shoot held at Quantico, Va., June 10 to June 14:

EASTERN DIVISION—RIFLE.

	Score	
1. CHANEY, Raymond D., Pvt.	748	Gold
2. REESE, Stanley O., Pvt.	747	Gold
3. SEILER, Lawrence H., Sgt.	747	Gold
4. WOODS, Paul E., Sgt.	747	Silver
5A. TAVERN, Joseph J., 2nd Lt.	740	Silver
5. GROSS, Frost L., Cpl.	739	Silver
6. SMITH, Frederick W., Cpl.	739	Silver
7. SAMBROSKI, Peter S., Pvt.	736	Silver
8. LAWRENCE, Aldwin B., Cpl.	736	Silver
9A. GILMAN, Frank S., 1st Lt.	736	Bronze
9. HARKER, Kenneth E., Sgt.	734	Bronze
10. PRAEDEL, Lloyd W., Cpl.	734	Bronze
11. TAFT, Paul H., Cpl.	733	Bronze
12. DICKEY, Robert L., Pvt.	732	Bronze
13. EADENS, Alva, Gy.-Sgt.	729	Bronze
14. DOMINIC, John, Pvt.	728	Bronze
15. MUDD, Claud A., Sgt.	727	Bronze
16. JENKINS, William D., Sgt.	727	Bronze

EASTERN DIVISION—PISTOL.

1. PRAEDEL, Lloyd W., Cpl.	494	Gold
2. GROSS, Frost L., Cpl.	488	Silver
3A. DAVIDSON, William W., 1st Lt.	483	Silver
3. CLEMENTS, Brook E., Sgt.	481	Silver
4. LAHME, Paul W., Sgt.	479	Bronze
5. ROBERTS, Sterling P., Sgt.	479	Bronze
6. HANKINS, Joseph F., Sgt.	476	Bronze
7. DICKEY, Robert L., Pvt.	468	Bronze

MARINE CORPS MATCH—RIFLE.

1. DOHERTY, Edward W., Cpl.	754	Gold
2. WAMBO, Richard P., Cpl.	752	Gold
3. BURCH, Joseph A., Sgt.	747	Silver
4. CHANEY, Raymond D., Pvt.	747	Silver
5. MOWELL, Ross B., Pfc.	745	Bronze
6. PRAEDEL, Lloyd W., Cpl.	745	Bronze
7. MARTIN, Fred, Sgt.	743	Bronze
8. GROSS, Frost L., Cpl.	743	Bronze
9. HAMRICK, Frelan S., Cpl.	742	Bronze
10. LAWRENCE, Aldwin B., Cpl.	739	Bronze

MARINE CORPS MATCH—PISTOL.

1. COCHRANE, John C., Cpl.	516	Gold
2. DAVIS, Otis M., Sgt.	502	Silver
3. KING, Harvey R., Sgt.	495	Bronze
4. PRAEDEL, Lloyd W., Cpl.	494	Bronze
5. TIETE, Joseph R., Sgt.	492	Bronze

LAUCHHEIMER TROPHY: First Lieutenant Raymond T. Presnell was awarded the Lauchheimer Trophy for at-

taining the highest aggregate score in the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol competitions. Lieut. Presnell won first place in this match in 1924 and took second place in 1926. The medal winners and their respective scores are as follows:

LAUCHHEIMER TROPHY

1. PRESNELL, Raymond T., 1st Lt.	625.531	Gold
2. WHALING, William J., 1st Lt.	622.824	Silver
3. LIENHARD, Jacob, Captain	620.812	Bronze

ELLIOTT TROPHY TEAM MATCH:

Immediately following the Marine Corps Pistol Competition, the Elliott Trophy Team Match was fired. Ten representative teams from as many posts of the East Coast participated. The team from the Marine Barracks, Parris Island, S. C., won the match with a score of 1530. Parris Island has the enviable record of having won the trophy eight out of the nine times it has been competed for since 1920, the year it was first placed in competition. The score is six points under the record score made by the Quantico team in 1926. The match was exceptionally interesting and was witnessed by spectators prominent in the Marine Corps. Keen competition asserted itself as will be seen in the scores made by 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th place teams. The following named members composed the winning team, showing the scores made by each member at all ranges; also the order in which the other teams finished:

	Slow Fire					Rapid Fire					Total
	600	500	300	200	1000	500	300	200	100	50	
Sgt. Willard Brown	49	50	46	46	45	50	50	50	386		
Gy. Sgt. Stephen J. Zeig	47	50	50	44	46	48	50	49	384		
Cpl. Everett W. Doherty	44	48	48	45	48	48	50	50	381		
Cpl. Richard P. Wambo	48	49	45	45	45	45	50	50	379		
Team total 1530											

2. 1st Brigade, Haiti.....	1490
3. MB, NAS, Guantanamo B., Cuba.....	1489
4. MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.....	1488
5. MB, Quantico, Va.....	1484
6. MB, Washington, D. C.....	1483
7. MB, Norfolk NYd, Norfolk, Va.....	1468
8. MB, USN, Annapolis, Md.....	1455
9. MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.....	1444
10. MB, Newport, R. I.....	1389

FIRST BRIGADE BASKETEERS DOWN M. T. SIGNAL

On Friday night, May 10, Brigade Headquarters defeated M. T. Signal to the tune of 23 to 17 in the local basketball league.

Folks, this is what you would call a real game and both teams played to the limit. It was a little rough, but real basketball from the first peep to the final toot.

M. T. Signal took the lead from the beginning and on through to the second quarter, making it dangerous for Brigade Headquarters. But Rixey and his boys fooled them and came back strong in the second half.

Bunny Head, center for Signal, started the ball rolling by making a basket in the first minute of play. At the end of the first quarter things looked bad for Brigade who were trailing, seven to two. In the second quarter Brigade scored five points and M. T. Signal four.

From the beginning of the second half to the final whistle the Brigade team played some real basketball, scoring six points to their opponents' four. At the finish of the third quarter Brigade was close behind, fifteen to thirteen.

When the whistle blew to begin the fourth quarter things began to happen. Brigade held Signal down to two points while they garnered ten, making the final score twenty-three to seventeen in Brigade's favor.

Entis, R. F., and Head, center, starred for Signal, Head scoring almost half the points for his team by ringing four field goals.

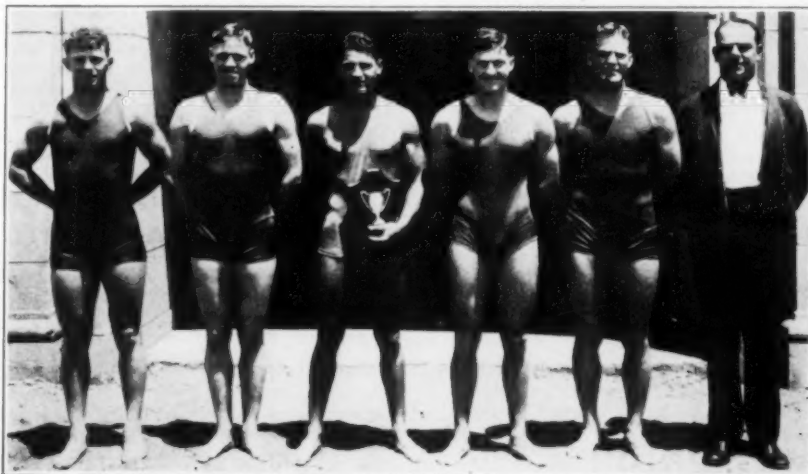
Musgrave was high scorer for Brigade, while Butler, Rixey, and Alexander showed flashy form.

Brigade went through the game without a substitution, and their victory places them at the head of the league by a narrow margin.

M. T. SIGNAL WINS FROM GARDE

M. T. Signal took a fall out of the Garde on May 6th when they trimmed them with a 31-to-20 score.

M. T. Signal took the lead early in the game and kept it all the way through.



SAN DIEGO MARINE SWIMMING TEAM. R. Poppleman, F. Kimball, Utzman, Sonnenberg, Brougner, and Coach Blewett.



SAN DIEGO BASEBALL TEAM. Standing, left to right: Palrang, catcher; Zent, third base; Goldmeyer, first base; Beeson, right field; Rogers, right field; Podries, pitcher; Seaton, pitcher; Lieut. M. Watchman, athletic officer. Second row, left to right: Auby, first base; White, pitcher; Simpson, catcher; Lytton, pitcher; Rose, second base; Kravisky, left field. Front row, left to right: Preston, pitcher; Bauer, center field; Hammond, shortstop; Payne, center field; Palcher, shortstop.

Entis, R. F., for Signal, was star of the performance. He looped seven field goals and one free throw, making fifteen of his club's thirty-one points. Entis is known as "Little Abe," and, really, folks, "Little Abe" knows his basketball.

Sam Freeney, ex-first sacker for the All-Marine baseball team, played right forward for the Garde, and a fine job he did of it, too.

The Garde has been playing some real basketball, beating all teams in the league, but the Signal boys were determined to give them a beating in exchange for the one they received the first time they clashed.

DECORATION DAY FIELD MEET. GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

The Marines at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, held a field and swimming meet, which provided a great deal of interest in the station and quite a little of amusement.

Winners:

Potato Race—1st, Owsley; 2nd, J. W. Ryan; 3rd, Piaskowski.

Baseball Throw—1st, Disco, 272 feet 1 inch; 2nd, Bass, 263 feet 6 inches; 3rd, Cassell, 259 feet.

Three-Legged Race—1st, Duncan and Bergher; 2nd, Ryan and Morrow; 3rd, Cpl. Allen and Engelman.

Wheelbarrow Race—1st, Disco and Passmore; 2nd, Duncan and Bergher; 3rd, Harp and Poff.

100-yard Dash—1st, Cpl. Davis; 2nd, Piaskowski; 3rd, Bergher.

Tug-of-War—Disco, Bass, Crosby, Davis, W. F. Richard, Jay, Ryan, Owsley, Zembrowski.

Swimming Race, 100 yards—1st, Cpl. Jay; 2nd, Pvt. Ryan; 3rd, Pvt. Ball.

Canoe Tilt—Morrow and Campbell.

Swimming Race, 75 yards—1st, Cpl. Ryan; 2nd, Pvt. Ball; 3rd, Cpl. Jay.

Pig Race—Crosby.

All events were held at McCalla Hill except the tug-of-war, swimming, and pig race. After the foot races, the con-

testants and spectators went to the swimming dock where they enjoyed many amusing features. However, the pig was not of the ferocious kind and was easily swamped under seventy-five men.

In the evening the best part of the program was held prior to the movies. A pie-eating contest with ten entries furnished much subject of talk by the mess officer, Lieut. Stuart, and Sgt. Saber as to how they could eat so much pie after such a hearty supper. However, after much wallowing and digging, Pvt. Broadway, an inmate of Saber's galley force, led the field. After the pie race, there was a flour-can race for silver dollars in which ten more contestants strived for the dollar hid in the can. There was only one dollar to a can, but several of the contestants thought they were being fooled and that there were more than one, so after retrieving the one dollar kept after the flour trying to find more—there ain't no more.

After the flour race, Major Adams, our genial storekeeper and company commander, gave us a flowery speech (on a floury stand) and presented with witty remarks the several prize winners with their hard-earned prizes. It was a hectic day, as the officials will testify.

BASEBALL

By Don Haislet

The above photo, showing the San Diego Marine baseball club of 1929, was taken at the San Diego base June 1. The club has had a successful season in practice games played thus far, in which they have met some of the outstanding high school and service teams of the San Diego territory. Lieut. Barney Watchman, who returned March 8 from Tientsin, China, where he served as athletic officer, is acting in that capacity at San Diego at present, and is confining most of his efforts to baseball.

The club has been crippled since the picture was taken by the loss of Auby, Preston and Seaton, who have been

transferred to Quantico for baseball, but nevertheless the Marine club entered the service league which started in the 11th Naval District June 15, with prospects of finishing well up in the order. Most of the club played in the China league last year, although Palrang recently returned from Nicaragua, and Beeson, who leads the batting order with a percentage of 402, came to the athletic detachment from the recruit depot.

MARINE FIGHTERS STEP LIVELY IN MONTHLY SMOKERS AT CAVITE

The following card was clipped from one of the recent numbers of Bamboo Breezes, newspaper of the Sixteenth Naval District:

Morgan, of the Marine Barracks, and Kowski of the 31st Infantry, fought the main event with Morgan winning by a technical knockout in the fourth round. Kowski took the count of nine, three times in the third round, and once in the fourth, when his seconds threw in the towel. Kowski certainly deserves lots of credit for his attempt, but just couldn't bring about the necessary punches to make it hard for Morgan to win.

The semi-final was fought between DeVouch, of the U. S. S. "S-37," and Koger of Los Banos. DeVouch won this bout by a technical knockout in the third round, after Koger had taken the count of nine twice in the second.

The special event was fought between Huerta, of Cavite, and Rivo, of Camp Stotsenburg, who is the Army and Navy flyweight champion. This bout was one of the best bouts of the evening and these boys certainly threw the leather at each other from beginning to end. Huerta won the decision after six rounds of some of the hardest fighting that he has ever had to do.

The main preliminary was fought between Price, of the Marine Barracks, and Flash McGill, of Fort Mills. McGill won the decision after six rounds of hard fighting. McGill floored Price once in the first round, and once in the sixth. This gave him the decision by a large margin. Price is more or less of a beginner in the fight game and showed some good material for a first rate fighter and we hope to see him in action again soon.

The first preliminary was fought between Kid Isaacs, of the 31st Infantry, and Premero, of the U. S. S. "Wompatuck." This was another good fight of the evening, for these boys began mixing it up at the beginning of the first round and continued to the final bell of the last round. Premero won the fight by a large margin and laid Kid Isaacs out for inspection in the fourth round, with the bell saving him from getting knocked out for the count.

The second preliminary was fought between Studdert, of the Marine Barracks, and Hallsman, of the U. S. S. "Jason." Studdert won this bout by a technical knockout in the third round, due to the fact that Hallsman admitted that he had received enough leather for the evening. This was Studdert's first fight in the ring and he showed the makings of a first rate fighter and it is hoped that he will continue the good work.

The third preliminary was fought by Halili, the barefooted boy of the U. S. S. "Avocet," and Acayabyab, of the "Gene-see." These boys put up a good fight, with Acayabyab winning the decision.

THIRD MONTHLY SMOKER AT QUANTICO

On Wednesday evening, June 12th, 1929, the third of a series of monthly smokers was held at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. Some fast scrappy bouts were listed, and in addition, in accordance with our Athletic Officer's policy of providing outside talent, the Carroll Sisters of Washington, D. C., appeared twice in novel dance offerings.

Private Konopa, of the Headquarters Company, 1st Regt., greatly pleased the large audience with popular songs.

The first bout was a four-round affair between Private Beauchamp, Service Company, 1st Regt., at 135 lbs., and Private Drewes, Aircraft Squadrons, at 135 lbs. Beauchamp won in the second round with a KAYO, which was as it should have been, he having put over a KAYO on Drewes in their previous bout on 16th May, 1929. Drewes, it appears to the writer, is possessed of a glass jaw.

In the second of the four-round affairs, Private Carter of the Signal Battalion, at 150 lbs., and Private Clark of the Aircraft Squadrons, furnished the large crowd with the most spectacular bout of the evening. The judges decided to call it a draw, and a draw it was. Although beginners, both men fought hard and well.

The third and last of the four-round bouts resulted in a KAYO by Kelly of the Barracks Detachment, over Rajak of the 10th Regt., both at 165 lbs. Kelly is a man who will be heard from again, as he possesses a wicked punch.

The best bout of the evening, the first six-round affair, between Private Melson, Tenth Regt., and Private Grimaldi, Headquarters Company, 1st Regt., resulted in a win for Grimaldi. Both boys were game, but Brimaldi held a slight edge, which Melson could not overcome. These two boys should, if trained to the pink, make an interesting exhibition in a ten-round affair.

The semi-final, with Trumpeter Barr, Tenth Regt., meeting Private Clark, U. S. Infantry, Fort Washington, D. C., showed a real clever boxer. Clark of the Infantry, although unable to knock out Barr, showed as clever an exhibition of boxing as has ever been seen in this camp. Fast, tricky, ability to dodge punches, showing the spectators how a boxer, a real boxer, leaves the ring without showing he has been in a battle.

The final, between Corporal Anderson, Headquarters Company, 1st Regt., and Private Marshan, U. S. Infantry, Fort Washington, D. C., resulted in a win for Anderson. This was a slow bout in all ways, but Anderson should show his stuff in a bout with some real fast-stepping Marine. The soldier was prone to clinch in order to keep from being punished, and slowed things up considerably.

VOLLEYBALL By Don Haislet

One of the outstanding teams of the athletic detachment at the San Diego Marine Base this season is the volleyball squad, which thus far has proven invincible. In 35 games played in a series of service tilts, this squad has been undefeated, and with 15 games left to complete the league, prospects are good for a clean sweep. Unquestionably the champions of the league, the team will estab-

lish a new national Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. record if they remain undefeated.

Sgt. Bottemer, a former basketball star, was one of the pillars of strength who helped establish this record, and Stephens, also a basketball player who won fame in China, has contributed much to the success of the team. These men were paid off during the month of May and their places have been taken by others who are carrying on the good work. This squad's success is one of the high lights of service athletics in the 11th naval district this year.

MARINES AT HAMPTON ROADS WALK AWAY FROM THE NEVADA

With a clear sky overhead the Naval Operating Base Marines took a game away from the U. S. S. "Nevada" on Saturday afternoon, 8th of June. This game was what they called a nip-and-tuck affair all the way through until the 9th when the Marines brought home the winning run.

Hart, first base for the Marines, made three triples and a single. Golden, their pitcher, kept the sailors down. Although many hits were recorded against him he held on as though Sandino were on the outskirts of the field.

McCormack hit a pretty fly to deep center and Hays and Hay tried to converge into a point of perfection and collided with such force that they both were knocked unconscious and time out had to be called until they were brought around again with first aid treatment.

The fans had a good laugh when the players resumed their positions on the field, although at first things looked mighty serious.

The Marines secured one run in the last half of the ninth, thereby winning the game with the final score: Marines 10, Nevada 9.

SHORTS ON SPORTS

Young King Solomon, lightweight, knocked out Pat Foley, Philadelphia's Big Marine, in the third round at Wilmington, Delaware.

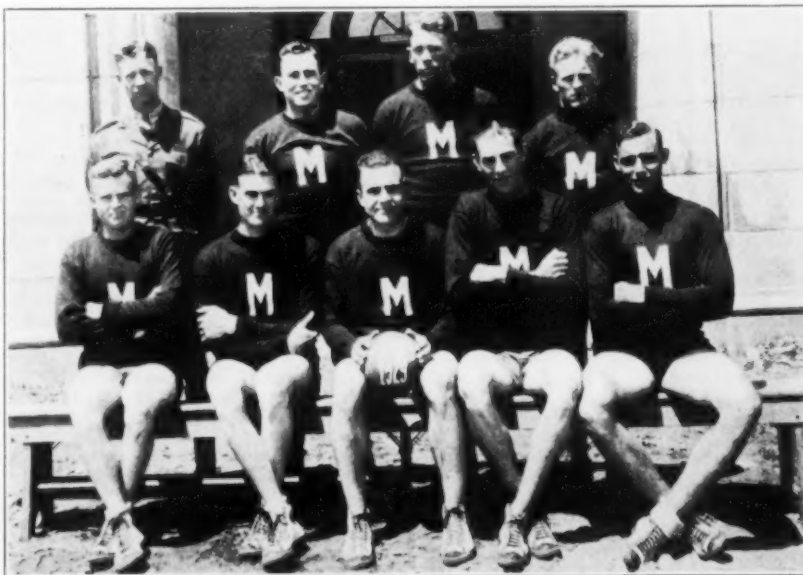
On June 10 Richard Hansen, seventeen-year-old Fresno (Calif.) High School cadet, established a new world's small arms record when he fired 5,000 consecutive bull's eyes in 29 seconds less than 24 hours. Marines who go to Camp Perry this summer will have an opportunity to see this lad do his stuff.

London baseball fans will see fifteen games this season. The London Americans, which includes among its players two from the American Embassy and five from the U. S. Shipping Board, will play teams from the U. S. Battlewagons, University of Tokyo, Meiji University, and Oxford University.

Charley Peterson, who with Jake Schaefer, Sr., was responsible for the game of balkline billiards, once stroked 1,000 points at straight rail in less than five minutes.

Sidney Franklin, a Brooklyn youth, has become a skillful bull fighter while studying art in Mexico. He is probably the only United States born matador in the world.

Young Stribling's present lay-off is the longest of his ring career. In 1922 the Southerner engaged in 56 matches in a single year, which is only four above one for the 52-week course and is considered a record.



SAN DIEGO MARINE VOLLEYBALL SQUAD. Standing, left to right: Lieut. Frank Dailey, McCullers, Johnson, Dashiell. Seated, left to right: Tucker, Walker, Bottemer, Stephens, Glick.

NON-COMS SWAMPED BY PRIVATES AT GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

By Bacardi

The old men were in no shape to battle with the "clod busters," recent acquisitions of the Marine Corps, when the Non-Coms hooked up with the Privates in a seven-game series of baseball. However, they were given a battle by the battle-scarred vets, and dropped the first and fifth games to the Non-Coms. The inability of the old fellows to hit speed was their downfall.

Sespenheide, the genial sergeant, held down center in Speaker fashion with three put-outs in five games, which was three more than Bullock, the rambling ex-mess sergeant, and Saber, the present boss of the kitchen mechanics, could do with about fourteen chances apiece. Incidentally, Bullock showed that the snail is a Paddock compared to him, and that a "ball in the hand is worth a dozen in the air." Slim Reeves held down second, while McGrory, Van Horn and Haakenstad kept the rest of the infield steady. Stimson did the catching, or stopping; but all we can say is "well done thy good and faithful servant—fill up the jug."

Steve Disco, the Polish coal miner from West Virginia, came out of the earth with his subjects, which included the post athlete Kaptur; "Mad" Sam Passmore; "Crusty" Eaton; the fault of the galley, "Swift" Campbell; "Noisy" Cassell, and many other privates of less-known fame; and although they had some good material, nevertheless it was necessary for Disco, Sam Passmore and "Noisy" to bear down to keep in the front. Errors were numerous and fancy, but the winner deserves the prize, which will be handed to the manager of the team, coal-miner Disco, at the next meeting of the Whoopee Club in Caimenera, when they meet to decide on the amount of the subscription to the orphans of the Far Yeast.

Result of the games were as follows:

	Won	Lost
Privates	5	2
Non-Coms	2	5

PEARL HARBOR MARINES PLAYING GOOD BASEBALL

Reports from the Hawaiian Islands seem to indicate that Lieutenant Shapley's Marine squad will be a strong contender for the Sector-Navy baseball championship. The following bulletins have come in during the month:

"Marines won from the Ludlow by a score of 12 to 3, Scott pitched a very fine game."

"The Marine team won from the Sub Base, 5 to 3. Bryan pitched a nice game but the Sub Base seemed to have their hitting clothes on and secured 11 or 12 hits off them, while the Marines made their runs count on hits and errors when needed."

"In a free hitting affair with costly errors on both sides the strong Marine team secured 13 runs while the Ft. Shafter team secured 6. Strum started but was relieved by Scott who held them down while his teammates secured several runs for him. Lee made a debut as pitcher and secured two strike-outs and one or two assists in the last two innings."

"The Pearl Harbor Marines again took the Submarine Base into camp to the tune of 5 to 2."

UTZMAN IS NATIONAL "Y" SWIMMING CHAMPION

By Don Haislet

KENNETH R. UTZMAN, formerly in charge of the service swimming pool at Pearl Harbor, probably is the greatest swimmer ever to participate in service aquatic events at San Diego, according to the San Diego Union of June 2. Utzman won every event in the fifth annual Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Pentathlon swim at San Diego, April 29, at which time he established a new national record for individual points with a total of 2138.

Utzman's time in the various events of the Pentathlon was as follows:

50-yard free-style—25.1 seconds.

100-yard free-style—57.1 seconds.

220-yard free-style—2:37.4.

50-yard back-stroke—34 seconds.

100-yard breast-stroke—1:21.2.

Commenting upon his showing in this event, the San Diego Union said: "Utz-



KENNETH R. UTZMAN

man's margin of victory in the race for individual honors was decisive, the Marine recording 2138 points to Wallace's 1602. Wallace is a member of the Honolulu team. F. Kimball and C. F. Brougner, both of the Marine Corps Base, were third and fifth, respectively. Utzman will receive a gold medal from the New York headquarters of the association. He is one of the best swimmers ever to compete in service aquatic events here."

Swimming is gaining favor among San Diego Marines since the exceptional showing made by Utzman and other members of Coach Johnny Blewett's swimming team, shown in the photograph, page 37. Ray Poppleman, F. Kimball, Utzman, Sonnenberg, Brougner and Coach Blewett are shown with Utzman holding the cup won by him in the Pentathlon. Every day the swimmers are working out, swimming the 600-yard channel between shore and North Island at San Diego. This is in preparation for one of the big events of the season, known as the Silver Gate Swim, sponsored by the San Diego Sun. In view of the past record of this group, it is reasonable to assume that the Leathernecks will take their share of the honors in the Silver Gate Swim June 23.

TOMMY LOUGHRAN COMMENTS ON MARINE CORPS FIGHTERS

The following is part of an article published by the San Francisco Bulletin of May 9, 1929, written by Tommy Loughran, light-heavyweight champion of the world:

"Some friends have written to me from China about the newest sensation out there, a Marine named Private Gover. This man is the featured performer of the International Sporting Club in Shanghai, and has knocked out practically every one he has faced. He stopped young Lippell and Sailor Clayton with a punch each; laid out a crack Filipino named Young Gonzalo in three; and has beaten a couple of tough eggs named Battling Nelson and Pat O'Connor.

"Shanghai is a great breeding ground for fighters. Maybe this Gover will appear in the fight clubs of America when his enlistment is up. Some sweet fighters have come out of the service. It isn't hard to remember Gene Tunney, Tom and Jack Sharkey, Frank Moran, Ad Stone, Bobby Garcia, Bob Martin and a lot more.

"I've been interested in following Gover's work. Perhaps it's because there is always a thrill in distant places and you get a kick out of the Marines, anyway. Perhaps he is a great fighter in embryo. Remember the name, anyway. It may be one you'll hear later."

MARINES DEFEAT CHARLESTON IN GAME AT PARRIS ISLAND

Parris Island, S. C., May 15, 1929.—The Parris Island Marines beat their Charleston foes today by the score of five to three.

The visitors took the lead in the third when Zimmerman walked, Seabrook singled, Lock threw badly to third and both were safe. O'Connor then sacrificed, scoring Zimmerman. They put two more runs to their credit in the fourth when Dukes singled, Jackson got to first on an error, Harris sacrificed, O'Neil was safe, and Dukes and Jackson scored on Levi's error.

The Islanders scored in their half of the same inning when Shelton walked, Lynch was hit by a pitched ball, Innis singled, and Hopkins hit a fielder's choice, scoring Shelton. The local Marines started a rally in the fifth when Levi singled with two away, Sokira hit a two-bagger, scoring Levi, Lock was safe on an error, Sokira and Lock executed a double steal on which Lock was safe at second and Sokira scored, and Lock scored when Shelton singled.

The visitors failed to score during the rest of the game and the locals scored again in the sixth when Hopkins walked, went to second on Acklin's sacrifice, stole third and crossed the home plate on a play which caused a lot of argument because Billingsley bunted down first base line and when O'Connor fielded the ball and threw over his head to the catcher the ball hit Billingsley. The umpire, however, ruled that both men were safe.

Acklin went the whole route for the home team but Reid relieved Seabrook in the box for the visitors at the end of the sixth. Sokira led the hitting with a brace of two baggers out of four trips to the plate. They were the only extra base hits of the game. Acklin pitched a good game and really deserved a shutout.

MARINES SHUT OUT MANHATTAN, 15 TO 0; KIDD STRIKES OUT 9

Star Pitches Until Sixth; Scarlet, Quantico Relief Pitcher, Then Fans Six.

Quantico, Va., May 3.—The Marines defeated Manhattan College for the second time in two days, scoring a shutout victory, 15 to 0. Effective hitting by the Devil Dogs and erratic fielding by the visitors soon put the Marines in the lead, and the steady pitching of Kidd, the Marine ace, and Scarlet, who relieved him in the sixth, kept the visitors from scoring. Kidd fanned nine while Scarlet struck out six of the visitors.

Levey, with four hits in four times at bat, led the Marine attack, and home runs by Lusignan, Young and Gorman also featured.

The score:

Marines.	AB	H	O	A	Manhattan.	AB	H	O	A
Young, rf.	5	1	0	0	Shand, lb.	3	0	14	0
Tolan, 3b, ss	4	3	0	1	Landy, 2b	3	1	4	3
Gorman, cf	5	2	0	0	Noonan, ss	4	0	2	4
O'Neill, 2b	3	2	1	3	A. Burns, c	3	0	1	0
Levey, ss	4	4	2	2	Gunther, rf	4	1	1	0
Kidd, p	3	1	0	2	Brennan, lf	1	0	0	0
Scarlet, p	2	1	0	2	Keck, lf	3	0	0	0
Howell, lf	4	1	0	0	O'Connell, 3b	3	1	0	5
Hart, lb	3	0	7	0	Brady, cf	3	0	2	0
Lusignan, c	4	2	17	2	Florenza, p	3	1	0	3
Munari, 3b	1	0	0	1					
Totals	40	17	27	13	Totals	30	4	24	15

Manhattan 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Marines 2 1 0 7 0 1 0 4 x—15

Two-base hits—O'Neill, Scarlet. Home runs—Dusignan, Young, Gorman. Stolen bases—Gorman, Levey (2), Shand. Sacrifices—Tolan, Hart. Double plays—Kidd, Lusignan and Hart; O'Connell, Landy and Shand. First base on balls—Off Kidd, 2; off Florenza, 2. Hits—Off Kidd, 1 in 5 innings; off Scarlet, 3 in 4 innings. Struck out—By Kidd, 9; by Scarlet, 6; by Florenza, 1. Umpires—Pardy and Busina. Time—2:05.

—Herald Tribune.

UPSET WHEN BRIGADE HEAD-QUARTERS WIN FROM GARDE

By A. J. Martens

The biggest crash of the season occurred when Brigade Headquarters knocked the Garde from their high perch, 21 to 18. The crash was heard all over Haiti. There was also a crash in the Garde's pocketbook. They had been winning all their games, and after defeating Brigade twice, it looked like easy money for the Garde "Investors," but Rixey and his teammates splashed them all over the court.

The game was to decide whether the Garde would win the trophy or whether Brigade would tie them. Well, Brigade won and we are now looking forward to the play-off of the tie, which will tell if Garde wins the trophy or if Brigade will retain it.

The game was attended by one of the largest crowds of the season, and from the looks of things, a still greater one will be on hand to witness the final game, which will be some time in the near future.

Among those who witnessed the Garde's defeat were General J. H. Russell, the American High Commissioner, and many officers of the Marine Corps and the Garde.

Rixey, coach and left forward for Brigade, was star of the evening, caging more than half of his team's points; but it was team-work that made the victory possible. It was a great game in every way.

Garde scored first, and then Rixey tied it when he tossed in two free throws; and no more points were made by either team for the rest of the period. In the second quarter Brigade exhibited some wonderful defensive work while they piled up

thirteen points against their opponents' six, making the score at the end of the first half, Brigade 15, Garde 8.

In the third quarter the Garde managed to outpoint Brigade, and that period ended with Brigade leading 20 to 16.

Both teams were determined to win in the final quarter, but the lead was a little too great for the Garde to overcome, and the game ended with the score only slightly changed, Brigade 21, Garde 18.

WINS BY K.O. AND DECISION ON SAME NIGHT

"China Boy" Pollack knocked out Joe Stickler at Fort Meyer, Virginia, in the first forty-five seconds of their scheduled ten-round bout on May 29th. Stickler, revived, asked for an immediate return, and twenty minutes later they were back



STEPHEN T. POLLACK

in the ring. This bout going the ten rounds to a decision. Pollack won again.

Pollack was recently awarded a silver life saving medal by the Treasury Department for rescuing a shipmate from drowning on May 3, 1927, while he was on duty in China.

HAMPTON ROADS TENPIN BOWLING TOURNAMENT

The teams rolling in the Fourth Annual Hampton Roads Championship Tennis Bowling Tournament showed plenty of class. The Base Marine team rolled a high three-game total of 2531 pins to capture second place, and each member of the team was awarded a special silver medal.

Mardovich of the Base Marines, the first to roll in the singles and who held the lead for over two weeks, finished up in fourth place. Mardovich rolled the highest game total of the tournament, 631 pins to take the gold medal. In the all-events for the highest pin fall for the nine games rolled, Mardovich set a new record for tournament bowling, which will hold good for many years. His total of 1755 was 105 pins more than second place and he rolled the best games that have ever been seen on the Navy "Y" alleys.

The duckpin tournament is now in progress. Most of the service teams are entered, and early indications point to success which will make civilian bowlers sit up and take notice.

MARINES SCORE TWICE IN 9TH TO BEAT U. VA., 5-4

Deer, Pinch-Hitting, Drives In Tying and Deciding Runs.

Quantico, Va., May 10.—West Virginia University lost to the Marines in a ninth-inning rally this afternoon, 5 to 4. The Marines scored two runs after West Virginia had gone into the lead in the ninth. Smith, who had relieved Young on the mound in the fifth, led off with a single to left, and Gwinn, who had pitched good ball up to that time, weakened. Levey drew a base on balls, and Derr, batting for Lusignan, slashed a hit to left, scoring Smith with the tying and Levey with the winning runs.

The Marines fielded well, while West Virginia had a perfect day on the defense.

The score:

Marines.	AB	H	O	A	W. Virginia.	AB	H	O	A
Munari, 2b	4	0	4	4	G. Harrick, ss	2	0	2	3
Hart, lb	4	1	7	1	Morris, lb	4	0	11	0
Gorman, cf	3	2	1	2	Vacherese, 2b	5	3	1	3
Howell, lf	4	1	2	1	W. Harrick, lf	5	1	3	0
Young, p	2	1	0	1	Larue, 3b	3	2	1	0
Smith, p	2	1	0	2	Wolfe, c	3	2	3	3
Levey, ss	3	0	2	6	Jackson, rf	4	1	2	0
Gatewood, rf	3	2	0	0	Sanzen, cf	4	0	3	0
Freeman, rf	0	0	0	0	Gwinn, p	4	0	1	0
Lusignan, c	2	0	8	1					
Tolan, 3b	3	0	3	2	Totals	34	9	27	9
*Deer	1	1	0	0					
Totals	31	9	27	20					

*Batted for Lusignan in ninth inning.

Marines 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 2—5
West Virginia 2 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1—4

Two-base hit—Gorman. Three-base hit—Larue. Stolen bases—Gorman, Freeman, Levey. Sacrifices—Freeman, Morris. Double play—Gwinn, Wolfe and Larue. First base on balls—Off Young, 2; off Smith, 1; off Gwinn, 3. Hits—Off Young, 4 in 4 innings; off Smith, 5 in 5 innings. Hit by pitched ball—By Young (W. Harrick); by Smith (G. Harrick). Wild pitches—Young (2). Winning pitcher—Smith. Umpires—Purdy and Bussins. Time—1:45.—Herald Tribune.

N. O. B. NINE VICTORS OVER SCHOOLS AT HAMPTON ROADS

On Tuesday, June 11th, the Marines of the Naval Operating Base put a crimp in the Service Schools by winning 6 to 5. This was a close fast game and if the boys from the schools would keep their eyes on those errors they would come through on the winners' end. The Marines got nine hits, while the schools obtained 12. There was a pretty double play pulled by the Marines that surprised the students.

Mason made a pretty catch out in the right field garden and it saved a home run being made by the Marines.

Beacon pitched a nice game for the Students but had too many errors in the field to contend with.

McCormack for the Marines brought in a run and made a pretty hit. Scarlet had 7 strikeouts to his credit after the final tally. Hart made a 3-base hit that looked like a homer for a few minutes but the Students recovered the ball in time to hold him at third base.

Welcher of the Service Schools was hit by a pitched ball and Cloys took his place as runner, in the fourth.

League Standing, June 14, 1929

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Rec. Bks.	3	1	.750
Air Sta.	3	1	.750
Nav. Hos.	3	1	.750
N. O. B. Marines	2	2	.500
Arizona	2	2	.500
N. Y. Marines	2	2	.500
Ser. Schools	1	3	.250
Nevada	0	4	.000

Another Second Regiment Smoker Held For Marines at Port au Prince, Haiti

By A. J. Martens

The smoker consisted of seven three-round bouts, three minutes to each round, and one minute rest between rounds.

First bout: Between Stiff, 125½ lbs., from Regiment, and Parker, 132 lbs., from Brigade Headquarters. Round one: Stiff, leading with a hard right to Parker's jaw; Parker coming back with a nice uppercut, raising Stiff about six inches off the floor; Stiff, coming back with some real hard punches, opened a cut over Parker's left eye. Stiff's round. Round two: Both fighters opening round with a fast exchange of blows; Stiff flooring Parker; later Stiff hitting Parker while he was still down. Parker winning by a foul.

Second bout: Between Booze Gwartney, 142 lbs., from Regiment, and Kidd Brown, 150 lbs., from Brigade Headquarters. Round one: Fight started off like it was going to be a good one; Brown landing a lucky punch to Gwartney's jaw, flooring Gwartney for the count of eight; Gwartney, coming back, ran into a wild punch, taking the count. Brown won by a knockout. Time, one minute forty seconds.

Third bout: Between the two heavyweights of the evening and known as the most comic fight of the evening. Feldbrugge, 177½ lbs., and Meldin, 177 lbs., both men from Brigade Headquarters. Round one: Feldbrugge landing a hard right to Meldin's heart, flooring Meldin; Meldin coming back with some real hard punches, both fighters putting all they had in their punches; Meldin receives a hard right to the jaw and is again floored. Feldbrugge's round. Round two: Meldin opening round with a hard right to Feldbrugge's jaw; Feldbrugge, coming back, floored Meldin twice for the count of three and five. Feldbrugge's round. Round three: Feldbrugge wins by a technical knockout. Round lasted twenty-four seconds.

Fourth bout: Between Ford, 137 lbs., from Regiment, and Suydam, 139 lbs., Brigade Headquarters. Round one: Ford leading; later Suydam forces his man to the ropes; looked like a real knockout for Suydam, but Suydam lets his man get away from him. Suydam's round. Round two: Both fighters exchanging some hard blows to face and body; Suydam leading, rushing his man. Again Suydam has a chance for a knockout, but don't use it; Ford slips to the floor; coming immediately to his feet, rushing Suydam hard; Suydam tiring. Round a draw. Round three: Both fighters enter round determined to win by a knockout; Ford, doing some real hard fighting, rushes his man almost off his feet, landing some nice blows to Suydam's face and body; Suydam coming back, does the same to Ford. Ford's round on points. Ford, having more experience, fight goes to him by decision.

Fifth bout: Between Bull Nitson, 157 lbs., the boy wonder of the Regiment, and Young Boroski, 152½ lbs., from Brigade Signal. Round one: Nitson leading with a one-two to Boroski's jaw; both fighters doing some wonderful boxing, but Nitson, with more experience, is the best man, but Boroski gives him a good

round. Nitson's round. Round two: Nitson coming in fast looking for an easy knockout; landing some wonderful one-two's to Boroski's face and body; Boroski forcing Nitson to the ropes and landing some beautes to Nitson's jaw. Round draw. Round three: Nitson and Boroski exchanging some hard blows throughout round; Boroski tiring and Nitson leading round on points. Bout goes to Nitson, referee's decision.

Sixth bout: Between Billert, 138 lbs., and Sances, 141 lbs., both men from Brigade Headquarters. Round one: Sances sends Billert through ropes with a lucky punch; as Billert comes through ropes, Sances lands a hard to jaw; Billert taking count of nine; Billert coming back; meets Sances' rush and is floored for final count, Sances winning by a knockout. Billert entered ring over-worked and over-trained, but showed real spunk and we all hope that should he have a return bout with Sances, he will win.

Seventh and final bout: Between Sendus-Home Saseadek, 144 lbs., from Brigade Headquarters, and Kid Mayer, 145 lbs., from Regiment. Round one: Both fighters leading some real fast one-two's to each others face and body; showing the fight fans some real fighting. Round ends in a draw with nothing exciting happening. Round two: Both fighters again opening round with some fast exchanges of blows; near end of round, both fighters tiring; Mayer getting some real nice blows in. Mayer's round on points. Round three: Some fast and furious fighting during round; both fighters looking to win bout, but nothing exciting happens and both fighters tiring. Round ends in a draw, also fight ending in a draw; fight to go one more round. Round four: Mayer coming in with lots of pep; where he got it we don't know. Maybe his seconds gave him a shot, but anyway he had it and sure thought that he was going to put Saseadek away, but we do know that you will have to use a 37 machine gun to hurt Saseadek. Anyway, Mayer wins the fight by out-pointing Saseadek in this round. Saseadek, throughout the fight, has a fine time wise-cracking to Mayer.

That's all! Referee: Tommy Grant, ex-welterweight champ on the Atlantic Coast during his time in the service. Announcer: Dear old Pop Watson. Hy there! Old Pop! Timer: Chaplain Regan. The Chaplain is also timer for the basketball league. Judges: Yes, we had two of them. They are Mr. McCubbins and Mr. Darby.

Some extra attraction added for the smoker: Pop Watson and his famous five-man quintette, gave us a song between the fourth and fifth bouts; in other words, they threw their voices at the fight fans. The song had something to do with Old Kentucky and received splendid applause. We don't know whether the applause was for them to quit or give us more. Well, they gave us more and made us suffer for another few minutes. Some of the distinguished guests were the Brigade Commander and Regimental Commander and the Commandant of the Garde d'Haiti, General Evans.

SHORTS ON SPORTS

Vallejo, Calif., May 23.—Marine Roy Alexander of Mare Island fought a draw with Leo Lubrico of Oakland; four-round bout; featherweights.

Oakland, Calif., May 29.—Marine Bobby Roberts of the Mare Island Marines won a six-round decision over Johnny Ramos, a tough Mexican boy, from Oakland, Calif. Middleweights.

Managua, Nicaragua.—Sgt. Jimmy Young of Cleveland, Ohio, light-heavyweight boxer, is now in Nicaragua. Jimmy was a sparring partner for Johnny Risko a few years ago, so he left his home town again when he saw the Leathernecks going to do battle again in China and Nicaragua. Jimmy says Sandino was advertising for generals; thirty dollars a month and funeral expenses.

Vallejo, Calif.—Ray Spiker, 205-lb. boxer of Mare Island, Marine Barracks, knocked out Tony Bargardue of San Francisco in the second round of a ten-round bout at the arena here.

The following clippings were taken from different newspapers in the city of San Francisco:

"Jack Lewis, Dolph Thomas' heavy-weight protege, who has won his only three bouts by knockouts, all in the first round, meets Ray Spiker of Vallejo in the six-round special event."

"Dolph Thomas reports that Jack Lewis, heavyweight sensation, will not be available for two or three weeks. . . Lewis hurt his right hand knocking out six opponents in succession, five in the first round and the other in the second. . ."

Jack Lewis, heavyweight boxer of the Bay Cities and his foxy manager, Dolph Thomas, side-stepped the big Marine. Thomas would not risk his protege's record against the fighting Leatherneck for fear of getting it a little colored. Spiker is now a member of the Marine Guard, U. S. S. "Lexington," San Pedro, Calif., and will be seen in and around the rings and boxing circles of Los Angeles, Calif.

Vallejo, Calif., May 10.—Ray Spiker defeated Arthur Titus, Oakland heavyweight, by a technical knockout in the third round of their ten-round main event here last night. Jack Moffatt and Bobby Roberts boxed a six-round draw. Buddy Campbell stopped Billy Blackwood in the second round. Spiker, Roberts and Blackwood are Marines from Mare Island Navy Yard. The main event was to go ten rounds, but the 205-lb. Leatherneck cut it short. Spiker is now a member of the Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Lexington," and should take the All-Navy heavyweight boxing championship this year. Spiker won all his bouts last year in the elimination contests held in the Orient and Far East for the right to meet the heavyweight boxing champion of the Asiatic Fleet, Sailor Tiny De-Boldt, U. S. S. "Pittsburgh," flagship. Spiker fought the sailor on board the

flagship and lost the decision. Spiker served honorably in the U. S. Army and U. S. Navy, and is now on his second cruise in the U. S. Marines.

Vancouver, Wash., May 2.—A six-man Marine team shot its way to the open rifle championship of Washington at Camp Bonneville near here today. The Marines shot 1,386, while Washington State Rifle Association scored 1,382.

On June 16, after 78 days of plodding over 3,635 miles of pavements, deserts, and mountains, nineteen runners completed in C. C. Pyle's "Bunion Derby." Johnny Salo, flying cop of Passaic, N. J., came from behind in a stirring finish to win by about three minutes from Pete Gavuzzi of England. The winner's time was 525 hours 57 minutes and 20 seconds; he is to get \$25,000 for his efforts.

Vallejo, Calif., May 23.—Marine Raabe of the Mare Island Navy Yard Marines knocked out George Silas of San Francisco in the second round of a four-round bout. Lightweight.

Vallejo, Calif., May 23.—Johnny Ramos of Oakland knocked out Marine Audit of the Naval Ammunition Depot, Mare Island, in the second round of a six-round bout. Middleweights.

Madison Square Garden, which has housed everything from a championship boxing match to a poultry show, has just been treated to a six-day international roller skating race—a new racket said to have been started by Joie Ray, famous Illinois miler.

The actual speed record for seaplanes set by Lieutenant William G. Tomlinson, U. S. N., in the Curtiss Trophy Race has been placed by the National Aeronautical Association at 162.52 miles.

At an American Legion smoker held in Pensacola, Kid Powell (Marine lightweight) met and decisively beat Al Shaw from Fort Barrancas in what would have been a four-round affair had not Shaw's handlers tossed in the old white rag.

Phil Edwards of N. Y. U. shattered Ted Meredith's record of 14 years' standing in the half-mile at the Intercollegiate games in Philadelphia. He did the 880 in 1 minute 52 1/5 seconds.

Midshipman William J. Gailraith, holder of the intercollegiate and world record for climbing the 20-foot rope, which he did in four and two-fifths seconds, bettered the world record for the 25-foot climb at the Naval Academy on March 19. His time was six and one-fifth seconds.

In the University of Chicago's inter-scholastic meet on June 1, Jack Keller smashed the world mark in the 220-yard low hurdles by scissoring his way over the barriers in 0.24.

On June 8 George Simpson of Ohio State streaked down the 100-yard stretch in the national collegiate track and field meet in Chicago in 9 2/5 seconds, clipping one-fifth second from the officially recognized world's mark.

Parris Island Baseball Team Scores in Win Streak Against Southern Nines

By DICK LUSTIG

Parris Island, S. C., May 4, 1929.—Georgia State Normal appeared here today, the Marines being on the heavy end of a two-to-one score at the finish.

The visitors took the lead in the first inning when Barnes singled, Black sacrificed him to second, and Rountree singled, scoring Barnes. Both teams played nice ball then until the sixth inning when the Marines took advantage of a break and scored two runs. Hopkins walked, Sokira sacrificed him to second, Lock singled and Hopkins came home. Baker fielded Lock's single and threw home, but Dugger intercepted the ball and threw to second in an attempt to catch Lock stealing. His throw was over Hagen's head and Black caught the ball and threw to third trying to catch Lock who was going down. Black's throw was wild and Lock scored the winning run.

Except for the two innings in which there was scoring both teams gave their pitchers excellent support and both pitchers hurled unusual games. Dugger, for the visitors, allowed only three hits, struck out six and walked one. Acklin, the Marine hurler, allowed four hits, struck out five and walked one. Neither pitcher allowed an extra base hit. The Marines made two errors against six for their opponents.

Rountree, of the visitors, led the batting with two singles out of four times at bat. Black made a beautiful catch of Billingsley's long, hard drive over second and thereby robbed him of a hit.

CITADEL SCALPED AGAIN BY P. I.

April 27, 1929.—Citadel made a desperate attempt to overcome yesterday's defeat, but the Sea Soldiers took them in to the tune of 4 to 2. Whitaker, a graduate from Citadel in the class of '21, and now a first lieutenant in the Marine Corps, pitched against his Alma Mater and offered only five hits. Livingston, the Citadel moundman, was almost as stingy, giving his opponents only seven scattered singles. Each pitcher fanned four men.

COAST GUARD LOSE TO MARINES

Parris Island, S. C., May 1, 1929.—The Marines won a heart-breaking game from the Coast Guard here today by the score of four to three.

The Coast Guardsmen started with a rush in the first inning when Meska hit a high fly to Innis, who misjudged it and allowed him to get safe at third. Havens singled and scored Meska, but died at third when the next three went out. In the third inning they decided to take the game well in hand and scored twice more when Meska singled, Havens sacrificed, and Burke hit a three bagger, scoring Meska. Michot sacrificed and beat it out while Burke scored. Belknap hit into a double play, Levi to Lock to Shelton and the side was retired.

In the seventh the Post Band started agitating for a rally and so perturbed Allen that he burned one across to Lock who hit it for a three bagger. Sokira made a sacrifice hit, scoring Lock, went

to third on Shelton's two bagger, and scored when he was caught between third and home and Michot dropped the ball.

Shelton scored the tying run when Hopkins, pinch hitting for Spillars, hit a two bagger, but Hopkins died on base when McGowan flied out to Jeffries.

In the eighth Billingsley walked, stole second, went to third on Innis' sacrifice, and scored on Michot's passed ball.

McGowan, who relieved Wagner in the third, got credit for the win.

IN TIE WITH GEORGIA NORMAL

Parris Island, S. C., May 3, 1929.—Georgia State Normal and the Parris Island Marines played a four-four tie here today in a most peculiar way.

Umpire Baldwin called the game at the end of the twelfth inning because of darkness. The entire affair was a veritable comedy of errors. The base running in places was comical. The play was always interesting though somewhat irregular. Whitaker, for the Marines, pitched nine excellent innings and was relieved in the tenth by Wheeler, who was hit by a pitched ball in the same inning and was in turn relieved by McGowan, who pitched the last two innings. Wilson went the entire twelve innings for the Teachers and pitched a beautiful game.

The Marines were handicapped by injuries to three players. Lock was hit by a batted ball in the second inning and, though badly hurt, was able to resume play. Innis, centerfielder, was hit by a thrown ball while attempting to steal third and was removed from the game. Wheeler was hit by a pitched ball and was sent to the hospital.

The visitors outhit the Marines twelve to eleven and the Marines made eight errors to three for Normal.

Because of the peculiar nature of the game there was much room for argument, but both teams acted in a sportsmanlike manner.

MARINES TROUNCE FT. MOULTRIE

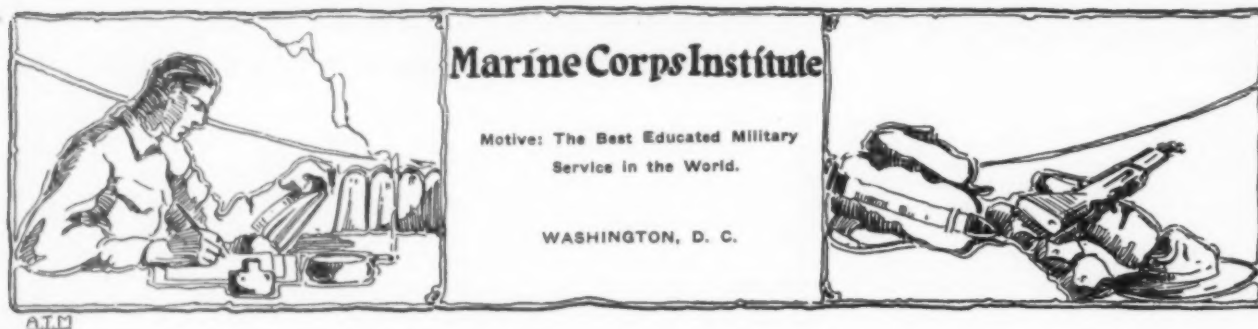
Parris Island, S. C., May 18, 1929.—The Parris Island Marines beat the Fort Moultrie team here today rather badly, the final score being twelve to five.

Several members of the Moultrie team were absent and they expect to put up a much better fight tomorrow when the two teams play and have a full complement of regulars.

Wheeler, heaving the pill for the Marines, went the whole route and did it well, even though at times the support was not very strong. He allowed only seven hits, walked two and struck out four. He allowed only two extra base hits, one of which was the first ball pitched; Hydriek walked to the plate and lined out a three-bagger and scored when Doherty sacrificed.

Rogers found himself in difficulty in the seventh when the first two men at bat hit two baggers and Watson, who was at first, came to his relief but was unable to hold the Marines. In the

(Continued on page 50)



Monthly Report for May, 1929

Total number individuals enrolled	5,577
Total number enrolled since last report	307
Total number disenrolled since last report	122
Number examination papers received during period	3,104
Total number graduates to date	4,189

Increased Scope of Examination for Appointment as Second Lieutenant from the Ranks

In accordance with a recent decision of the Major General Commandant, the scope of the examination for appointment as Second Lieutenant from the ranks of the Marine Corps has been increased, and for the year beginning July 1, 1930, the examination will consist of the following subjects:

United States History.
English Grammar and Composition.
General History.
Geography.
Algebra, Higher (Quadratics and beyond).
Geometry, plane and solid.
Trigonometry, plane and spherical.
Physics, elementary.

The scope of the examination will again be increased for the year beginning July 1, 1931, and one of the following subjects

will be added to those listed in the preceding paragraph, the choice of the subject to be optional with the candidate:

Calculus (to include differential and integral calculus).
Electricity.

For the year beginning July 1, 1932, and for succeeding years, two subjects will be added to those prescribed in the first paragraph, to be chosen by the candidate from the following:

Calculus (to include Differential and Integral Calculus).
Electricity.
English and American Literature.

The Second Lieutenant's Preparatory course offered by the Marine Corps Institute is being revised to meet the above requirements, and will soon be available to those interested. Enrollments in the new Second Lieutenant's Preparatory course will be limited to those men who are, in the opinion of their commanding officer, possessed of sufficient educational qualification to pursue it to a successful conclusion.

Enroll for That Course Today! Just Fill in the Blank Below!

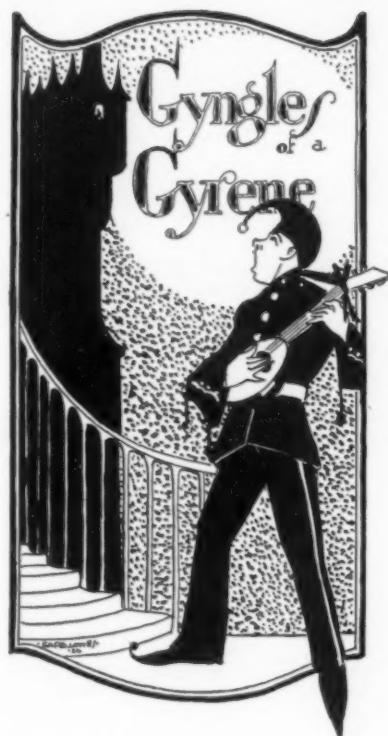
The Marine Corps Institute offers a selection of 233 academic and vocational courses containing the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain. The average cost of these courses if taken by a civilian with a correspondence school would be One Hundred Fifty (\$150.00) Dollars. **THEY ARE GIVEN FREE TO ALL MARINES.**

Ask your school officer for a catalogue, select a course in which you are interested and then fill out the attached slip and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I DESIRE TO ENROLL IN THE..... COURSE.

..... Rank Name Organization Place



THE WINNER

This poem is clipped from a service publication, which failed to note the author's name. It's worth while, for every man wants to be a winner, and this poem tells a bit about how to become one, and tells it in language anyone can understand.

The cove who never kids himself,
Who looks at facts without a frown,
Who knows that life is full of knots,
And not a bed of eiderdown—
Who does his stuff against the breaks,
Unmindful of the yapping throng,
With little time for alibis—
Will get along.

The cove who knows the uphill road
Is better training for the fray
Than sliding into quick renown
Along the somewhat softer way—
Who throws self-pity to the gales
And knows that life is mostly fight.
Who chirps, "What of it?" in defeat—
Will do all right.

The bloke who knows the world is rough,
And not a clover bed of rest;
Who takes his fortune as it comes
And promptly counters with his best—
Who slogs along through fogs of doubt,
Fear, pain and envy and despair,
With clear eyes fixed upon the goal—
Will get somewhere.

The bloke who chucks aside pretense
And stands four-square with what he
has,
Who still can take a sock or two,
Nor crumble up before the razz—
Who doesn't sour on the scrap
Because his luck is badly frayed,
But plays the game out to the turn—
Will make the grade.

ODE TO NICARAGUA

By Gordon H. Merwin

Nicaragua! Land of wetness;
Guarro, bums and revolutions,
Where trails compose the highways,
With ungodly convolutions.
Land of fever, insects, reptiles;
Land of hunger, want, and exiles,
Where sunshine is a mystery,
Land of rain!

The rain in Nicaragua, like the ice upon
the poles,
Is ever present,
Filling rivers, lakes, and holes.
And the slightest, casual showers,
Last for many weary hours;
Where mosquitoes are abundant,
Life is monotonous and redundant,
In the rain!

All the people of the nation,
Comprise the floating population;
The rivers have no banks,
And the food is kept in tanks,
That the mighty inundation,
Should not cause complete starvation,
By the rain!

And the food of Nicaragua,
Rice and beans, topped off with agua,
Even it is always soggy,
Where the day is mostly foggy;
The nights that boast a moon,
Look like sulphur in a spoon,
At the bottom of an ocean—
Of a vast and mighty ocean,
Misted with rain!

Where bananas grow in mud,
Every other stem a dud,
And the few that grow and bear,
Have a finger here and there;
Then the Jefes wild with glee,
Call for all to come and see,
That they have some fine bananas,
In the land of wet mananas,
Soaked with rain!

"IN THE CROWD"

By Lacy Richardson

Such a crowd as I did meet
As I passed down the street,
'Twas East Forty-second, New York,
And I stepped from the throng
As it plunged heedless on
To an alleyway lonely and dark.

There I saw in the crowd
Both the humble and proud,
Weak men, and men of the plain;
All nations and tongues
From the noble to bums
With a traffic cop guiding the train.

Then I saw here and there
Some actions so queer,
Some drunk from the drugs of distress;
And I centered my gaze,
Struck mute in amaze,
On Life's unfortunate guests.

'Twas a cold winter night
But the crowd in its plight
Moved hither and thither so deft;
And I saw through the days
This world in its ways
Each man as a man to himself.

'Tis a fight to the end
Both women and men,
Yea, even the barefoot boy;
Some take, some give,
All struggle to live,
In the crowd of sorrow and joy.

THE SERGEANT'S LAMENT

By F. S. Saunders

A-sweating and a-sweating, with his
temper mounting high;
A grim determination and a wild look in
his eye.
For drilling awkward rookies was the
sergeant's daily grind;
His patience now exhausted he spoke
freely of his mind.

"A set of wooden soldiers once I owned
when but a lad;
I lost them somewhere later and this
made me very sad.
My mother then consoled me, saying:
'Son, now never mind,
Your mislaid wooden soldiers probably
you'll sometime find.'"

The sergeant wiped his forehead and he
hitched his belt up tight;
His lantern jaw thrust outward—his ap-
pearance one of fight.
"My missing wooden soldiers I have
found them every one,
They're standing right before me, every
living mother's son."

WARRIORS OF THE PEN

By C. A. B. Spencer

The pen is mightier than the sword;
And folks say this is true.
But if it is, I ask you now,
What can we soldiers do?

We'd have to melt our bayonets
And fashion pens, a shame!
For what would the poor sergeant do
Who cannot spell his name?

We'd have to shave our rifle stocks
And carve out wooden quills.
Now, would the people pay a tax
For fountain pen refills?

They'd tear away our rifle range,
Oh, what a fate. And think!
While kneeling on our blotter pads,
We'd squirt the butts with ink.

And when we went to war, we'd be
A million writing men.
And after every squirt we'd fire
We'd fill our bloomin' pen.

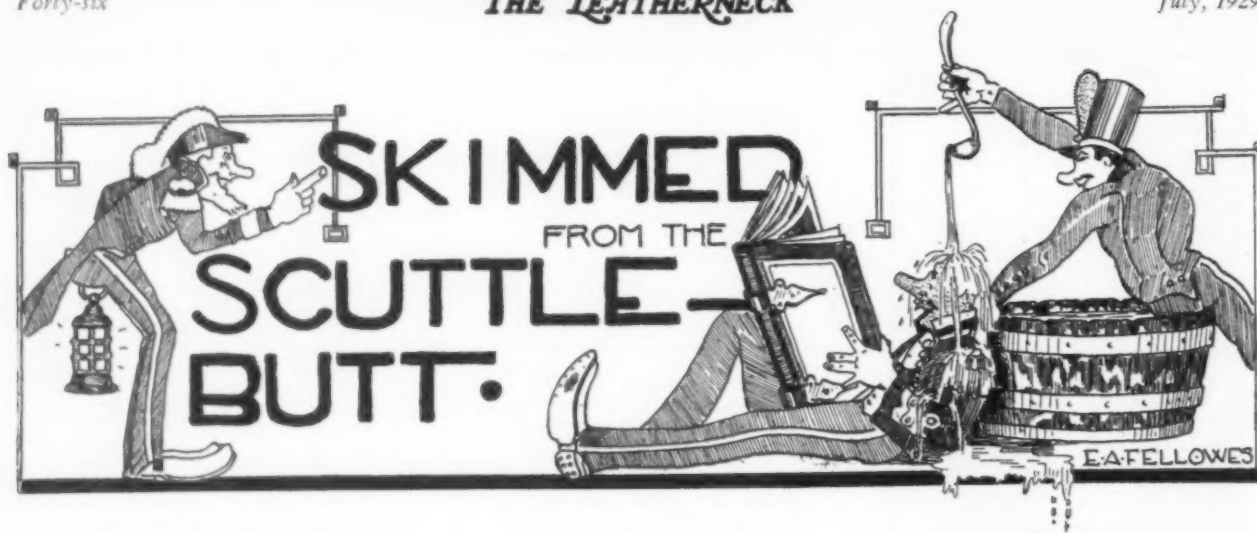
Now, what's a passing shell or two
As they go whistling by?
But what an awful thing would be
An ink squirt in the eye!

Oh, give us back our trusty gun,
Our bayonet and gat.
For if we use the fighting pen,
We won't know where we're at.

Let's take the foolish manuscript
Of such a foolish rime,
And with a fountain pen, we'll scratch
It from the sands of Time.

SALE OF A MASTERPIECE

It's written in boyish fashion,
A simple and childish scroll;
I wrote it when wild with passion
And in it I wrote my soul.
I gave not a thought to diction,
I gave not a thought to gold,
Nor if it were truth or fiction,
And now it's about to be sold.
For Commerce is e'er the destroyer
Of Art—and my fate I can see,
For she took it 'round to her lawyer—
And the guy who will buy it is me.
—Paul McCrea in Life.



SO IT'S COME TO THIS!

"Gus," said Bill, as he caught up with him on the way back to camp, "are all the rest of the boys out of the woods yet?"

"Yes," said Gus.

"All six of them?"

"Yes; all six of them."

"And they're all safe?"

"Yep," answered Gus; "they're all safe."

"Then," said Bill, his chest swelling; "I've shot a deer."

—Printer's Ink Monthly.

A Scot thrust himself into a dinner-party. At the end he was heard, to the astonishment of all, to call for the bill. It was presented to him and, blushing and embarrassed, he paid it. Next day the newspapers printed a story headed: "Scotchman Bumps Off Ventriloquist."

—Chow Call.

Rastus—"Say, bo, what all is tact?"

Sambo—"Well, iffen yo tells Liza that time stops when yo all look into her eyes, dat's tact; but iffen yo all says 'Liza, yo face would stop a clock,' dat's yo tuff luck."—T. S. News.

Conductor—"Can't you see the sign, 'No Smoking'?"

Sailor—"Sure, mate, that's plain enough. But there are so many dippy signs here. One says, 'Wear Brown's Corsets.' So I ain't payin' attention at any of them!"—Azuride.

Eggwort: "At last I've discovered what they do with the holes in dough-nuts."

Oscar: "What?"

Eggwort: "They use them to stuff macaroni with."—Jester.

A father took his little boy, Billy, to the park, and there the youngster saw a stork among other interesting exhibits. The boy seemed to be greatly interested in the stork, and looked at him as long as he could. Then, turning to his father, he said disappointedly: "Daddy, he never recognized me."—Children.

HE RUNS HIS BUSINESS

A wholesaler had had a lot of trouble in getting a certain retail client to pay his bills—not to pay them promptly, but to pay them at all. Finally, losing patience, he wrote the merchant in question a rather threatening letter and in reply received the following communication:

"Dear Sir—What do you mean by sending me a letter like the one you wrote on the tenth inst.? I know how to run my business.

"Every month I place all my bills in a basket, and then figure out how much money I have to pay on my accounts. Next I blindfold my bookkeeper and have her draw as many bills out of the basket as I have money to pay for.

"If you don't like my way of doing business, I won't even put your bills in the basket."—Wall St. Journal.



"What rank is an officer with one star?"

"Sheriff."

Ned: "Well, how is your companionate marriage working out?"

Jed: "Terrible—I've lost my wife's address."—Judge.

Attorney (to woman witness after cross-examination): "I hope I haven't troubled you with all these questions."

Witness: "Not at all; I have a small boy of six at home."—Le Moustique.

IMPOSTORS ALL!

An ambitious film "extra" heard, in confidence, that a certain company contemplated a film based upon the life of Napoleon. He purchased several reproductions of the emperor's portraits, had them photographed, signed them with his own name, and dispatched them to the company with a letter offering his services.

After a few weeks the photographs were returned to him with the comment that "the makeup is somewhat unconvincing."—Chicago News.

"That's what I call tough luck."

"What's that?"

"I've got a check for \$40, and the only man in town that can identify me is the one I owe \$50."—Wall St. Journal.

"The officer swears that you were doing fifty miles an hour," the judge said, "have you any excuse for such speed?"

"Yes, your Honor," the prisoner replied, "I'm a bootlegger, and your wife telephones that she needs a case of Scotch right away, because company had dropped in unexpectedly."

He: "Darling, is it yet the psychological moment to ask your crabbed old dad for your hand?"

She: "It is, my hero—he is sitting in his stocking feet."—Times-Union.

George (from next door)—"Mrs. Jones, may I use your telephone?"

Mrs. Jones—"Certainly, George. Is your's out of order?"

George—"Well, not exactly, but Sis is using it to hold up the window, ma's cutting biscuits with the mouthpiece, and baby's teething on the cord."

—Windsor (Ont.) Border Cities Star.

It was along a beautiful stretch of highway and the telephone line along the way was in the hands of repair men. She was driving and cooing, when of a sudden she spied the men climbing the telephone poles. "Elmer, just look at those fools," she exclaimed: "do they think I never drove a car before?"

—Studebaker Wheel.

UNDERSTANDING AUDIENCE

Pat and Mike were arguing their musical understanding. Pat claimed the selection being heard to be "Lanigan's Wedding March," Mike said it was the "Sixty for Lucy." Mike went to the platform of the opera house and returned after reading the sign near the symphony. "Oh Pat," said he, "neither of us is roight, it is the 'Refrain from spitten'."

—Recruiter.



Capt. Jenks (Horse Marines): "Is my horse shod?"

Pvt. Blinks: "My God! I thought you said 'shot'!"

"Oilcan Al" says: "A soldier lost his left arm in the war and so his right arm was left. His left arm was not left since it was cut off and his left arm was right. If he had lost his right arm instead of his left, his left arm would have been left instead of his right, but that's not right for his right arm was left and not his left." Why, we can hardly believe it!

There were three Chinamen who came to the United States. The first learned to say, "We did"; the second, "Fifty cents," and the third could say, "The quicker the better."

As they were crossing a bridge, there was a man in the water drowning. Just then a policeman appeared and asked, "Who did that?"

The first Chinaman said, "We did."

The policeman said, "What for?"

The second Chinaman said, "Fifty cents."

Then the policeman exclaimed, "You men shall go to jail."

The third Chinaman answered, "The quicker the better."

An angry customer on one occasion came into a grocery store and tossed a package on the counter in great anger. "Makes washing a pleasure, does it?" she blurted out. "Does the washing while you wait, does it? It's the little flakes of soap that—"

"One moment, please, madam," said the clerk, "this is not soap."

"Not soap—not soap?"

"No. Your daughter asked for a half-pound of grated cheese and a half-pound of soap flakes. This is the cheese."

"My stars, and last night I made a pudding—"—5th Corps News.

Customer: I want the cheapest suit in the place.

Outfitter (haughtily): You've got it on, sir.—Life.

HEARD AT THE MOVIES

The Iron Duke of Russia had just made a dramatic escape from Russia at the beginning of the Revolution. Seaman Sam spoke up scornfully: "Aw, that ain't true to life. That bird got killed in the war; his daughter told me that herself up at the Beach Cafe."—4 Stacker.

A bootmaker put a notice in the local paper to the effect that his boots were guaranteed for three months. Immediately after, he was inundated with orders, and an Aberdonian arrived just in time to purchase the last pair. But in five weeks he returned the boots to the maker. The soles were worn through, and the uppers showed signs of wear.

"That's strange," said the bootmaker. "You are the only one who has complained. Did the boots no' fit ye?"

"Aye, they fit me," was the reply, "but they were a wee bit tight for one o' ma brithers on the night shift."

A sailor on leave was strolling in the country when he saw for the first time in his life two men working on a cross-cut saw. He stood for about a quarter of an hour watching the two men, one of whom was very tall, while the other was short. At last he made a sudden spring and dealt the taller man a blow in the face.

"What—what's this?" stammered the big man.

"You big coward!" cried the sailor. "I've been watching you for the last quarter of an hour trying to take that saw from the little fellow!"



He: Great Scott! Eleven o'clock! And I faithfully promised your mother we should be home by ten!

She: Oh! Good; we've eleven hours yet, darling!

Little Boy—"Mister are you a Plumber?"

Plumber—"Yes, what's wrong now?"

Little Boy—"Well, my Paw has a nose bleed."—T. S. News.

Clergyman: "Let me see, this is the 14th, isn't it?"

Bride: "No, the 9th."

Clergyman: "Surely, it is the 14th."

Bride: "Oh, I thought you meant the date."—R. A. O. C. Gazette.

OLD MAN EXPERIENCE

A little boy was a guest with his parents at a wedding. In a jovial way he was asked what kind of wedding he meant to have when he grew up.

"I'm never going to get married," he replied, emphatically.

"Why not?"

"Because I've lived with married people too long."—Chi. News.



"You took great risks in saving your drowning shipmate in those shark-infested waters."

"I had to. He had on my bathing suit."

Phone Operator: "That language is entirely uncalled for."

Customer: "So were the last seven numbers you gave me."—J. Sarnat.

A man visiting an asylum saw a patient sitting on a rocking horse.

"That's a bad case," said his guide. "He often sits on that horse for hours, and we can not get him to move. He was jilted by a girl."

Continuing his tour, the visitor arrived at a padded cell where a man was rushing about and banging his head against the cushions.

"Won't he hurt himself?" inquired the visitor.

"Oh, no," replied the guide, "these are pneumatic cushions."

"What has brought him to this?"

"Oh, he married the girl who jilted the man you saw on the rocking horse."

—5th Corps News.

An editor eulogized a certain worthy lady who had recently died. "She was noted for her charity," he wrote. The printer had it, "She was noted for her chastity." The editor reading proof, scrawled a query mark over the last word. This is what appeared in the paper: "She was noted for her chastity (?)."

Then there was the famous double-barreled bull made by a printer who transposed a "battle-scarred veteran" into a "bottle-scarred veteran," and when called on by the irate colonel the next day to correct it made matters ten times worse by referring to the victim as a "Bottle-scarred veteran."

—Kreolite News.

THE GAZETTE

Major General Wendell C. Neville
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. E. B. Manwaring.
Lt. Col. A. E. Randall.
Maj. R. R. Wright.
Capt. John T. Selden.
1st Lt. Jas. E. Kerr, Jr.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. E. B. Manwaring.
Lt. Col. A. E. Randall.
Maj. P. A. del Valle.
Capt. Henry A. Carr.
1st Lt. Jas. E. Jones.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

MAY 16, 1929.

Lt.-Colonel Gerard M. Kineade, on May 21st detached from duty aboard the U. S. S. "California" to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Captain Maurice C. Holmes, about August 1st detached Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua and Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to the Cavalry School, Ft. Riley, Kansas, via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Joseph Burke, on May 16th detached MB. Quantico, Va., to MB. NSB, New London, Conn.

1st Lt. Eric W. Ojerholm, on May 20th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., and ordered to proceed to his home. Retired as of September 20th.

1st Lt. George H. Towner, upon the expiration of his present leave of absence detached AS. Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to AS. ECEF, MB. Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. William M. O'Brien, on May 20th detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD. U. S. S. "Colorado."

2nd Lt. Robert C. Orrison, upon the reporting of his relief detached MD. U. S. S. "Colorado," to Department of the Pacific.

MAY 17, 1929.

The following named officers detached from stations indicated to Asiatic Station via the S. S. "President Jefferson," scheduled to sail from Seattle, Washington, on June 29, 1929:

Captain William Mills, AQM, Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

Captain David R. Nimmer, MB. Quantico, Va.

Captain Lyman Fassmore, APM, Office of APM, Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Lt. William F. Brown, MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

1st Lt. Charles S. Finch, MB. NA, Annapolis, Md.

1st Lt. Arthur T. Mason, MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

1st Lt. Morris L. Shively, MB. Parris Island, S. C.

1st Lt. Norman E. True, MB. NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

2nd Lt. Luther A. Brown, MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. James Jones, MB. NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

2nd Lt. Alfred R. Pefley, MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

1st Lt. Charles D. Baylis, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the S. S. "President Jackson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on June 7th.

1st Lt. Clyde H. Kartzel, upon expiration of present leave of absence detached Fourth Regiment, China, to MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

MAY 18, 1929.

Colonel Richard M. Cutts, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 12th.

Major Allen H. Turnage, on May 20th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to duty as Division Marine Officer and aide on the Staff of the Commander, Battleship Division Four, Battle Fleet, U. S. S. "New Mexico."

Captain John Groff, on June 8th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 12th.

Captain Gilder D. Jackson, on June 1st detached MB. NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 12th.

2nd Lt. Edward L. Push, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to AS. Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the S. S. "Columbia," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about July 11.

MAY 20, 1929.

Lt.-Colonel Chandler Campbell, upon the reporting of his relief detached MB. NS. Guam, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Ralph R. Robinson, upon the reporting

of his relief detached MB. NS. Guam, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Charles E. Rice, upon the reporting of his relief detached MB. NS. Guam, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. Chesley G. Stevens, upon the reporting of his relief detached MB. NS. Guam, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. Jesse C. Harmon, upon discharge for Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va., detached MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to AS. ECEF, MB. Quantico, Va.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Harold Ogden, on or about June 15th detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAD, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

MAY 21, 1929.

Colonel Louis M. Gulick, upon the reporting of his relief detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB. NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., via first available Government conveyance.

Captain Arthur H. Page, detached AS. MB. Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to report on June 17th.

MAY 22, 1929.

Lt.-Colonel William F. Upshur, on June 24th detached MB. Quantico, Va., to duty as Fleet Marine Officer and aide on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Battle Fleet, U. S. S. "California."

Lt.-Colonel Harold F. Wirsman, upon completion of the course detached Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Evans O. Ames, detached MB. NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to duty under instruction in the Sea School, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., thence to MD. U. S. S. "California," to report on June 25th.

Captain Alfred H. Noble, upon reporting of his relief detached MD. U. S. S. "California," to Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. William J. Scheyer, on June 8th detached MB. Parris Island, S. C., to Asiatic Station via the S. S. "President Jefferson," scheduled to sail from Seattle, Washington, on June 29th.

2nd Lt. Frank C. Croft, upon completion of the Basic Course detached MB. NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB. NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

2nd Lt. Charles Popp, upon completion of the Basic Course detached MB. NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. Kenneth H. Weir, upon completion of the Basic Course detached MB. NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB. NYd, Washington, D. C.

MAY 23, 1929.

Captain William H. Harrison, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to duty under instruction in the Sea School, MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., thence to MD. U. S. S. "New Mexico," to report on June 24th.

Captain Leonard E. Rea, upon reporting to his relief detached MD. U. S. S. "New Mexico," to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. Joseph C. Burger, detached MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MD. U. S. S. "Utah," to report on June 1st.

2nd Lt. James P. S. Devereux, detached MD. U. S. S. "Utah," to MB. Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Joseph W. Earnshaw, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Asiatic Station via the S. S. "President Jefferson," scheduled to sail from Seattle, Washington, on June 29th.

2nd Lt. David M. Shop, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MAY 24, 1929.

Captain George B. Reynolds, detached MB. NYd, Washington, D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Paul A. Lesser, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the S. S. "President Jackson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on June 7, 1929.

1st Lt. Robert S. A. Gladden, died on May 23rd as result of an airplane crash.

MAY 25, 1929.

1st Lt. William L. McKittrick, on reporting of relief detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AS. WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Donald M. Taft, on May 28th detached MB. NYd, New York, N. Y., and ordered to proceed to his home. Retired as of September 28th.

2nd Lt. Robert O. Bare, detached MB. NYd, Puget Sound, Wash., to MD. RR, Wakefield, Mass.

2nd Lt. Jesse C. Harmon, on June 17th detached AS. ECEF, MB. Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

MAY 27, 1929.

No changes were announced.

MAY 28, 1929.

Lt.-Colonel Benjamin S. Berry, on June 1st detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to report not later than July 1st.

Captain Bert A. Bone, on reporting of his relief about August 1st detached MD. U. S. S. "Tennessee," to the Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla.

Captain Ernest E. Eiler, on reporting of his relief detached Garde d'Haiti to MB. NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Captain Alton A. Gladden, detached Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua and Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MB. Quantico, Va., via first available conveyance.

Captain William C. James, detached MB. Parris Island, S. C., to MD. U. S. S. "Tennessee."

Captain Jacob M. Pearce, Jr., on June 1st detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB. Washington, D. C.

Captain William M. Radcliffe, on reporting of his relief detached First Brigade, Haiti, to Garde d'Haiti.

1st Lt. Harold E. Rosecrans, detached Fourth Regiment, China, to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. Tileman H. Saunders, on June 1st detached MB. NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Mare Island, Calif., on or about June 28th.

2nd Lt. William D. Saunders, Jr., detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "Nitro," scheduled to sail from Mare Island, Calif., on or about June 28th.

The following named second lieutenants detached from stations indicated to MB. NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Saville T. Clark, MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Hewin O. Hammond, MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Louis M. Heinrichs, MB. NYd, Boston, Mass.

William I. Phipps, MB. Quantico, Va.

John V. Rosewaine, MB. NTS, Newport, R. I.

Joe A. Smoak, MB. NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

MAY 29, 1929.

Colonel Dickinson P. Hall, on reporting of his relief detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Major Robert E. Messersmith, on completion of the course detached the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to MB. Quantico, Va.

Captain Emmett W. Skinner, on completion of the course detached the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to MB. NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Captain Louis W. Whaley, on completion of the course detached the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to MB. Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Chf. Qm. Clk. Beane Esasan, on discharge from hospital detached MB. NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB. Quantico, Va.

MAY 31, 1929.

Lt.-Colonel Robert O. Underwood, on June 22, 1929, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti.

Captain Walter H. Sitz, on June 22, 1929, detached MB. Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Stuart B. O'Neill, on June 1, 1929, detached MB. Washington, D. C., to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment, Nicaragua.

When directed by Commander-in-Chief, Asiatic Fleet, following officers detached Fourth Regiment to Department of the Pacific:

Captain Charles C. St. Clair, APM.; Captain Robert H. Pepper, Captain John C. Wemple, Captain Ramond J. Bartholomew, 1st Lt. Rees Skinner, 1st Lt. Francis M. Wulbern, 1st Lt. William J. Stamper, 1st Lt. Irving E. Odgers, 1st Lt. Harry B. Liversedge, 1st Lt. Lawrence R. Kline, 1st Lt. William Ulrich, 1st Lt. Randolph McC. Pate, 1st Lt. Evans F. Carlson, 1st Lt. George E. Monson, 1st Lt. Richard J. Godin, 1st Lt. Cleghorn Foote, 2nd Lt. Archie V. Gerard, 2nd Lt. Ion M. Bethel, 2nd Lt. James O. Brauer, 2nd Lt. Andrew J. Mathieson, 2nd Lt. Albert R. Bourne, Chf. Pay Clk. Fred J. Klingshagen.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Arthur D. Ryan, when directed by C-in-C, Asiatic Fleet, detached MB. Cavite, to Department of the Pacific.

When directed by Commandant, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., following second lieutenants detached MB. NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to NAS, Hampton Roads, Va., to report on June 21, 1929:

Ernest E. Pollock, Perry O. Parmelee, Clovis C. Coffman, Arthur F. Binney, William T. Dodge, Max W. Schaeffer, Thomas G. Ennis, Boeker C. Batterton, John J. Heil.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Arthur D. Ryan, when directed by C-in-C, Asiatic Fleet, detached MB. Cavite, to Department of the Pacific.

When directed by Commandant, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., following second lieutenants detached MB. NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to NAS, Hampton Roads, Va., to report on June 21, 1929:

Ernest E. Pollock, Perry O. Parmelee, Clovis C. Coffman, Arthur F. Binney, William T. Dodge, Max W. Schaeffer, Thomas G. Ennis, Boeker C. Batterton, John J. Heil.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Arthur D. Ryan, when directed by C-in-C, Asiatic Fleet, detached MB. Cavite, to Department of the Pacific.

When directed by Commandant, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., following second lieutenants detached MB. NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to NAS, Hampton Roads, Va., to report on June 21, 1929:

Ernest E. Pollock, Perry O. Parmelee, Clovis C. Coffman, Arthur F. Binney, William T. Dodge, Max W. Schaeffer, Thomas G. Ennis, Boeker C. Batterton, John J. Heil.

JUNE 1, 1929.

No changes were announced.

JUNE 3, 1929.

Following officers promoted May 28, 1929, with dates of rank as indicated:

Lt.-Colonel Edward B. Manwaring—Colonel from May 16, 1929.

Major Calvin B. Matthews—Lt.-Col. from May 12, 1929.

Major Albert E. Randall—Lt.-Col. from May 16, 1929.

Captain Ralph J. Mitchell—Major from December 23, 1928.

Captain Archie F. Howard—Major from May 12, 1929.

Captain Raymond R. Wright—Major from May 16, 1929.

1st Lt. Willard P. Leutze—Captain from July 15, 1928.

2nd Lt. Clarence M. Knight—1st Lt. from July 16, 1928.

2nd Lt. John D. Muncie—1st Lt. from February 11, 1929.

2nd Lt. Philip L. Thwing—1st Lt. from February 25, 1929.

2nd Lt. William E. Burke—1st Lt. from March 2, 1929.

2nd Lt. Robert G. Hunt—1st Lt. from April 2, 1929.

2nd Lt. James E. Kerr, Jr.—1st Lt. from April 9, 1929.

Gmt. Clk. Frank M. Sherwood—Chf. QM. Clk. from January 11, 1929.

Pay Clk. Clinton A. Phillips, detached MB. NYD, Norfolk, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

JUNE 4, 1929.

Major William W. Buckley, on reporting of his relief, on or about June 21st, detached U. S. S. "Wyomins," to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Major John Potts, AQM, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Philip H. Torrey, on July 5th detached MB. NA, Annapolis, Md., to Staff of the American High Commissioner, Port au Prince, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about July 12th.

1st Lt. Carl F. Merz, on or about June 15th detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

JUNE 5, 1929.

Lt.-Colonel Hamilton D. South, on June 15th detached Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to Garde d'Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about July 12th.

Major John Q. Adams, detached MB. NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to First Brigade, Haiti, via first available Government conveyance.

Major William P. Bevan, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Judson H. Fitzgerald, on June 5th detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered to proceed to his home, Retired as of August 12th.

2nd Lt. Samuel S. Ballentine, on reporting of relief detached MD, U. S. S. "Maryland," to Department of the Pacific.

2nd Lt. David M. Shoup, about June 15th detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, U. S. S. "Maryland."

The following named have been appointed second lieutenants in the Marine Corps and assigned to duty at Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.:

William F. Coleman, Frederick G. Lippert, Homer C. Murray, Frank H. Schwable, Edward C. Dyer, Melvin G. Brown, Manley L. Curry, Gordon Cone, Chandler W. Johnson, Charles D. Warfield, Raymond B. Sullivan, Jr., Samuel B. Griffith, 2nd, Raymond F. Crist, Jr., Clyde C. Roberts, Otho C. Ledbetter, Harry C. Lang, William F. Bryson, James B. Lake, Jr., Deane C. Roberts.

JUNE 6, 1929.

No changes were announced.

JUNE 7, 1929.

Colonel Randolph C. Berkely, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

Captain Clifton B. Cates, on June 20th detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "President Wilson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about July 12.

Captain Howard N. Stent, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment.

2nd Lt. Charles G. Wadbrook, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about July 12th.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Ludolf F. Jensen, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about June 15th.

JUNE 8, 1929.

No changes were announced.

JUNE 10, 1929.

Major Charles S. McReynolds, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "El Salvador," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about June 29th.

Captain Muri Corbett, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Second Brigade, Nicaragua.

Captain William J. Crosson, AQM, redetailed as an Assistant Quartermaster, effective June 11th.

Captain Harold C. Major, on June 28th detached Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., to Air Corps Tactical School, Langley Field, Hampton, Va.

2nd Lt. Robert Z. Mumford, detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to Fourth Regiment, China, via the U. S. S. "Chaumont," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about June 15th.

JUNE 11, 1929.

Major Samuel L. Howard, on July 10th detached Office of Naval Operations, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., to Garde d'Haiti via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about July 17th.

Major Miles R. Thacher, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua,

via the U. S. S. "Esparta," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about June 28th.

2nd Lt. Alva B. Lasswell, appointed a second lieutenant and ordered to duty at MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

JUNE 12, 1929.

Major Bennet Puryear, Jr., AQM, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

Captain James W. Webb, on or about June 20th detached MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

JUNE 13, 1929.

Captain Joseph H. Fellows, on reporting of relief detached MD, U. S. S. "Procyon," to Department of the Pacific.

Chf. Pay Clk. Charles W. Eaton, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about July 17th.

Chf. Pay Clk. Guy B. Smith, on reporting of relief detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

JUNE 14, 1929.

Major Woolman G. Emory, on reporting of relief, on or about July 31st, detached from duty aboard U. S. S. "Pennsylvania," to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

Major Charles J. Miller, on June 24th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Division Marine Officer, Battleship Division Three, Battle Fleet, and aide on the Staff of the Division Commander, U. S. S. "New York."

2nd Lt. Sidney R. Williamson, detached AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to AS, WCEP, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via first available Government conveyance.

JUNE 15, 1929.

No changes were announced.

JUNE 17, 1929.

Major Julian C. Smith, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Jacob Lienhard, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Frank Whitehead, on August 1st detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.

1st Lt. William J. Whaling, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

JUNE 18, 1929.

Lt. Col. Lauren S. Willis, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to Department of the Pacific.

Captain Otto E. Bartoe, detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MD, U. S. S. "Nevada."

1st Lt. William L. Bales, detached MD, AL, Peking, China, to MB, Quantico, Va.

JUNE 19, 1929.

Captain Dudley S. Brown, on reporting of relief detached MD, U. S. S. "Wyomins," to MB, Washington, D. C.

Captain Julian P. Brown, on July 1st detached MB, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic Station via the U. S. S. "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about August 14th.

1st Lt. Henry A. Riekers, retired as of June 30th.

2nd Lt. Francis H. Brink, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, U. S. S. "Texas," to report on June 26th.

RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Major Earl Cecil Long—French.

Captain Ernest Leslie Russell—Spanish.

Captain John Waller—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

First Lt. Herbert Spencer Kelming—Spanish.

First Lt. Howard N. Kenyon—Spanish.

First Lt. Stuart Waller King—Spanish.

First Lt. Ralph Waldo Luce—Spanish.

First Lt. Stanley E. Ridderhof—Spanish.

First Lt. James Profit Riseley, Bookkeeping and Accounting.

First Lt. Brady Luther Vogt—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Second Lt. Charles Edward Chapel—Radio.

Second Lt. Saville Trice Clark—Spanish.

Second Lt. Homer Laurence Litzberg—Spanish.

First Sgt. George Albert Beck—Railway Postal Clerk.

First Sgt. Robert S. Williamson—Commercial Correspondence.

Sgt. Herman R. Christiansen—Gas and Electric Welding.

Corp. Lloyd C. Deckard—Steam Fitters.

Corp. James Harold Gosnell—Civil Service General Clerical.

Corp. Harold Kenneth Jackson—Salesmanship and Sales Management.

Corp. Nicholas H. Jove—Business Correspondence.

Corp. Arnold C. McPike—Reading Shop Blueprinting.

Corp. John Josephus Rausch—Carpentry and Millwork.

Pvt. 1cl. George J. Bohl—Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. 1cl. Robert Esremont Greene—French.

Private William Chismer—Automobile Mechanics.

Private Barry Wilbur Pierce—Motor Boat Running.

Private Arthur Edward Richter—Railway Postal Clerk.

Private John Philip Valencia—French.

GRADUATES OF CORRESPONDENCE COURSES, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, QUANTICO

UHLINGER, P. H., Staff-Sgt., USMC, Paymaster Basic.

WARD, H. W., 2nd Lt., FMCR, Infantry Basic.

SCHMULIAN, A. I., 1st Lt., FMCR, Infantry Basic.

McKELVY, Jr., W. N., 1st Lt., USMC, Infantry Basic.

GALBREATH, M. B., 2nd Lt., FMCR, Infantry Basic.

SALZMAN, O., Capt., USMC, Infantry Advanced.

WHITE, C. A., 1st Sgt., USMC, Infantry Basic.

RECENT RE-ENLISTMENTS

TIGHE, George L., at Washington, 6-6-29, for Hqrs., Washington.

COURTNEY, James, at Cincinnati, 6-5-29, for Rctg., Cincinnati.

HAMMERS, Ralph E., at Quantico, 6-4-29, for MB, Quantico.

McKINSTRY, Clarence B., at Portsmouth, N. H., 6-5-29, for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

BRADLEY, Joseph H., at Washington, 6-5-29, for Hqrs., Washington.

CLARKE, Jay J., at Detroit, 5-4-29, for MB, San Diego.

WEBB, Ernest W., at New York, 6-4-29, for MB, Boston.

JONES, Prentice W., at Memphis, 5-31-29, for MB, New Orleans.

STONE, Rupert E., at Port au Prince, 5-26-29, for Const., Port au Prince.

WELLS, William A., at Quantico, 6-2-29, for MB, Quantico.

BROWN, John M., at Philadelphia, 6-1-29, for APN, Philadelphia.

DAVIS, Henry E., at Washington, 6-4-29, for Hqrs., Washington.

WILLIAMS, Shirley A., at Port au Prince, 5-25-29, for MB, Port au Prince.

DAVIS, Ralph M. A. M., at Washington, 6-2-29, for Hqrs., Washington.

MORELLO, Anthony, at New York, 6-1-29, for Rctg., New York.

LINDSAY, George, at Cleveland, 5-29-29, for MB, Parris Island.

COOPER, Harry, at San Diego, 5-26-29, for MB, New Orleans.

HESS, Kenneth B., at Los Angeles, 5-11-29, for MB, San Diego.

SALESKY, Jack, at Vallejo, 5-25-29, for MB, Mare Island.

ANDERSON, Bertram, at Lakehurst, 5-28-29, for MB, Hampton Roads.

OLMSTEAD, James N., for Shanghai, 5-8-29, for 4th Regt., Shanghai.

OGHALA, Stanley, at New York, 5-31-29, for MB, New York.

BOOTH, Paul L., at New York, 5-29-29, for Rctg., New York.

LAVIANO, Thomas F., at Philadelphia, 5-28-29, for Depot, Philadelphia.

JANKE, Gottlieb, at Chicago, 5-29-29, for MB, Quantico.

ENGLISH, Clifton E., at Quantico, 5-28-29, for MB, Quantico.

REMMINGTON, Harry S., at Philadelphia, 5-25-29, for MB, Philadelphia.

STEELE, Dugald L., at Quantico, 5-28-29, for MB, Quantico.

GUY, Sidney A. Jr., at Chicago, 5-25-29, for Rctg., Chicago.

ROYALTY, Ollie S., at San Diego, 5-16-29, for NAS, San Diego.

SINOPOLI, Jack, at Washington, 5-27-29, for Hqrs., Washington.

BALLESTAD, Adolph T., at Portland, 5-30-29, for MB, San Diego.

HAMILTON, Earl G., at San Diego, 5-21-29, for MB, San Diego.

LEONARD, Lonnie H., at San Diego, 5-18-29, for MB, San Diego.

RUDDER, Harry E., at San Diego, 5-17-29, for MB, San Diego.

SCOTT, Wallace W., at San Diego, 5-21-29, for MB, Puget Sound.

MANNING, Joseph E., at Quantico, 5-23-29, for MB, Quantico.

REID, Robert W., at Quantico, 5-24-29, for MB, Quantico.

LAPE, William H., at Washington, 5-23-29, for MB, Parris Island.

SWAIN, Ward C., at Philadelphia, 5-23-29, for Depot, Philadelphia.

BOWMAN, Lucian J., at Atlanta, 5-22-29, for MB, Quantico.

GROSHOUSE, John B., at New York, 5-21-29, for MB, Parris Island.

BAREFOOT, Ralph, at New Orleans, 5-17-29, for Rctg., New Orleans.

MAY, Edward, at Quantico, 5-21-29, for MB, Quantico.

UNDERWOOD, Ralph G., at Quantico, 5-22-29, for MB, Quantico.

HERRING, Edward, at Philadelphia, 5-19-29, for Depot, Philadelphia.
 LAWRENSON, Raymond M., at Washington, 5-22-29, for Hdqrs., Washington.
 CIOCHESE, Nicholas, at Washington, 5-19-29, for Marine Band, Washington.
 MACK, George P., at Cavite, P. I., 4-17-29, for MB, Cavite, P. I.
 DUFFY, William H., at Washington, 5-17-29, for Hdqrs., Washington.
 KILLEN, Dewey, at Shanghai, 4-23-29, for 4th Regt., Shanghai.
 MCGRAW, Robert E., at Charleston, S. C., 5-17-29, for MB, Charleston, S. C.
 CARTIER, Leo P., at Quantico, 5-15-29, for MB, Quantico.
 JOUANILLOU, Emile P., at Quantico, 5-16-29, for MB, Quantico.
 FLECK, Joseph W., at Hampton Roads, 6-15-29, for MB, New York.
 HAMILTON, William J., at Hampton Roads, 6-15-29, for MB, Hampton Roads.
 PHILLIPS, Raymond A., at New York, 5-11-29, for MB, Parris Island.
 LYTLE, Claude T., at Quantico, 5-13-29, for MB, Quantico.
 NAGAZYNA, John J., at Quantico, 5-12-29, for MB, Quantico.
 SELBICKY, Vincent, at Washington, 5-12-29, for Marine Band, Washington.
 McDONALD, Jud H., at Florence, 5-11-29, for Rets., Florence.
 STYER, Kenneth P., at Philadelphia, 5-9-29, for Depot, Philadelphia.
 BASKINS, Carl M., at San Francisco, 5-8-29, for AA&I, San Francisco.
 DOOLEY, Teddy R., at Sacramento, 5-7-29, for MB, Puget Sound.
 AKINS, Perry B., at Lakehurst, 5-10-29, for MB, Lakehurst.
 DYER, Virgil R., at RS, San Francisco, 5-7-29, for RS, San Francisco.
 FISHER, Walter R., at Quantico, 5-9-29, for MB, Quantico.
 HAMILTON, Raymond M., at Quantico, 5-11-29, for MB, Quantico.
 WOODY, Tom, at Puget Sound, 4-30-29, for MB, Puget Sound.
 WICKERT, William E., at Boston, 5-9-29, for Rets., Boston.

DEATHS

GLADDEN, Robert S. A., 1st Lt., died May 23, 1929, result of airplane crash at Cape Haitien, Haiti. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary D. Gladden, wife, c/o Mrs. Wm. Davies, 1744 "G" Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
 STREETT, John R., 1st Lt., died May 9, 1929, at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. John R. Streett, wife, 1620 "R" Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
 TRACY, James Kennard, Lt.-Col., died May 11, 1929, of disease, at Portsmouth, N. H. Next of kin: Mrs. James R. Tracy, wife, Naval Prison, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H.
 MCGILL, John F., Col., retired, died April 19, 1929, of disease, at Oakville, Napa Co., Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. John F. McGill, wife, Oakville, California.
 DUFF, Henry James, Cpl., died May 19, 1929, of disease, at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Roy Hamilton, sister, 5603 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
 RADLOFF, Charles J., Pvt. 1st, drowned May 5, 1929, at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Mr. Clarence Busler, nephew, 1302 Lake Pointe, Grosse Pointe, Michigan.
 ROACH, Eugene, Pvt. 1st, died May 24, 1929, of disease, at Quantico, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. Flora Roach, mother, 1067 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
 LUKSHIDES, George, Sgt., died May 15, 1929, of disease, at Norfolk, Va. Next of kin: Mr. John Lukshides, father, 306 Market Street, Tamaqua, Pa.
 GALILEE, John G., Sgt., retired, died May 20, 1929, of disease. Next of kin: NONE. Death occurred at Philadelphia, Pa.
 MARKEY, James, Sgt., retired, died April 9, 1929, of disease, at Chamcook, New Brunswick, Canada. Next of kin: Miss Lizzie Preston, niece, Calis, Maine.
 GEBHARD, Henry O. A., Gy. Sgt., F.M.C.R. (inactive), died January 27, 1929, of disease, at Monte Cristi, Dominican Republic. Next of kin: Senora Maria R. Gebhard, wife, Calle Colon No. 52, Monte Cristi, Dominican Republic.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHIAMONT—Arrived San Diego 12 June. Will leave San Diego 15 June for the Asiatic on the following itinerary: Arrive Honolulu 22 June, leave 24 June; arrive Guam 4 July, leave 5 July; arrive Manila 10 July. Will leave the Asiatic about 18 August for San Francisco.
 HENDERSON—Sailed Manila 13 June for Guam. Due Guam 19 June, leave 19 June; arrive Honolulu 1 July, leave 2 July; arrive San Diego about 9 July, and San Francisco about 12 July. Will leave San Francisco 10 August for the Asiatic on the following tentative itinerary: Arrive San Pedro 11 August, leave 12 August; arrive San Diego 13 August, leave 14 August; arrive Honolulu 22 August, leave 23 August, arrive Guam 4 Sep-

tember, leave 5 September, and arrive Manila 11 September.

KITERY—Sailed Hampton Roads 12 June for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Due Guantanamo 17 June, leave 18 June; arrive Port au Prince 19 June, leave 20 June; arrive Cape Haitien 21 June, leave 22 June; arrive San Juan 24 June, leave 24 June; arrive St. Thomas 25 June, leave 26 June; arrive Hampton Roads 1 July. Will leave Hampton Roads 17 July for the West Indies.

NITRO—Arrived Bremerton 6 June. Will leave Puget Sound 15 June; arrive Mare Island 18 June, leave 28 June; arrive Pearl Harbor 5 July, leave 8 July; arrive Guam 18 July, leave 19 July; arrive Manila 24 July, leave 6 August; arrive Guam 11 August, leave 12 August; arrive Pearl Harbor 22 August, leave 23 August; arrive Puget Sound 31 August, leave 9 Sept.; arrive Mare Island 12 Sept., leave 21 Sept.; arrive San Pedro 22 Sept., leave 23 Sept.; arrive San Diego 24 Sept., leave 25 Sept.; arrive Corinto 3 Oct., leave 3 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 6 Oct., leave 8 Oct.; arrive Hampton Roads 14 October.

PATOKA—Sailed Portsmouth 14 June for Port Arthur. Due Port Arthur 22 June, leave 24 June; arrive Narragansett Bay 2 July.

RAMAPO—Arrived San Pedro 12 June. Will leave San Pedro 2 July; arrive Manila 31 July, leave 10 August; arrive Mare Island 5 September.
 SALINAS—Sailed Port Arthur 9 June for Hampton Roads. Due Hampton Roads 16 June. Scheduled to leave Hampton Roads 21 June; arrive Port Arthur 29 June, leave 1 July; arrive Hampton Roads 8 July.

SAPELO—Sailed Port Arthur 11 June for Quantico. Due Quantico 17 June. Scheduled to leave 20 June; arrive Port Arthur 26 June, leave 28 June; arrive Hampton Roads 7 July.

SIRIUS—Sailed Corinto 13 June for San Diego. Due San Diego 21 June, leave 24 June; arrive San Pedro 25 June, leave 26 June; arrive Mare Island 27 June, leave 8 July; arrive Puget Sound 11 July, leave 18 July; arrive Seattle 16 July, leave 26 July; arrive St. Paul and St. George 3 August, leave 21 August; arrive Dutch Harbor 22 August, leave 22 August; arrive Seattle 29 August, leave 31 August; arrive Puget Sound 31 August.

VEGA—Will leave Puget Sound 28 June; arrive Mare Island 1 July, leave 10 July; arrive San Pedro 11 July, leave 12 July; arrive San Diego 13 July, leave 16 July; arrive Corinto 25 July, leave 25 July; arrive Canal Zone 28 July, leave 30 July; arrive Hampton Roads 6 August, leave 14 August; arrive Philadelphia 15 August, leave 19 August; arrive New York 20 August, leave 26 August; arrive Boston 27 August, leave 4 Sept.; arrive Hampton Roads 6 September.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

(Continued from page 34)

drive a taxi after August. When a man can supply from the Butcher's Department the chops, steaks and other portions of beef, mutton, and pork to the satisfaction of the lady clientele as Craig is reported to do, I think he should be induced to ship over. I was surprised and pleased to run into E. E. Stamper while leaving the Commissary. Stamper used to be in Quantico and was the famous driver of an old time Nash during the Shenandoah hike of years ago, and I fancy even yet I can hear Chaplain C. B. Niver saying, "Not so fast, Stamper! You must be careful."

C. Ph. Mate J. B. Harlan leaves the Island for the U. S. S. "New York," after nineteen months with the Marines. He has a sixteen year record with the Navy, some of the best having been with the Marines. His wife and boy go to San Diego. In fact Mrs. Harlan is rather partial to S. D.

I still have copious notes of the band, the farm and other interesting places and people in P. I., but these with Charleston and numerous important posts must wait until August. In the meantime, enjoy your summer vacation if you get one, but don't forget that your mother would still rejoice to read of the doings of the Corps and even at this late hour give her a summer present of a year's subscription to "The Leatherneck." It is only \$2.50 now!

PARRIS ISLAND BASEBALL

(Continued from page 43)

eighth Watson went back to first and Rogers again took up the burden of heaving to the heavy hitters. Of the ten hits made by the Marines, six were two baggers.

The prettiest play of the game was the double play, Sokira to Lock to Shelton. Hopkins led the batting with two doubles out of four tries. Hydrick deserves mention for a triple and single out of five tries.

SANCKENS LOSES TO MARINES

Parris Island, S. C., May 26, 1929.—Sanckens of Augusta lost one of the best games of baseball which has been played here this season, when Trommerhauser muffed Whitaker's hit in the twelfth, and allowed Innis to score the only run of the game.

The game was a regular pitchers' duel and both pitchers got excellent support. The Marines did not make an error and the visitors made only three. The Marines had eight men left on bases and the visitors had five.

Whitaker, pitching for the Marines, allowed six scattered hits, struck out nine men, and walked none. He pitched good, steady ball throughout the game and deserved the victory. Henderson, pitching for Sanckens, allowed only five hits, struck out eight men, and walked four. Although he is the losing pitcher, he pitched a good game and might have won but for the costly error.

Crouch, the Sanckens catcher, led the hitting with three singles out of five tries, and Trommerhauser got a two-bagger and a single out of four. Trommerhauser's two bagger was the only extra base hit of the game. The field was very muddy and it is remarkable that there were no more errors.

MARINES DEFEAT RINKERS TEAM

Parris Island, S. C., May 28, 1929.—The Marines turned the tables on the Rinkers team today by winning a 10-3 game.

The visitors started with a rush, making four hits and three runs in the first inning. Although they made eleven hits during the game they failed to score during the rest of the game. The Marines countered in their half of the first with three runs, but all of them were due to passed balls by Mills, who was injured in yesterday's game. In the second the Marines scored one run, in the fourth three, and in the sixth three more. Mills' thumb was badly hurt in the fourth and he was relieved by Gullatte, who was playing first, Gullatte being relieved at first by Russell.

McGowan, for the Marines, allowed eleven hits, struck out eight, and walked two. Bruce, for the visitors, allowed ten hits, struck out five and walked four.

Mills, Bolden, Timmerman, Innis, Sokira, and Shelton all got two-baggers. Shelton led the batters with a single and a two-bagger out of three, Sokira and Innis being next with a single and a two-bagger each out of four. Mills was at bat twice before he was injured and got a two-bagger. He will probably be unable to play during the rest of the season because of the injured thumb.

BOOKS—PASSING IN REVIEW

A QUARTERLY INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

By FRANK HUNT RENTFROW

From Boxers to Boche

A MARINE TELLS IT TO YOU, as told by Col. Frederick M. Wise to Meigs O. Frost. (J. H. Sears & Company, Inc.), \$3.00.

Colonel Wise's book is a trenchant ex-coriation of the romantic veneer of military service. He decorates breasts where they deserve to be decorated and is equally quick to throw open the door of the Marine Corps' closet and exhibit the grinning skeleton to the world in general. He flays a bitter lash, acrimonious and raw; but, as he says, "If I criticize others, I do not spare myself"; and he doesn't.

The three past decades have been filled with action for the United States Marine Corps. There was the Boxer litter to be cleaned up, then a certain matter in the Philippines, regarding refractory natives, needed attention—and received it. These disturbances were followed by unsettled conditions in the Orient due to the end of the Russo-Japanese war, and Marines were ordered there. Hardly had this situation been taken in hand when the Filipinos became restless again. Once more were the Marines flung into the Islands to pacify the insurgents. Equanimity had not enveloped these tropical islands before Mexico began chafing at the bit and Marines were landed in Vera Cruz, then hastily hurled south to the Republic of Haiti, only to be bounced over the border into San Domingo. Then the bombshell of the World War exploded and a vastly inflated army of Marines crossed the Atlantic and was thrown into the lines just in time to stem the German tide that was surging toward Paris. A brief breathing spell of guarding mail trains and suppressing minor uprisings, and then China and Nicaragua burst loose simultaneously. Such an itinerary! Bounded only by the limits of the world itself! And that is the story Colonel Wise recounts.

It is hardly a biography; it is too impersonal for that. Nor yet in strictest terms is it a history of the Marine Corps. Rather it is a happy combination of both, and they interweave admirably. There is no mincing of words. It is told in language as straight from the shoulder as a knock-out punch.

He begins where he should, at the starting of his career as an officer: "It was hotter than hell as I climbed aboard the Colonial Express at the old Sixth Street Station in Washington, that day in July, 1899. I was headed for Boston—a second lieutenant of the Marine Corps—on my way to my first station."

Colonel Wise tells many things. Some of them are not nice; they chip the gilt from the idols and uncover the ugly clay beneath. Others are better, they leave one with a feeling of elation and grati-

tude for being privileged to serve in the Corps.

One of the most interesting features in the book is the progressive stages in rank of the various officers. Somehow, one gets the impression that men like General Butler were born to the rank they now hold; it is difficult to associate them with any other. But early in the book, Colonel Wise says: "Smedley Butler, Arthur Harding and 'Pokey' Powell, three of my friends, were among the five officers Major Waller selected." It is not easy to imagine Colonel Bearss as

a young lieutenant who, with Lieutenant Wise, played a practical joke on Nam Sing, a Chinese tailor in Cavite. But here is the Colonel's statement of it:

"We've got a new cocktail, Nam Sing," I told him. "Want to try one?"

"With a broad grin he said he did. I filled a large water tumbler with a mixture of Scotch whisky, rye whisky, English gin, Holland gin, Vermouth, Listerine and Sozodont tooth wash. Nam Sing downed it without a quiver."

The story of twenty-seven years service is complete. There is not an empty word in the entire volume, and is as nicely balanced. Thrills, chills and laughs follow each other in quick succession. Laughter and death play through the pages. The story of the hellish march from Tientsin, with men starving and dying from thirst, is not far from the horseplay of the organizing of the "Military Order of the Dragon."

Taken all in all, it is a remarkable book, and perhaps one of the most remarkable things about it is the fact that it is all from memory. Colonel Wise says in the beginning: "As we start, remember—every word of this story is from memory. I have never taken a note in my life."

Lyrics of Adventure

SONGS OF TROPIC TRAILS; by George Washburton Lewis (Dorrance and Company); \$1.75.

Poetry is necessarily limited to a select group of readers, of which there is none more critical. This group in turn is subdivided according to the taste of a few individuals, and whether a Marine is interested in poetry or not is beside the current question. They are all interested, one way or another, in the tropics; and





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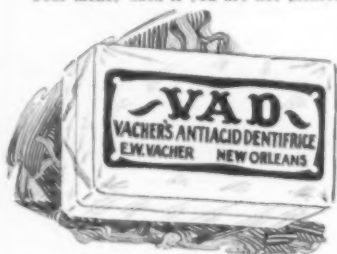
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that is the subject of Col. George Wash-
burton Lewis' slender book of verse en-
titled "Songs of Tropic Trails."

There are only forty-nine poems be-
tween the covers of this volume, written
for men, by a man. Colonel Lewis has
spent many years in Santo Domingo,
Panama, Haiti, Nicaragua, Porto Rico,
and Martinique, and it is of those places
he has written. His words are charged
with the sound of soft winds rustling
through the fons of stately palms, and
beneath it all one can sense the dull
throb of distant tom-toms.

The poems cover a diversity of sub-
jects and tell of many folks who are
familiar figures in these little countries.
One poem, Trailing of the Black Wolf,
tells of the pursuit and capture of a
voodoo priest. This is the longest in the
book. Doughboy Dan is a simple tribute
to a soldier of the Twentieth Kansas
Regiment, who fell during a night attack
in the Philippines. Another, Dreamer's
Rest, describes the allur-
ing beauty of tropical
countries. This one I
shall quote in full:

Dreamer's Rest

I know a nook beside
the tropic sea
Whose spell still chains
the hungering heart
of me;

Where palms their wel-
come wave,
And nature begs to slave,
And one may dream in
daytime—glory be.

It is a spot where salt
smells from the deep
Pervade each bower where nature
drones in sleep,
And, worn by life's stern test,
A man may take his rest,
Unharried by the urge to sow or reap.

A splendid purple carpet everywhere
Of fronds which from the palms have
fallen there,
Mottled by light of sun
Spread bronze and golden dun,
And fragrance as of incense fills the
air.

Within that shade I've drowsed at
mellow noon:
By that sad sea the mystic midnight
moon
With cynic smile and smirk
Has made my soul to irk,
Fond homing resolutions to impugn.

My heart is anchored by that tropic
sea.
My life is being lived there; though I
be

To wanderlust a prey
Ten thousand miles away,
Its spell still chains the hungering
heart of me!

It is highly improbable to suppose that
any of the poems contained in this vol-
ume will attain immortality or even wide-
spread popularity; but they are all above
mediocrity and are well worth reading.

The New Era, a weekly newspaper at
Parker, S. D., recently completed a long
serial—the Bible. Beginning in 1906 an
instalment of the Scriptures was printed
every week for twenty-two years and
eight months.

SLIM OVERCOMES SEX APPEAL

(Continued from page 9)

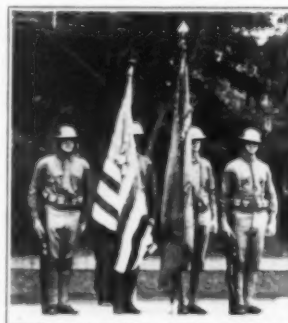
of humor, and suddenly, without warn-
ing, he burst into such peals of laughter
that the girl looked in amazement and
Slim arose glaring.

"I'll have to get this old coot out
where he can get air or he'll croak,"
growled Slim, and abruptly he grabbed
Rube's arm with such force that Rube
tumbled after him. By a hasty run he
reached the stables dragging Rube be-
hind before the girl had time to protest.

On the next Wednesday afternoon, one
week later, Rube and Slim engaged
themselves in repairing and overhauling
their worn saddles in the well-kept sad-
dle house.

Besides themselves, hired on sight by

Rooney, and the Chink
cook, there were only
two other men who
worked on the P R ranch.
Shorty, a grizzled old
cow-puncher fifty years
old, and one Jake, a
youth of nineteen, ugly
as a pair against a
straight. Both were of
an exceptional good-
humored nature; but
then, anyone, who
worked long at the P R
would become that way.
For as Rube said, he had
never worked at a place
where there was so little
to do, with such good



grub to eat. Rooney himself was an easy-
going man, having made his stake in the
rich stock country owned by himself and
the New York owner of the Broad Y
ranch. The dividing line of the two
places ran parallel to the edge of the
canyon, straight north and south, four-
teen miles in length.

"I wonder when she's going?" medi-
tated Slim, punching an awl through a
strip of leather.

Rube chuckled sardonically. "Don't
you worry, sonny, she's gonna stick
aroun' here pretty close for a long time,
ef I know anything about causes and
effects."

They had learned that Mabel, the niece
of Rooney, had been preparing to leave
the west to try out city life in New York,
when they had first arrived. She had
been trying out the effect of clothes
ordered at the precise moment that Rube
and Slim had appeared on the scene.
Now, as yet, she had not gone, and at
least two men on the P R force strongly
suspected the cause.

The sedan motor suddenly started to
roar and Rube walked to the door.
Rooney was backing the auto from the
garage. He swung around in a circle and
then stopped to fill the radiator with
water.

Rooney was a stout, red faced man,
and the sight of his wabbling efforts to
pour the water into the radiator with-
out spilling most of it caused Rube to
grin.

"You'll have a lovable uncle-in-law,
anyhow, Slim," he observed.

"Aw, shut up," mumbled Slim
viciously.

Rooney looked up and saw Rube at the

doorway. "Going to run into Nash-town," he yelled, "anything you boys want?"

"No," growled Slim.

"Well, you can get me about five pounds of 'Toobad chewing tobacco,' yelled Rube, "it's a new brand I heard tell of."

"Sure; but is that enough?" asked Rooney soberly.

"It'll do for a while," returned Rube.

He watched Rooney drive out of the yard and speed over the dimly marked road. Then as his eyes returned to the yards, he whistled in mock surprise. The sedan had no sooner disappeared over the trail when Mabel Rooney appeared from the house and strolled with elaborate casualness toward him.

"She's coming!" he hissed through his teeth.

The effect was magical. Slim leaped from his seat, knocked a bench down, and cast desperate eyes about him; but there was no escape. He finally returned to his saddle with groans.

"Remember, now," cautioned Rube, "be nice. This is shorely the best job I ever run across." With that, he stepped from the door and walked toward the toolhouse.

"Oh, Rube," cried the girl, "is Slim in there?"

"Yeh," said Rube, "he is. Houdini died."

She entered the saddle house and gazed at the cowpuncher, and her large eyes filled at sight of him with an odd covetous look.

"Oh, Slim," she smiled appealingly, "won't you come into the house? I've got something for you to do."

"Honest, but I've got a lot of work to do here," he grunted, looking at her not at all.

"It'll just take a few minutes," she coaxed, "I want to see how something looks to you."

"Well, all right," he consented, and dubiously he arose and followed at her side to the ranch house.

She led him into the pleasant parlor with many a feminine trick of pouting, smiling, arching of delicate eyebrows, flickers of long lashes, and glimpses of shapely knees lost on his frigid restraint.

A full hour had passed when he escaped and found Rube in the stables.

"I'll be damned," he said with violence, kicking a feed bucket into a metal batter. "The next time she tries to pull me out alone like today, I'll say something, whether we get fired or not."

"What's s'matter?" inquired Rube solicitously, "did she try to kiss ya'?"

"Worse," swore Slim, "she showed me some of the stuff she wuz gonna wear in New York."

"What's so bad about that?" asked Rube, puzzled.

"Huh! You hain't never seen no things like negileeds, heve ya'?" said Slim, a cold sweat appearing on his brows at the mere recollection.

"No," said Rube, "are they something to wear?"

"Just imitations . . . Let's quit the place!"

Rube shook his head slowly. "No, Slim, I been kinda thinkin' about it. This

here ranch is just the kind of a place I'd like to spend my declining days, so to speak. I reckon I'll have to stick."

"You wouldn't desert me if I got fired, would ya'?" asked the startled Slim.

"No, not exactly, Slim, but you see how it is with me. You jus' better be nice to her, that's all, jus' be nice."

Late in the afternoon, Rooney returned from Nashtown. Rube disappeared into the bunkhouse with his large package of "Toobad Chewing Tobacco" and shortly afterwards rejoined the men, with a huge chew filling and puffing his cheeks to capacity.

All work ceased on the P R ranch at six o'clock sharp when possible, and the entire force of four now lolled in the coolness of the deep well house. There was talk of calves; the quickest way to heat a branding iron; when Rube commenced to work his new tobacco into proper enjoyment.

A loud clang of a bell announced that supper was ready and the men slowly arose and stretched. Suddenly Jake lifted up his nose and sniffed inquiringly, "I smell old rubber burning!" he said.

"I think I do, too," said Slim.

The men jumped hastily from the well house and made a rapid survey of the yards and buildings but found no evidence of a fire. They decided that they had been mistaken, and walked slowly to the house to wash up for supper.

Rooney was beaming when the meal of steak and fried potatoes was set before them.

"I was making some inquiries this afternoon about the price of the Broad Y ranch," he announced. His merry old eyes caught and held Slim's, and Slim's heart turned a triple somerset.

"Could you buy it?" asked Mabel significantly, pausing from pouring coffee. Her eyes also sought out Slim's and the attitude of the worthy young man was indescribable.

"Well, I could, but I haven't—yet." His pause here was most pronounced.

At length the meal was over, and the men filed to the bunk house to pass the evening by reading, playing cards, and such. Slim was openly apprehensive.

He realized that after all he might be considered by some as being very eligible, and he feared the results. In time his suspicions were verified. Rooney opened the door and stuck his head in.

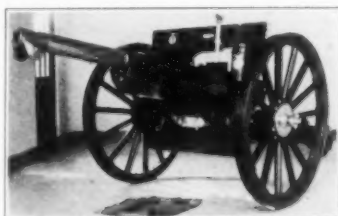
"Say Slim," he said cheerfully, "come on in the house in about a half hour, will you? I've got some business to speak over with you." Then without waiting for a reply he withdrew.

Rube followed Slim outside, and sat with him on the doorstep.

The quick evening of the desert places had given way to semi-darkness. Semi-darkness, as a full moon glowed overhead. Its rays were just bright enough to make visible the immediate surroundings. And they showed to Rube the alarm that was written over Slim's face.

"Say,—Slim," he said softly, "don't worry about having to get hitched up. I didn't mean that about not going with ya'."

Vast relief flooded over Slim. "You



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mean you'll stick with me, if I get fired?"

"Sure," said Rube. "Ain't we pard? If they get too damn hot on your trail, jus' tell 'em where to go."

Slim sighed. His unwanted "sex appeal" to the various women on ranches they had worked for had been the cause of many scenes such as this. Always Rube swore that he would not quit when Slim was making his last stand against getting married. And always, at the critical moment, Rube made statements such as he had just made. It was great to have a pardner like him. But the worst of it was, he reflected, Rube's statement to the effect that he would have to be finding a permanent place soon was true; Rube should be saving money for old age. It was different with himself; he was young.

"I'll try to get rid of her without insulting her as good as I can," he said slowly.

"That's the idea, Slim!" Rube said with false heartiness. He, too, knew from past experiences that this was impossible. He pulled a new plug of Toobad tobacco from a vest pocket, and bit off a huge chunk. He was about to replace the plug when Slim suddenly reached for it, saying, "here, Rube, let's have a chew. I'm so danged nervous from thinking what they want off me that I could fly." They worked their jaws in silence, expectorating frequently. Finally Slim arose to his feet and muttered.

"Well, might as well get it over with." Rube watched him go in silence, and then returned into the bunk house to locate his things and to pack.

At the foot of the house doorstep, Slim spit the rest of the tobacco from his mouth and nervously knocked before walking in.

Rooney was waiting. So was Mable, adorned with all the appealing things from New York. Rooney started to give Slim a chair, and then seemed to change his mind.

"It's kinda hot in here," he said as the result of a kick in the shins administered by Mabel. "We might as well go out in the garden."

They walked from the house to the farther end of the garden. A quaint wooden bench was in the shadow of the bushes. Here they sat, Mabel talking incessantly now. Slim felt along the bench. Yesterday he had been through here and the bench had been covered with dirt and twigs, but now it was clean and bare. He felt his heart wiggle still lower.

Rooney seemed to have no desire to talk of the important matter suggested. Instead he spoke of the wonderful opportunities for a young man in this valley. Well water, rich grass, high prices for prime beef, and was still going strong after a five minute lecture when Slim interferred.

"Did you have business to talk about to me?" he suggested.

Rooney smiled. "Well, I have, but on second thought I think it can wait until tomorrow. It's a wonderful night," he said, and smiled meaningly, "for young

folks. I think I'll just leave you two to yourselves." He arose.

"Yes, uncle, do," asked Mabel, "I want to talk to Slim as well as you do about your nasty old business."

She pouted and Rooney left. She moved close to Slim.

Slim had been worrying so much in the last half hour that he was not longer capable of it. So abruptly, she was on his knees, with arms about his neck, and Slim did not struggle.

"Kiss me," she commanded.

For one moment he had the insane desire to pull her nose, but then he remembered poor old Rube, already packing up his few belongings. He stiffly leaned his head over and closer.

She was holding her breath. Then as he leaned farther, and pressed her lips, she sighed.

Instantly she averted her face. The sudden movement overbalanced her precarious position and she fell to the ground. Not discouraged, she again resumed her perch, and the same procedure was gone through.

"Kiss me," she said, and Slim sensed that it was an experiment.

He kissed. Lightly as before. She suddenly jumped decisively to her feet and started for the house. Slim watched with round eyes, unwilling to believe his good

fortune. Through the silence of the moonlit garden he faintly heard something about "disgusting halitosis."

His utterly astounding luck had perplexed him, but now sudden enlightenment dawned upon his bewildered mind. He chuckled softly to himself and ran for the bunk house.

Rube had almost finished packing, much to the puzzlement of Jake and Shorty. At Slim's headlong happy entrance he looked amazed.

"It's all right, Rube," shouted Slim, dancing up and down between the bunks, "Never mind your packing, but gimme a chaw, a big one, I like the stuff!"

And when a few minutes later, Jake lifted his nose and sniffed inquiringly, and then announced that he smelled rubber burning, Slim laughed loud and long. "Never mind, Jake," he said, "it's all right, that's just a coming case of chronic insidiousness!"

In the morning, Rooney, with sour glance towards Slim, announced that he was taking Mabel to Nashtown so that she could get a train for New York.

"Anything you boys want?" he asked gruffly.

"Yeh," returned Slim, "get me about ten pounds of that new 'Toobad chewing tobacco'."

A custom much favored in the United States Navy is that of lashing a broom to the fore-mast of a ship when she has made the highest gunnery or engineering record in the fleet, thus indicating her ability to sweep the seas. Von Trump originated this custom when he sailed to meet Cromwell's fleet. Lashed to the fore-mast of his flagship was a broom with which he boasted he would sweep the English from the channel.

—U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings.



CHEVRONS

(Continued from page 7)

was late getting away and whoever was in charge, having no column to follow, would have to find his own way as best he could, so I went back for the map again to see where the echelon might have gone to. It was about ten o'clock in the morning then and I was pretty tired, so I borrowed a horse from a man."

There was another slight pause and an interchange of glances by all three men, but borrowing is really the word, and not stealing, for since all property belongs to the army and not to the individual, one soldier has—or should have—as much right to it as another.

"Well, I borrowed the horse and hunted for another man with a map and finally found an ambulance driver with one. All is made plain with a map. They ought to have more of 'em. There was only one place the echelon could get off the road and that was at Broussey. And that was just where they would, because the road they should take is just a cart path. If they stayed on the main road they could get to Xivray just the same, but they would have missed me, because I wasn't watching the road from that direction, but the one from Rambucourt. So I jumped on the horse and started for Nonsard to see if they'd already arrived. They might have met someone that told 'em where the battery was. This was noon yesterday. At two o'clock I found the rolling kitchen, drawn up off the road, putting out coffee to anyone who wanted it. They'd gone clear to Apremont and then turned off to Mount Sec. The mess sergeant said they'd got separated in the dark from the rest of the column and had been wandering ever since. I led 'em up to where they could see the church tower in Nonsard and told 'em to go to it. Then I went back. The fourgon I found out in the fields, with a broken wheel. And empty. I hunted until dark and found the three gun teams that I sent up this morning and then I quit and went to sleep. I found a chain and chained my horse to a tank with it—the place was lousy with abandoned tanks—and when I woke up the chain was still there. Whoever got that horse is a genius. Then the officer that was out rounding up stragglers gave me the captain's message to rejoin. This caisson I found outside Nonsard, near the boche narrow gauge railway. The lead and swing teams had gone off to water the afternoon before and hadn't come back."

"Yes," said the captain, "I see. Very well. The kitchen was really the most important carriage. You didn't see any sign of the men's packs?"

"No, sir," said Eadie.

"Well, that's all, sergeant," said the captain. "Be ready to march at seven-thirty. We're starting on a thirty-kilometer hike." The captain and the first sergeant took their departure, and the men immediately gathered about Eadie.



CHAPTER XII

The Mess Sergeant Explains

THESE soldiers, thought Eadie, had the appearance of men who had recently undergone terrific strain. Their faces were dirty and unshaven, their eyes haggard and bloodshot. At this moment Ham, the machine gun sergeant, shoved through the crowd.

"What's the bad news?" cried several. "Spill it, sergeant. Is it straight we lost all our stuff?"

"What's all the groan, Ham?" asked Eadie. "What's hit this outfit? We've lost a fourgon and some horses and you'd think the world had come to an end."

"Lost a fourgon?" cried Ham. "I'll say we have. Where the hell is our blankets? We been freezin' to death for the last two nights. No kiddin', is all our stuff gone?"

"This is all I know," said Eadie, and to the accompaniment of groans from his hearers, he repeated the substance of his report to the captain.

"Do you know what was in that fourgon you saw?" demanded Ham, when Eadie had finished. "Well, all our packs, with our razors an' everything we own."

"Haven't the drivers of it showed up?" asked Eadie.

"They have like hell. How would they know where to go?"

The men, muttering and exclaiming, began to wander aimlessly away. The nights in northern France are cold at any season of the year and exceedingly so in September, so that sleeping on the ground without blankets is unpleasant indeed.

"Explain all this, will you, Ham?" cried Eadie. "My head has been going around like a top for the last hour. Who won this fight, us or the boche?"

"Come over to the kitchen," said Ham. "We damn near lynched the mess sergeant twice yesterday because he didn't have any chow. He got a ration issue at noon today and the two cooks got up a swell slum for us, with bread and oleo and onions an' all the stuff. I'm for hangin' the mess sergeant. He was in charge of the column. Why, we haven't had nothin' to eat but goldfish and hard-tack since the drive started. And sour jerry bread we found in a ration dump in Nonsard."

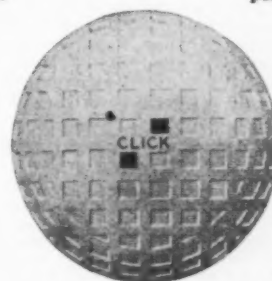
"Well, you'll get a good meal tonight," said Eadie comfortingly. Ham, however, was not comforted, but swore terribly.

"That's the hell of it," roared Ham. "We haven't no messkits to eat it with. They was all in our packs. You can't eat slum with your fingers."

The mess sergeant, enthroned on the seat of the kitchen limber, with a cleaver ready to hand, stood up as the two sergeants approached. There were quite a number of men milling about the kitchen, sniffing the pleasant odor from the maramites and watching the cook sample things and the K. P. slicing bread.

"I've a mind to pull you off that seat and poke the livin' tar out of you," announced Ham to the mess sergeant.

"Eadie," said the mess sergeant, standing up and rapping with his cleaver on

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the seat, "I can talk to you, you've got a little savvy. I told you yesterday you wouldn't find hide or hair of those other carriages, didn't I? Well, now, here's what." The mess sergeant looked around and seeing that all were listening, began a recital in what seemed to Eadie to be an overloud voice.

"The order was to be ready to march with the echelon at six. Well, six o'clock means six o'clock and because I was rankest man I was in charge. So right after dinner I started to load up the wagons. At four we were all loaded, with nothing to do but feed an' early supper, take down the picket line an' hitch in. At four-thirty comes Lieutenant Connor and says that he has figured out a table of weights, with the proper amount to go with each wagon and what did I mean by loading up without his permission? 'Unload everything', he says. Hear that, you jugheads? At four-thirty! At five-fifteen everything was on the ground again. At five-fifteen! Then he starts to sort out what will go in what, this for the fourgon, that for the slat wagon, something else to go on the spare caissons. 'Put each thing in its proper pile,' he says, 'according to the wagon it goes in. I figured it all out. We'll have system and no mired wagons and no broken axles.'" The mess sergeant paused and glared all around at the upturned faces below him.

"At quarter to six," said the mess sergeant, raising his voice to a shout, "the lieutenant-colonel comes around and finds all our stuff on the ground. 'Who's in charge?' he says like an iceberg. 'I am, sir,' says I—the goat always, that's me—'Damned inefficiency,' says he. 'Load up these wagons at once. If you aren't ready by six the column will move without you.' Then over comes Connor. 'What are you standing around for?' he says. 'Load up!'"

"'Tisn't sorted out yet, sir,' I says. 'Never mind,' he says, 'load up anywhere. This is all your dumbheaded fault. I'm going to have you broke when I get back to the battery. You aren't worth the powder to blow you to hell.'"

"Good for him," cried Ham. "That's the first sensible word that shavey has said since he came to the outfit."

"So we loaded up," continued the mess sergeant, ignoring Ham's remark, "and we put things in as they come to hand. And so we pulled out half a hour late. I told the carriages to follow the kitchen and we was to follow this lieutenant on horseback. When it come dark a truck-train cut in the column and when it turned out again, Connor was gone. I got off the seat and went to look for the fourgon. I didn't lose that fourgon till near morning. The slat wagon and the two spare caissons was gone. The ration cart was gone. We was off the road and lost, and so we pulled up and while deciding what to do Sergeant Eadie comes along and finds us." The mess sergeant wiped his brow and sat down on the seat again with an injured air.

"That's the same line o' bull you slung at us yesterday," remarked one of the men, "but where's our blankets an' mess-kits an' my razor I give twenty francs to the Y. M. C. A. for?"

"Well, what can I do?" asked the mess sergeant. "The packs are all in the fourgon. I couldn't carry them up in my hands!"

"Yeh, an' Johnny Spear told us what else went in, too. A barrel o' horse shoes, the travelin' forge, anvil an' all, three days' chow, the picket line an' seven cases o' ammunition. No wonder the wheel broke!"

"Right!" agreed Ham. "It's a wonder the floor didn't fall through. What are we goin' to eat with? I don't want a lot of hot air, I want food."

"There's lots of it here," interrupted the cook. "Come suppertime you'll get your share."

"They want we should feed it to 'em with a spoon, too," said the mess sergeant. "Well, now to show you that my heart's in the right place, I'll tell you what to do. There's quite a pile of tin cans there in the woods that came from some outfit that's been putting out tomatoes steady for the last three meals. Well, you catch hold of a tin can and you can fill it with slum and spear the meat out with a horseshoe nail. That's my advice, take it or leave it."

Without further discussion the men went to look for the pile of cans, for there were liable not to be enough to go around. Eadie and Ham went likewise.

"What's the idea of him yelling so loud?" asked Eadie, as the two entered the woods.

"Shshsh!" said Ham. "Connor has got a tent in here. Old Greasy Shirt wanted to be sure the shavey heard the alibi. I haven't heard Connor's side of it, but he should have known better. He had no business to unload them wagons at five o'clock."

"Where's the P. C., Ham?" asked Eadie suddenly.

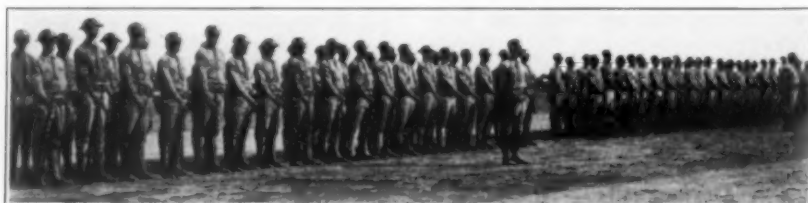
"I don't know," said Ham. "How would I know? There's the top kick coming, ask him."

"Hey!" called Eadie. The first sergeant stopped and Eadie went toward him. "There's a slight matter," Eadie went on, "that I'd like to know about. Is there an order out giving me authority to wear a wound stripe?"

"There is," said the first sergeant. "I have it here." He reached into the leather case in which he carried the battery records and which he always kept with him, suspended from his shoulder by a strap. "There it is, G. H. Q., A. E. F., the following named enlisted men and all that. You'd better keep it on you."

"I will," said Eadie, taking the thin slip of paper. "I want everything to be regulation about this stripe, because I've got a hunch that I'll never rate another."

"So have I," said the first sergeant, with a suspicion of a grin. "They might give you a stripe once for gettin' scared



stiff, but they never would again. When you didn't show up this last time didn't I think for sure you was in it again with shell shock?" The first sergeant moved away, swinging his shoulders and dragging his leg behind him.

"He's a great kidder, ain't he?" said Ham.

"Isn't he?" agreed Eadie absently. "Well, they can all go to hell. If Black Jack says I rate a wound stripe I rate it, even if I was evacuated for a cold in the head. Come on, let's hunt ourselves a can to eat out of."

The battery got away at nightfall in a storm of curses. The loss of the firing battery's baggage had become quickly known, but it was only when the battery formed column that the real nature of the disaster was apparent. There was no wheeled transport whatever, and what little baggage the battery had left was carried on the limbers and caissons. The ration cart has been lost and the rations were piled indiscriminately on the rolling kitchen and on the steps of the gun limbers. The battery's spare horses were still missing, and as several teams had succumbed to the rigors of the march across No Man's Land on the day after the drive, several of the carriages had only four teams instead of the usual six. But one extra caisson was left and since that had but the one team hauling it, it could not be loaded. The battery had no ammunition, but they could have used the caisson to carry feed and oats, tarpaulins, or picks and shovels on.

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THE BANKING OF HAWKEYE SAM

(Continued from page 3)

the escort that went with him to the looted bank. The cashier and his two assistants hurried up.

"Here's yore money—a heap of it, anyway—an' here's one of the bad men," said Sam. "The sheriff's singin' leather off to the south."

"That's the one who shot Jack Whiles," said the cashier excitedly as his helpers carried in the money, two men taking charge of the prisoner. "He's not expected to live."

"That makes it worse fo' you, hombre," said Sam. "Reckon that scratch spiled yore aim at me. Mister, I've got a check here I'd like to git cashed."

"I can't cash it now," said the flustered cashier. "It's too late."

"The hell it is," returned Sam coldly. "It warnt too late fo' you to take it in from me. I come to town fo' a good time, an' I need cash, sabe? The check's good, ain't it? Lew Hines' signature, ain't it? Plenty of money in them bags an' that neckerchief. You pay it, mister, or I'll turn hold-up right here an' now."

His laughing eyes were stern, his hand was on the butt of his gun.

Someone laughed, relieving the tension.

"Better pay him, Lawton," another suggested.

"Of course. It's irregular. We're upset. Grateful, of course. We'll do something about that. You'll have to endorse it. Anyone here to identify you?"

"I always had a notion bank folks might be human," said Sam. "But I reckon I can accommodate you." He looked around the crowd, recognized two or three and nodded them forward.

"That enough?"

He dismounted, went into the bank and came out with his money—all in jingling double-eagles from choice. A crowd followed him down the street to the stable, waiting outside while he put up the roan, raising a cheer when he emerged.

"Look here," said Sam. "I come to town to have a good time, sabe? Not to start a procession. Fo' the love of Pete, leave me alone."

They moved away, but they lingered, watching him devour ham and eggs, waited on by the admiring blonde. Sam ate with hearty appetite clear through to the lemon meringue. He bought an apple pie and took it to the stable for the roan, feeding it to him in chunks. The sheriff had not returned—still after the rest of the gang of four who had held up the bank at its opening hour. The man who had been shot was fighting hard, was better, he learned. The bandit was safe in the lock-up.

"Hear the bank directors met an' voted you a reward," said the livery man. "You brought in all they took. That hombre was the leader. They figger he dropped down in the creek bed an' give them the slip. Wiles was the one who shot his hawss though he wasn't sure of it at the time. But they're goin' to hand you a roll tomorrow."

"Are they?" asked Sam indifferently. "See the roan's bedded good, will you? He's forgot what hay looks like."

Sam got his room, brushed himself off, unrolled his slicker and put on the clean shirt and underwear rolled in it, after he had had luxurious hot-water bath. He had shaved that morning.

At the Happy Rancher he was a hero. Girls clamored to dance with him. A man was nodded out of the stud poker game to make room for him, and Sam happily sat down, stacking his gold pieces, exchanging some of them for chips, but preferring to hazard the luck coin. "Chip" Johnson himself honored the guest by dealing. It was said that Chip's games were straight. Chip may have doubted the intentions of some of his clients, who might or might not have been cappers.

"No funny business goes tonight, boys," he said from under his drooping moustache. "This gent's my personal guest."

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showed less signs of dwindling than was customary when a sheepman or a cowman came to town. Sam was getting a "run for his money."

Sam's tanned face became flushed, he laughed long and often. A girl in a red dress came and hung over his chair. The room filled with smoke, the air grew hot and stifling. Sam began to use nothing but his double-eagles for betting. He was having his good time.

Sam appeared at the livery stable at two o'clock the next afternoon. He did not look any the worse for his good time, save that his eyes were a little dull. He had slept six hours, until noon, the sleep of a tired child. Then he had breakfasted at the Cactus cafe, but the meal had not been a success. The roan enjoyed the pie he brought far more than Sam had relished the food he had craved for so long up on the range.

"Leavin'?" asked the stableman.

"Yep."

"Have a good time?"

"I reckon so."

"You had better go down by the bank. They got somethin' fo' you."

"I'm ridin' past it," said Sam. He set down a package he was carrying—in reality two packages in one, the smaller atop, wrapped together in mottled blue paper, bound with blue string—and saddled the roan, who nipped at him playfully.

He mounted and rode out. His head felt as if a cord were tightly bound about it, his mouth was coppery. It tasted the way hot metals smells. The air was good; so was the motion of the roan as it walked springily down the street, ears up, blowing out its nostrils at the motorcars, dancing once when one passed close by.

A man ran out from the bank and hailed him.

"Mr. Halliday wants to see you," he said. "You're the man who brought in the hold-up, ain't you?"

"Yep. He ain't got away, has he? Don't want me to go after him? Who's Halliday?"

"President of the bank. I've been watchin' for you. See you go inter the stable. Want I should watch your hawss?"

"He's educated—town broke. He'll stand. What's wrong with Halliday? Want to hire a watchman?"

The man grinned. Sam got off the roan and the imaginary cord about his head tightened.

"Needs a whiff of sage to set that right," said Sam, half aloud.

The clerks craned at him, the cashier hurried out, smiling and affable, ushering him into a room back of the offices. A stout man sat at a big table on which Sam rested his package.

"Mr. Cummings. Er—take a seat. We are under great obligations to you for your—er—intelligence and bravery yesterday. You saved us from a most—er—distressing predicament."

"He don't know the half of it," Sam said to himself. "He don't know a lick of what happened out there in the bad lands." He hated speeches. It seemed that the president loved them, when he was talking.

"The sheriff has wired in that he is still in pursuit of the other men," he went on. "But, of course, he cannot regain the money. You have done that. Quite a considerable sum—quite a considerable sum. We are anxious to show our appreciation of the affair—to—er—acknowledge your—er—prowess and—er—your honesty."

Sam's eyes chilled.

"I don't quite foller you," he said. "How's that about my honesty?"

"Beyond cavil, my dear sir, beyond cavil."

"Whatever that means," muttered Sam. But he recognized the will to apologize.

"The fact that you resisted temptation does not diminish the—er—opportunity."

"Meanin' the hold-up might have offered to split with me? Matter of fact, he did. But I didn't notice no temptation."

"Your conduct was most exemplary. We—er—wished to show that we so consider it. The board met this morning and voted you the sum of five hundred dollars. I can let you have it in check or currency. I should advise the former. We—er—should be pleased to have you open an account with us."

"You got me wrong," said Sam. "I don't take blood money. I brought in that money mainly because I had a check here I wanted cashed. Aimed to be sure it was here. I ain't a man-hunter. I might have let the pore cuss go 'f he hadn't shot at me unprovoked an' tried to steal my hawss. I wouldn't part with that hawss fo' no money."

"I come here with five hundred to have a good time with it. I can get more. All I need. I don't wish any reward. No, sir."

His tone was final. The president hemmed and hawed, but there was a gleam in his eyes that told of secret satisfaction. Five hundred dollars was five hundred dollars.

"I admire your principles and your honesty—probity," he said. "I wish you'd let me give you a little advice," he added with his head cocked on one side like a fat sparrow.

"Shoot."

"This good time of yours? Was it worth while? You had five hundred dollars last night. How did you invest them?"

"Some of it in a headache that's yieldin' good dividends," said Sam.

"Exactly. Now, how much wiser to have put it in a bank."

"I might 'f I happened to know one was perfectly safe."

The president winced at the shot, smiled painfully.

"You would have been no loser, sir. The bank is amply funded and in future we shall be protected against such—er—unforeseen happenings. As it is, you have lost your money to men whose business it is to glean such earnings. You—"

"Who said I lost it? I taught the bunch over to the Happy Rancher to play stud. I cleaned Chip Johnson out of twenty-three hundred bucks an' I've still got my five hundred—plus expenses."

The other was taken aback. But he smiled ingratiatingly.



"I am delighted to hear it—er—delighted—though I cannot condone the—er—mode of your—er—windfall. Still, to spoil the spoilers! I cannot persuade you to open an account? I see by the check you brought in that you deal in sheep. And you will prosper. You have all the—er—attributes. An interest-bearing account, now?"

"I might if you hired me fo' guard," said Sam with a grin. "But I got other uses fo' this money. Solid investments, immediate."

"Ah. You are carrying it with you?" He glanced at the blue package.

"No," said Sam. "It's in my wallet, in my pants pocket. This"—he took up the package—"is a present fo' a lady. I've got to be shacklin' erlong, Mister Halliday. Want to git somewheres befo' dark. I'm wishin' you good day."

At the Last Chance a man who had been in the Happy Rancher the night before shouted to him, inviting him to come in.

Sam shook his head, and the throb it gave cemented his resolve.

"There's nothin' in that sort of thing, hawss," he said as they crossed the bridge and rode into the sage. "Nothin' but a headache. 'Cept when you win an' that happens once in a lifetime. That Halliday is right, on'y he's so derned smug, tellin' erbout it."

He rode with the package under his arm. It was awkward, but he did not want it jarred. There was a bottle in the small package, with a cut glass stopper and a gilt, embossed label. There was embossed lettering on the larger package also. The first read

FLUER DE FRANCE
PERFUM ELEGANT

The second had *The Best Chocolates* in flowing script on the top of the box.

Sam did not pass through the bad lands. His course was set at a slightly different tangent. When it brought him at last to the stage road in view of the buildings of the M-in-a-box, he was singing—

"A box of candy an' a bottle of perfume, My gal she is the prettiest an' wittiest in the room.

Sweet as sugar and smellin' like a rose, Dancin' like a fairy in her silken gown an' hose.

A-twirlin' an' a-whirlin' an' a-lookin' mighty neat, I'm bettin' all my money that she can't be beat."

He changed "wages" to "money" purposely in the last line. Quite a lot of money. Twenty-eight hundred dollars with him. Call it twelve hundred for the clean-up of his woolly herd. A thousand more than he had thought necessary.

Bessy McCreagh looked out of her window to see how close he was. She had seen him long before, and she had gone upstairs to be sure that he might find her in a fresh gingham gown—quite unprepared for anyone's arrival. Now, with a last dab of powder on her pretty nose, she marked the package under his arm and guessed accurately at its contents as she hurried downstairs and put a new record on the phonograph.

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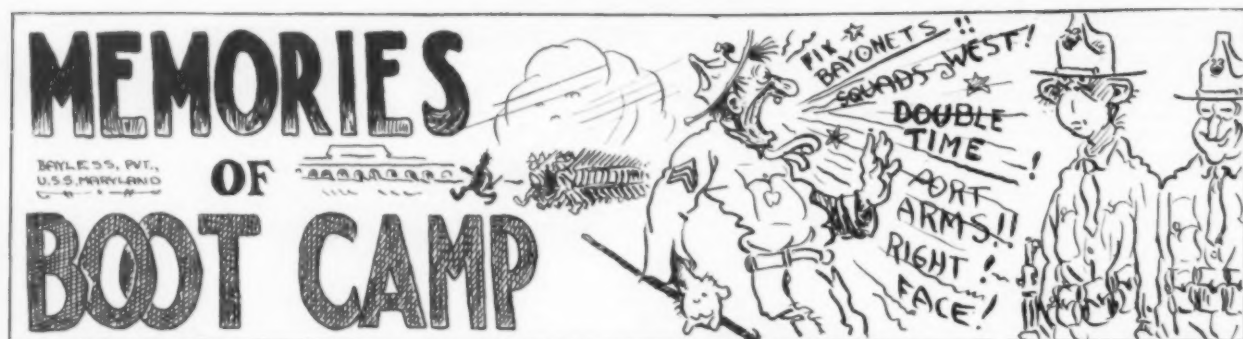
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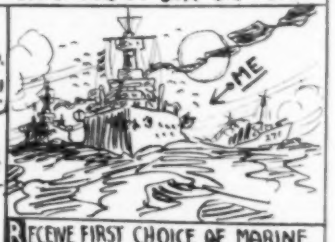
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